

THE COMMONWEAL

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A WORD TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE intense cold of the last few weeks, the heavy snowfalls, and the piercing winds, must have made most men think of the thousands who are without work, and who, therefore, suffer the extremities of hunger and cold in a land which boasts of its Christian philanthropy. It was only a few days ago that a comrade of ours was passing along that part of the Embankment which lies between Blackfriars and Somerset House, when he noticed a policeman who was engaged in "worrying" a poor outcast lying at full length upon one of the benches. "Here, get up!" growled that invaluable officer, "we can't have you lying here; these seats were made to sit upon, and not for lying and sleeping on!" As the policeman spoke he shook the still form roughly, but there was no reply. A small crowd gathered round, and some compassionate gentlemen, who were sufficiently well-dressed to be allowed to remonstrate with a police-officer without running a great risk of being taken into custody, said to the constable, "Don't treat the man so roughly, perhaps he is stupefied with cold and exposure." "Oh, he isn't going to come any of that nonsense with me," was the answer; "get up, will you; now then, move on!" Another shake more forcible than before. A sack which covered the man's face and the upper part of his body now fell to the ground. His features were stony and rigid; he was in the sleep of death. The beneficent State official, who could do nothing for the man who had been starved and frozen to death but order him to "Move on!" now called a cab to take his dead body to the mortuary.

Now this is not an uncommon case. There are some 30 similar cases happening yearly in this wealthy metropolis, cases of death from sheer starvation and exposure, which it is impossible for a doctor to attribute to any other cause. How many deaths spring from diseases which have their origin from insufficient food no one knows! Eminent physicians tell us, however, that most of the diseases of the poor can be traced to this cause; while, on the other hand, the ills which trouble the rich spring in nearly every case from excesses of eating and drinking. The poor starve as this man starved, so that dukes, lords, millionaires, and capitalists may overgorge themselves by feasting on every delicacy at their luxurious banquets.

At the present moment thousands are experiencing the pangs of cold and hunger through no fault of their own. They are willing to work but there is no work for them. Already the commercial crisis, which the City bankers imagined they had staved off by saving Baring Bros. from bankruptcy, is beginning to make its deadening influence felt. Exports and imports show a serious falling off, and

from every market comes the same tale; trade is dull and far from improving, is growing duller.

Meanwhile, General Booth's scheme, which was to save the "submerged tenth," has had one effect, for which probably his middle-class patrons will have little cause to thank him. Tramps, outcasts, and unemployed workmen are all drifting to London. Didn't a Warwickshire police-superintendent declare the other day that the Warwickshire roads were filled with tramps marching to London, under the impression that General Booth will be able to provide them all with work, food, and shelter. As the General, however, only modestly estimates that his scheme, when in full working order, will only "rescue" some 6,000 a-year from a life of poverty and privation to an existence, in which old clothes, steamed crusts, and broken victuals will fill their hearts with joy, we fear that all the unemployed will not find employment at the General's hands. The thousands of men clamouring for work in vain at the dock-gates would tax all his energies for years, and what in the meantime is to become of these others who are now thronging in on every road that leads to the metropolis. The dock-gates, the yards where the sandwich men are taken on, are already blocked by men struggling for work, and the cry is that more are coming. General Booth cannot find work for them, and the Government and the County Council wont. If they would save themselves from the fate of the poor fellow who perished on the Embankment, they must help themselves. Even eminent divines like Cardinal Manning say that the industrious poor have no right to starve in a land of plenty. While there is food to be had these people should have it, and they will take it if it is not given to them. Police Commissioners, like Warren or Bradford, may prevent meetings in Trafalgar Square, but they could not stop a mob from gathering in the slums and bursting forth carrying ruin and devastation along the West End streets. Still less could they stop "wandering bands" from sacking the mansions of the rich in distant suburbs, where policemen are few and far between. The 8th of February was a salutary lesson to the middle-classes; the eagerness with which they subscribed to the relief of the starving poor after they had had their club windows smashed and their shops pillaged, has filled the people with admiration and gratitude. It is time they tried again this excellent method of appealing to the tender hearts of these charitable people. Meanwhile, let every starving man remember that he is a craven coward to perish of hunger, while there is wealth to be taken from the rich robbers who have wrung it from his labour. It is a folly, a crime, to die of hunger in the midst of wealth and plenty; it is a brave deed to take the food which will save you from death.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE BASIS OF THE COMING CHANGE.

To raise a broad, clearly defined, and easily comprehended issue, is now the duty of the Socialist. Amid the noise and glitter, the clamour and confusion of place-hunting politicians and social nostrum-mongers, the necessity for such a programme—if I may use the term—based upon a principle which is above the passions and prejudices of the hour and the vanities of ambitious leaders, is obvious. Such, no doubt, in a general way, has been the propaganda of the various Socialist bodies in the past. But the centrifugal forces at work among them have in some degree clouded the atmosphere of essential principles by which the pioneers of the New Order should always be surrounded.

To accomplish a change in the mode of producing and distributing the wealth of Society is the pivot of all our teaching, and by such means only, the modification of economic conditions, can a permanent change take place. When, therefore, we set ourselves the task of educating the people on this question, we feel assured that the ground on which we stand is secure, and our house builded on a rock which no storm can shake.

It is a natural law that human society, like the rest of creation, is in eternal change. Nature's movements are often slow and invisible, but at times the change is palpable and swift. We are now in such a period of rapid economic development; were it otherwise the efforts of Socialists would be as water poured into the sea. But when the minds of men, especially of all those who live by their labour, are being driven by irresistible circumstances to note and take part in the great economic movement which is destined to revolutionise modern Society, the preaching of Socialism as the goal to be attained is bound to bear fruit in abundance. Unconsciously, for the most part, the workers are now with wonderful rapidity changing the basis of society and pushing forward towards Socialism; but the success of this movement lies in its universality, in the international character of the industrial struggle.

The motive force appears to be self-interest, a conscious desire to improve the material position of the individual. But this is only possible through united effort. Hence we see large masses of men in every quarter of the globe standing shoulder to shoulder with the interests of the individual sunk in the common welfare of the mass. There is nothing of idealism in the very material demands which form the basis of the union and the warfare. Increased pay and shorter hours, less restraint and the recognition of the rights of the toiler through the mass in trade combination, these are the extent of the present aspirations of the wage-workers. But in their accomplishment is involved a change in the mode of producing and distributing the wealth of Society.

There can be no halting-place on the road to industrial freedom. The appetite will grow by what it feeds on. When Capitalism has fairly begun to disgorge, the producers will not abate their demands till the last piece of raw material and of productive machinery have been appropriated for the use of all. The Socialist programme then must ever keep this point foremost,—to bring industry under the control of the workers whose labour produces all wealth. Only when they possess the means of labour can the results of their toil be their own and can they enjoy its fruits.

Now, this is the main principle, the one on which all Socialists are agreed. Why, then, so much internal conflict on purely theoretical questions, matters which can hardly be decided for generations? The broad principle can and will be grasped by the masses, but the secondary principle and the various methods by which the great central idea may be brought about will never be matters of much concern to the people. They will simply take the line of least resistance, that which will seem nearest their own interests. I am not an Opportunist, and my notions of principles and methods are clear and well defined; nor are they of the mildest tendency. But it seems to me worse than folly to imagine that there is only one method of working for social emancipation, and that all others are futile, and those who pursue them are fools or traitors.

Human nature is consistently inconsistent; so are the institutions which to-day exist as the result of a past so changing and chaotic. Hence it is only natural that the ways in which men endeavour to work out the New Order out of an Old so varied and incoherent, should often lack in consistency and apparent result. As the change we seek is essentially economic, so the most direct means appear to lie in that line of action. The Organisation of Labour, the revolts against Capitalism, the General Strike, are more telling in their effects than any amount of political effort. Economic changes are not brought about by politics. On the contrary, political changes are always preceded by an alteration in economic conditions. It therefore seems to me that to attempt to accomplish social change by parliamentary statute is like getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. No doubt the laws of politicians have often registered changes which had already been practically accomplished. They may be made to do so again, and thus their seeming value. The superstition, which is essentially bourgeois, of believing in Parliament and Statute Laws, has much to do with the wide-spread idea that by such means can new conditions best be produced.

Our duty is plain and our course clear. To find out and pursue the most effective way of bringing home to the workers the truth and practicability of our single-plank programme, viz., to make the means of industry common or collective property, and thus destroy private ownership in land and capital. The sooner the people can be educated to recognise the justice and desirableness of this demand, the more quickly will they use the economic weapons in their hands to obtain their freedom. To me it seems that the efforts of all true Socialists should now be directed to this end alone. All minor differences held in abeyance, and their united energies given to "Educate, Educate, Educate!" The need for it is beyond question, but more especially amongst the workers who are organised. But let us hope we are near the time when these will include them all. Having agreed in the basis of our principle and our action, let us unite hands and step forward to the fight against Capitalism with unity of purpose and the feeling of brotherhood, which the approaching victory of justice and equality will make universal.

WILLIAM BAILIE.

Tucker Misses the Mark.

Tucker's *Liberty*, of Boston, an enigmatical print, utters a chuckle over the change of editorship of the *Commonweal*, and states that comrade Morris's disagreement with the policy of the *Commonweal* must be "a bitter pill" for his successor. You are somewhat badly informed, Mr. Tucker; there are two editors, which do you mean? Mr. Tucker, I had almost written comrade, evidently thinks no one can have an honest and straightforward difference of opinion without wishing to scratch each other; due to dyspepsia, perhaps, eh, Tucker?

THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,
AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

III.—THE FALL OF FEUDALISM.

HENRY VIII. was a complete contrast to his father, and when he first ascended the throne presented the usual spectacle of the spendthrift heir of a miserly father. In the earlier years of his reign he was inclined to revive the old feudal tradition of war with France; but there was no earnestness in the whole business, and the war and grand tournament that was held afterwards, known as the Field of Cloth, showed plainly that feudalism was tottering to the grave. War was henceforth to become commercial, and battles were to be fought for new markets and not through disputes concerning genealogy. A new spirit was abroad; gunpowder and the printing press was to alter many things, sweeping away feudalism, barons, and Catholic monks. Society was modelling itself on a new basis, and every one felt that it was a period of new birth and revolution. In the words of Green:

"The world was passing through changes more momentous than any it had witnessed since the victory of Christianity and the fall of the Roman Empire. Its physical bounds were suddenly enlarged. The discoveries of Copernicus revealed to man the secrets of the universe; Portuguese mariners doubled the Cape of Good Hope and anchored on the shores of India; Columbus crossed the untraversed ocean to add a new world to the old; Sebastian Cabot, starting from the port of Bristol, threaded his way among icebergs of Labrador. This sudden contact with new lands, new faiths, and new races of men, quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe into a strange curiosity. This first book of voyages that told of the Western world, the travels of Amerigo Vespucci, were seen in everybodys hands. The Utopia of More, in its wide range of speculation on every subject of human thought and action, tells us how thoroughly and utterly the narrowness and limitation of human life had broken down. At the very hour when the intellectual energy of the Middle Ages had sunk into exhaustion, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the flight of Greek scholars to the shores of Italy, opened anew the science and literature of an older world. The exiled Greek scholars were welcomed in Italy; and Florence, so long the home of Freedom and of Art, became the home of an Intellectual revival. The poetry of Homer, the dramas of Sophocles, the philosophy of Aristotle and of Plato woke to life again beneath the shadow of the mighty dome with which Brunelleschi had just crowned the City on the Arno."

It has been noticed that the latter portions of all the last three centuries have been periods of revolution. It is true also of the last five centuries, since the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Let me give a few dates to prove it. In 1492, Columbus discovered America; in 1487, Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and it was doubled by Vasa de Gama in 1497. In 1498, Cabot was sent out by our thrifty English king, Henry VII., and discovered Newfoundland. Now see how these dates correspond with others, notably those dates at the end of the century. 1588 witnessed the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a victory of the English middle class over Catholic and feudal Spain; 1688 saw the glorious revolution in England and the final victory of English middle class Protestantism; 1789 the fall of the Bastille and the victory of the middle classes in France; 1792 the fall of the French monarchy and the victory of the people; 1889 the outbreak of a great labour revolt in England, which has since spread over the whole world; 1892 what will that witness? Will the anniversary of the discovery of America discover a new world and new life for the working-people? Let us hope so. The discovery of all these hitherto unknown lands "had quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe into a strange curiosity," and the revival of Greek learning gave young scholars an opportunity of gratifying that curiosity. The works of the old philosophers and the books of the New Testament could be read in the original, the printing press enabled any one of moderate means to have books, and the whole middle class could at least find out how foolish they had been to take things on trust from the lips of monks and priests, which they now found to be full of errors and lies. The Renaissance, the "New Birth" of the world, had begun. The frenzy among the young for the New Learning, as it was called, was extreme. It was said by an eye-witness in 1520, that "the students rushed to Greek letters; they endure watching, fasting, and toil in pursuit of them." The result was that speculation on every subject being quickened, there was not an idea in religion, property, government, or morals that was not attacked, and had to be defended either by main force or argument.

Sir Thomas More's Utopia, as Green has pointed out, attacked not only the religious abuses, but went deeper still and assailed the social evils of the time. It is true that this was done, as might be expected, from a statesman high in the favour of the English monarch with not quite the same zeal as popular preachers like John Ball or Hugh Latimer. But still, with all More's Conservatism in religion and morality, he does attack unsparingly those who were then driving the poor pitilessly from the land of their fathers, and as he paints with a picturesque pen the hideous social evils of the time, they are contrasted with the happiness of that undiscovered country where want, cruelty, and crime are unknown, and peace, plenty, and happiness prevail among a free and joyous people.

The New Learning paved the way for the Reformation. Its lovers all saw the necessity of reform of the Church and State, but they were moderate men, like the philosophers of the French Revolution and the Fabians of to-day, and desired to glide tranquilly but slowly

into what they dreamed would be a fairer and more righteous society. But in Germany arose a fanatic, a madman, Martin Luther by name, who hated lies and longed for truth. He had not the culture and wide learning of the leaders of the New School, Erasmus Colet and More, but he had what was better—sincerity. And the rough stormy words of the wild monk found their way into the hearts of the people, nay, men arose among his followers who went further than Luther, and struck in real earnest at the very foundations of a society that only existed for the plunder of the poor by the rich. The moderates, More among them, were alarmed at the progress of the doctrines they had preached in their learned speculations. Like our Fabian friends and the philosophers of the French Revolution, they loved "theories" of Social Regeneration, but here were impudent people who proposed to carry them into practice. So the moderates excommunicated them without mercy, and leagued themselves with reaction against the new ideas. But in spite of this the new ideas were destined to be victorious, and in England at least by very strange means.

Henry VIII., who had always been friendly to the "New Learning," at first joined with his friends—More, Colet, and Erasmus—in the attack on Luther. Everyone knows how he wrote a book—or had it written in his name, a thing public men frequently do now-a-days—against the theories of the great Reformer, and received from the Pope in consequence the proud title of "Defender of the Faith." But circumstances made him change his opinions. The worthy king had spent in shameful extravagance all the vast accumulated wealth of his father, and wanted money very bad. The Roman Catholic Church, as reckoned by Professor Thorold Rogers, owned about a third of the land in England, and its riches in gold, silver, and precious stones were fabulous. What a heap of wealth with which to fill the empty royal coffers! There was also a lady in the case. The King was married to Catherine of Aragon, his deceased brother's wife; she had been the King's wife for seventeen years, when all of a sudden he began to have conscientious scruples about his marriage. Though a dispensation had been obtained from the Pope by his father, which made the marriage lawful, yet poor Henry was troubled in his mind. Some wicked people say, however, that a certain beautiful maid of honour at the King's Court, named Anne Boleyn, who would not yield herself to the royal arms without the formality of marriage had something to do with it. The fact also that the Queen's male children had all died young, also doubtless made Henry dissatisfied. At any rate, whether it was conscience, lust, or the desire to perpetuate his race, Henry wanted a divorce, and applied for one to the Pope. This the Pope could not grant as he was in the power of the German Emperor, Catherine's brother, so he put Henry off by cautious delays, and finally refused; the result being that the King, acting on the advice of Thomas Cromwell, a cunning adventurer, who had climbed high in his counsels, determined to have a Pope of his own, and appointed another supple tool, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. This good man on his appointment opened a divorce court on his own hook at Dunstable, close to Ampthill, where Catherine, the real Queen, was living in retirement, and summoned her before his "Court of Justice." She very properly refused to come, and when he had kept his Court open a certain number of days he pronounced sentence against the Queen, declaring her marriage null and void from the very beginning. And this pimp and pander to royal lust was the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King then got married to Anne Boleyn, and then having become a Protestant King, started defending the faith on his own account, thus setting up an opposition shop to the Pope. The feudal nobility had been crushed and plundered by Henry VII., and the time had now come for his son to finish with that remaining feudal institution, the Church. But some pretext was necessary. Well, Thomas Cromwell could assist him in this, and he sent round commissioners to the various abbeys to report concerning the immorality of the monks. As many of the commissioners were the elixir of the scoundrelism of the whole country, they were excellently qualified to report as to "immorality." There can be no doubt that the monks were healthy materialists, and enjoyed life pretty well, but that all the foul stories that the corrupt imagination of Cromwell's scoundrels gave vent to were true I do not believe, any more than our most impartial historians. The monasteries had certainly kept learning alive throughout the Middle Ages; the wealth that was in their hands was used really for relief of the poor who were fed at the abbey gates. Again and again the poor and oppressed had sought refuge within the abbey walls from the tyranny of the Norman baron. All historians agree that the monks were easy landlords, and its a known fact that the abbey lands, owing to the peaceful protection that the church extended over its tenants against any robber baron, were the best tilled even during the period of oppression and tyranny which followed the Norman Conquest; and however bad the monks may have been, it is quite certain that they could not equal in scoundrelism the men who accused and despoiled them.

The reports of the commissioners were "satisfactory," and three hundred and fifty-six monasteries were suppressed, and their estates, real and personal, were granted to the King and his heir and assigns. But directly this valuable property was in the King's hands, he was immediately surrounded by his old and new nobility, who all wanted a share. It did not do to displease them, for the people were now in such a state of misery that they were ready to revolt, and they were furious at the plunder of the monks, whom they loved as their kind friends and easy landlords. The King wanted supporters to prop his tottering throne, and so he had to shell out. In the words of Cobbet, "Before four years had passed over his head, he found himself as

poor as if he had never confiscated a single convent, so sharp set were the pious Reformers and so eager to please God." When complaining to Cromwell of the rapacity of the applicants for grants, he exclaimed, "By our Lady, the cormorants, when they have got the garbage they will devour the dish!" Cromwell reminded him there was much more yet to come. "Tut, man!" said the King, "my whole realm would not stand their maws!"

It appears, however, that even Cromwell's false witnesses had not been enabled to "prove" that the larger monasteries were dens of vice and crime, for the Act of Parliament which abolished the smaller ones stated that in the "great and solemn monasteries religion is right well kept and observed." Even middle-class Protestant historians, with all their faculty for lying, are obliged to admit this. But the King wanted money, and money must be had, therefore from some of the abbots what was playfully termed "a voluntary surrender" was obtained, and if abbots did not "voluntarily surrender" their property, they were hanged, drawn, and quartered for high treason. But this process was too slow, so in a little time an Act was passed handing over the "surrendered" monasteries, and all other monasteries and all hospitals and colleges to the King; and they began a scene of plunder which delighted the hearts of those who shared in it. Cobbet states in his "History of the Protestant Reformation":

"The ruffians of Cromwell entered the convents, they tore down the altars to get away the gold and silver, ransacked the chests and drawers of the monks and nuns, and tore off the covers of the books that were ornamented with precious metals. These books were all in manuscript. Single books which had taken in many cases half a long life-time to compose and copy out fair. Whole libraries, the getting of which together had taken ages upon ages and had cost immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by these hellish ruffians. . . . The tyrant was of course the chief pocketeer of this species of plunder. Cromwell carried or sent it to him in parcels, twenty ounces of gold at one time, fifty ounces at another; now a parcel of precious stones of one sort, then a parcel of another. . . . One of the items runs in these words: Item delivered unto the King's Royal Majesty, the same day of the same stuffe, four chalices of gold, with four patens of gold to the same; and a spoon of gold weighing altogether one hundred and six ounces.—Received Henry Rex. But there were at Canterbury two objects by which the 'Reformation' birds of prey were particularly attracted, namely, the monastery of St. Austen and the tomb of St. Thomas A'Becket. . . . This tomb of Becket was of wood, most exquisitely wrought, inlaid abundantly with precious metals and with precious stones of all sorts. Here was an object for 'Reformation' piety to fix its godly eyes upon. . . . The gold, silver, and jewels filled two chests, each of which required six or seven men of that day (when the labourers used to have plenty of meat) to move to the door of the Cathedral. How the eyes of Hame's high-minded, magnificent, and generous prince must have glistened when the chests were opened. They vied, I daresay, with the diamonds themselves."

Well, the work of pillage went on all over the land, and when it was finished the monasteries were blown up with gunpowder and utterly destroyed, and their beautiful gardens laid waste and trampled down. Henry could now distribute their lands to his creatures, or to his new nobility composed of the rising middle class. The monasteries were heaps of ruins, much as they remain at the present day, as old Cobbet truly says, "The whole country was thus disfigured, it had the appearance of a land recently invaded by the most brutal barbarism." But now let us leave the monasteries, and see how the people fared at the hands of the middle-class aristocracy, of which the tyrant Henry was a fit representative.

D. J. NICOLL.

Mr. Auberon Herbert's Refined Sensibilities.

Here is a description of a Social Democratic Utopia, for which we are indebted to *Free Life* (the organ of Mr. Auberon Herbert):

Build the walls of taxes, and build them stout and strong,
And make the chambers spacious to receive the exile throng:
We'll have a fine menagerie (it's not at our expense);
We'll regulate their goings and supply their want of sense.
A thousand rules to vex them, and overseers to spy,
And whips for the recalcitrant who dare these rules defy.
We've got a model principle to make them all they should,
With a patter of morality to please the pseudo-good.
We do not like variety in manners or in dress,
So we'll put them on some ugly clothes that won't their tastes express;
We'll dress them on a pattern plan like soldiers in a file,
And crop their hair about their ears in puritanic style.
They have not human feelings, they're dumb machines, you know;
So we'll change their names to numbers and fill their lives with woe.
We're strictly sanitative, our houses never leak,
Their food is very wholesome, and we wash them once a week!"

The *Commonweal* has shocked Mr. Herbert's refined sensibilities by the violence of its suggested methods and weapons. We will return good for evil by giving his lines the advantage of an extended circulation. We can assure him that, although the "galled jade" Bellamy may wince, our withers are unwrung.—R. W. B.

SWEATERS!

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—Eds.

NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday, Dec. 28th, comrade Hall (Sheffield) addressed in a very effective manner a large meeting of working-men on Newcastle Quay. A large quantity of leaflets were distributed, and much interest manifested. In the evening he advocated anti-Parliamentary methods amongst the Social Democrats. An Anarchist Group has now been formed in Newcastle-on-Tyne.



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Manager; 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

The COMMONWEAL is the organ of the London Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS who order literature should prepay postage, or state if they wish their parcels to be sent per rail or carrier, "carriage forward."

Periodicals received during the month ending Wednesday, December 24, 1890.

ENGLAND
Belfast Weekly Star
Die Autonomie
Justice
Labour Tribune
People's Press
Railway Review
Seafaring
Worker's Friend
Free Russia
La Tribune Libre
Manchester Examiner
New South Wales
Sydney—Bulletin
Sydney—Truth
Adelaide—Quiz
VICTORIA
Melbourne—Bull-Ant
QUEENSLAND
Brisbane—Boomerang
UNITED STATES
New York—Truthseeker
Volkzeitung
Volne Listy
Freie Arbeiter Stimme
Voice
The World

New York—Freiheit
Boston—Woman's Journal
Boston—Liberty
Investigator
Chicago—Rights of Labour
Vorbote
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel
Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth
Philadel.—Knights of Labour
Paterson Labour Standard
S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal
San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung
St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole

FRANCE
Paris—Bourse du Travail
Le Parti Ouvrier
Le Proletaire
Charleville—L'Emancipation
Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur
Rouen—Le Salarial
Lyon—L'Action Sociale

HOLLAND
Hague—Recht voor Allen
BELGIUM
Antwerp—De Werker
Ghent—Vooruit

SWITZERLAND
Arbeiterstimme
Bulletin Continental
ITALY
Palermo—Avanti
SPAIN
Madrid—El Socialista
Madrid—La Anarquia
PORTUGAL
Porto—A Revolucao Social
GERMANY
Berlin—Volk's Tribune
Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
AUSTRIA
Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
HUNGARY
Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
DENMARK
Copenhagen—Arbejderen
SWEDEN
Malmo—Arbetet
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
El Perseguido

SOME OBJECTORS TO SOCIALISM.

THE humours of the objections to Socialism are often such as to make the thinnest of mortals "laugh and grow fat." The Socialist is often pulverised with the most startling and inconceivable question, and if he is not ready at a moment's notice to give a detail of the minutest workings of the New Society, he is told to "shut up" and speak no more about it. It does not matter to the half-starved, ill-housed, toil-worn workman that his lot will be much easier and his life more human under Socialism, unless you can tell him what provision will be made for "genius," and also if you will take his precious imaginary £2,000 from him. The poor fellow always takes a strange delight in "supposing" that he has saved this sum. This £2,000 is a sort of "King Charles head" to him, and do what you like it *will* come up again and play the deuce with him. I have heard the figures going up to £30,000, but the average workman with eighteen or twenty shillings per week puts it at the more modest £2,000—it is only your "skilled" workman that goes for the very high figures! He is ready to lose the last drop of his blood on behalf of the fortune that he supposes he has "saved" out of his "own industry," and he will have nothing to do with Socialists or Socialism unless he can get a *guarantee* that he will get leave to use his fictitious fortune in whatever way he likes. To hear him speak one would think that a glorious life of unlimited freedom had been his, instead of a life of the most abject and cruel slavery. He has been so successfully hypnotised by the clap-trap of the politicians, that he stares with unaffected astonishment at the Socialist when he is told that he is a slave. Yet there is hope for him too, for I have seen many like him taken out of their strange mesmeric state and brought back to the realisation of their miserable lives. When they are at last awakened they show no quarter to the politician, but make good go-a-head practical Revolutionary Socialists.

There is another class of objectors, and wherever one goes he is sure to turn up and put the question that is worrying the very life out of him. He is generally a little rickety and stunted, both in mind and body, and, alas! he will die without even having known what it is to live, supposing the Revolution were to take place to-morrow. He cannot for the life of him see how the "character of the individual" will be developed under Socialism, and is terribly afraid lest we should all lose "initiative" and grow into one mould of mediocrity. "But there would be no Individuality!" he keeps repeating, unconscious that the grey matter in his head can no longer "secrete *thought*," and that his poor wasted body will never know the pride of lusty physical life.

It is only Mahatmas and Rishis that can deal with this class. The ordinary Socialist feels the utter powerlessness of words, for alas! there is no reason left to appeal to. Karma is indeed hard on them, but who knows that in the next cycle they may be leaders in the next great "revolutionary wave"!

There is another type of objector, and I think he is the meanest of all—barring, of course, the exploiters of Christianity. He is the "skilled artisan," the pride and pet of all the land thieves and water thieves. He has been hypnotised into the belief that both the great political parties exist only for him. He swells with pride when he thinks over the greatness of *his* country, and our wonderful superiority over all the "blasted furriners." He cannot sleep o' nights for thinking over some great landowner's words of praise, and how he has been patted on the back and told that he was the backbone of his country. He knows that the Socialists must be a poor lot indeed, for there is not a great lord or millionaire among them, and he cannot even think of them without a strong feeling of contempt. He works from early morning till night, and is seldom out of work. His pleasures are few, because he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. He spends some of his little savings at the holiday time in a miserable house at the coast with his wife and family, and they wander listlessly about and weary for the end of the week, till the wife gets back to her drudgery and he to his factory or dim workshop. The tall chimneys belching forth their volumes of smoke and dirt are as welcome to him as the sight of the green fields are to the lover of nature. He feels no need for the pure air or the sunlight, and the clouds and the winds have no charm for him. He is "content," and, as he phrases it, he has never known what it was to "want a meal." All the selfishness in his nature is developed, and he has nothing but words of blame and abuse for all the unfortunates of our unsocial society. "It is all their own fault!" he exclaims, and draws his chair closer to the fire.

The middle-class politician who pats him on the back would cut his throat or drink a tubful of strychnine before he would lead such a life. His self-sufficiency is something astonishing, and his whole notion of the "proper thing to do" is to ape the fashions and do nothing that has not the sanction of Respectability. He will not be seen at any meeting that has not the approval of his masters, and he laughs at the ungrammatical speech of someone of his own class who endeavours, at the risk of losing his daily bread, to enlighten his shopmates to the causes of the miseries and poverty of their lives. He splits his sides with laughter at the idea of human beings living together in a state of mutual co-operation, and being strictly "religious" and "moral" he defends usury and all kinds of legalised thieving. His sympathies never travel beyond that of his family, and as a consequence he cannot understand the feeling of Brotherhood that in the New Society will overcome all wrong-doing by Love.

That this last type is by no means dead no one will dispute, for they are yet to be seen "starched to the eyes" at every meeting con-

THE "COMMONWEAL."

Whilst thanking the many friends and comrades who have volunteered their sympathy and help during the present crisis, we wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to resume the Weekly Issue at the earliest opportunity. We by no means despair of being able to do so if our comrades will but rally round at this juncture. The 'COMMONWEAL' now is entirely dependent upon the support of working-men. The bitter cold weather lessens our sale by stopping all outdoor meetings. The expenses of our removal, and the fitting up of new premises, have been very heavy, and we shall have great difficulty in keeping even the Monthly Issue going through the winter months, unless comrades and friends subscribe liberally to the 'COMMONWEAL' Guarantee Fund. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all who sympathise with our work to help us to the best of their ability.—EDITORS.

vened by either of the political parties, and he is ready to damn Socialism or even cheer it, if but the "noble lord" only says the word. His "convictions" are in the hands (or the heads) of his masters, and will in all likelihood remain there until machinery displaces him, or "bad times" throw him into the ranks of "surplus labour."

J. M. B.

NOTES.

EARL DERBY, owner (beg pardon!), possessor of 63,869 acres of land, and whose rent-roll amounts roughly to £170,000 per annum, is reported to have expressed the opinion at a recent charity snuffle that emigration was the very best thing for a small country like England. We quite agree with you my Lord Derby, and when the wretched rack-rented populace, who have created the wealth enjoyed by yourself and fellow land-thieves, awake from their slothful apathy, you and your ilk will find England far too small to hold you, and your departure from it may be accelerated by a little gentle suasion of the nature recounted in French history.

This man, who talks so glibly in support of the wholesale deportation of poor children and the severance of natural ties, is the inheritor of £250,000. His family have received £300,000 as compensation for the use of the foreshore of the Mersey for the erection of the Liverpool Docks. They practically own Liverpool, which has grown through increase of population from a fishing hamlet to its present proportions. Oh for a day of reckoning with these flint-hearted wretches who mouth their insults to the poor!

The *Daily Chronicle* has voided about a yard of gush, in which the following significant admission occurs:

"We feel sure, whatever else may happen, that the next decade will not close in peace unless some honest effort is made to grapple with the problem of poverty, so that when a period of distress suddenly occurs the community will not find itself as it is to-day, unprepared to meet it, and cope with the social disturbance that it creates. Nothing, we are persuaded, will induce Englishmen to remain satisfied with social and industrial arrangements under which the bitter cry for bread goes up periodically from thousands of voices in a community which has been making money abundantly in trade, and where all the necessities of life, with the exception of house-rent and butcher's meat, are cheaper than they have ever been since the Queen's reign began. For the ghastly thing about present-day distress as compared with that which prevailed fifty years ago is that honest workers—not mere casual vagrants—are perishing by the wayside in East London, that half of the men in the Dockers' Union have earned, not half, but only one quarter, wages to feed their families during the past month, while the other half have scarcely earned anything at all. Trade is good. Traders are accumulating wealth. Prices of food are low as compared with those that ruled in the old days, when the loaf cost eighteenpence. Drunkenness is decreasing. The sanitary conditions of life among the poor are improved—and yet let there but be an extra week's frost to hinder outdoor workers, and then the grim spectre of famine stalks through the East End, leaving behind a track of desolation swept by the moaning wind of revolutionary Socialism. Can it be otherwise at a time when the coffers of savings-banks are bursting with balances, when the country is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and when bread is to be had for a penny a pound, ninety thousand strong and sturdy workers are dying of slow starvation in industrial London?"

And here follows a lecture to the working-class for their fecundity in "shedding" from their ranks a host of "vagrants" men and "sorners," who are a burden on the community. The idle rich thieves are not considered to be a redundant quantity of the population, only the poor are too many in the land.

After the usual cant about "a quickened sense of responsibility" and "wider sympathy with the poor," both of which phrases are very filling—to the mouth—we come upon the advocacy of schemes with which the air is just now full, from Booth's penal colonies and cant to the horse-bean soup at 1¹/₂d. per head for the starving School Board children.

Of course, all this is interlarded with warnings against the probability of undermining the "self-respect and independence of the respectable poor" by indiscriminate charity, and insistence upon a rigid labour test for the idle and vicious. Yes, certainly events are moving quickly in our direction. Keep up your Poor Law brutalities and Pecksniff philanthropy. The stone-yards and oakum-sheds, the punishment-cell and whipping-blocks may yet receive the really idle and vicious. The rich pestilent thieves, who are the cause of the misery around us, may yet have a taste of the horrors and indignities they inflict upon those who are the victims of the system whereby they enjoy their wealth.

Some of our comrades talk of destroying these emblems of our civilisation, but I think that a spirit of revenge may yet be gratified by seeing them utilised as receptacles for the idle robbers of to-day. Perhaps, then, an able editor or two might enjoy the luxury of stone-breaking and skilful.

F. K.

There is one place in the world where General Booth's scheme is not popular, and that is Australia. Of course, it may be doubted whether the said scheme is really popular here, save among that section of the philanthropic middle-classes, who see in it an excellent plan of getting

rid of a "surplus population" that may be very dangerous in a little time. It may also be popular with some "democratic" newspapers controlled by these people, but it may be doubted whether any large number of the workers have much belief in it. But in Australia the disapprobation is unanimous. Trade unions representing every class of workmen, have passed resolutions against flooding the colony with pauper labour. The Miner's Union particularly has issued a circular in which, after quoting from Booth's book, they point out that

"The class the 'General' is going to send out would simply drift into our cities and add to the criminal class, who are already a burden to the workers of the colonies. We recommend that public meetings should be held everywhere, and the Government urged to enter a protest against the proposal. We have already enough unemployed. We have able-bodied men in Australia working as low as 8s. per week, and we do not want the labour market further overdone or wages brought still lower. Australia has suffered enough already from the taint of convictism, and should resist most strenuously this fresh attempt of the old country to get rid of the evils produced by social wrong and the unjust laws of society. Extreme wealth means of necessity extreme poverty, and poverty begets crime. We trust that you will stir the public in your district, and let a strong voice be raised which will teach England that she must not trespass on the rights of a free people."

We wonder if those leaders of the New Unionists, who found so much to praise in Booth's scheme, thought that it would be received in this way by their Australian brethren?

The curious thing is that the Australian capitalists are quite as much against Booth's fresh supply of "free labour" as the workers. Their newspapers, like the *Age* of Melbourne, all attack it, and numerous public bodies have passed resolutions pledging themselves "to resist to the utmost any attempts which might be made to introduce the surplus and pauper population of England into the colony, as in their opinion the labour market of Victoria is at present greatly overstocked." The fact is that the capitalists have quite as many unemployed as they know what to do with. These have already been riotously inclined; they have been burning Cabinet Ministers in effigy, and the possibility of irruption of Trafalgar Square and Bow Street rioters into the colony fills capitalists with terror and alarm.

But some may think that the terrors of the Australian workmen and capitalists are alike unfounded. General Booth is going to form an agricultural colony, where the saved ones will remain toiling upon the land, far away from the din and tumult of the great colonial cities. Therefore they will not compete with the ordinary workers, but will remain in a little world of their own "far from the madding crowd." Yes, but what guarantee have the Australian workers got that these men will stop in Booth's colony? The outcasts of our great cities live in the midst of life and movement. How much life and movement will there be on Booth's farm? The General evidently thinks that the pious can-cans of Hallelujah lasses will be entertainment enough, and that a starvation diet of "steamed crusts" will be so delicious sweetened by "prayer and praise," that the attractions of the great towns will have no charms for the converted. We doubt it, and moreover, we feel quite certain that if a big strike was on, and an agent of the capitalists came and offered the men on Booth's agricultural colony what would seem to them to be high wages, the colony would be deserted the next morning, and the men would throng into the towns eager enough to escape from their dreary prison.

Booth's scheme is simply the old emigration dodge, with a mask of philanthropy and State Socialism. The people who have subscribed to the fund, have done so to get rid of the "dangerous classes," and many of them would have given their money quite as freely if the Booth scheme had been to take these unfortunates out in a ship into the midst of the sea, and to sink it and drown them there.

As to Booth, he wanted money for the Salvation Army—and he has got it. The quarrel with Frank Smith shows this clearly enough. Smith wanted the money subscribed for the Social Reform scheme, and to be applied strictly for that purpose; Booth wanted it to be placed in the general fund of the Salvation Army, an institution in which the fat salaries and good places are all enjoyed by members of the Booth family. By this time the middle-class fools who subscribed the cash must feel uneasy in their minds concerning the destination of the funds. Booth can chuckle, however; the bubble may burst as soon as it likes, his object is attained; "he is all right, for he has got the £ s. d.," and we may depend upon it he will keep it. The Booth Confidence Trick has been a complete success—for Booth.

The heartless evictions of the railway men by the directors of the Caledonian Railway Company, who turned whole families into the street on a bitter cold day like Monday, January 5, followed up by the military firing on the people, who resisted this abominable tyranny, only shows us that the propertied classes are capable of any crime that will enable them to keep the riches they have stolen from the workers. We are progressing; first bludgeons, then bayonets, and now strikers are fired upon. At this rate we shall not have to wait long to see the streets strewn with the bodies of murdered workmen, butchered in cold blood by the hirelings of the rich.

But this is a dangerous game, gentlemen of the middle classes. Your wealth, your property, your lives, lie at the mercy of the people.

If you once begin these lessons in massacre there is no knowing where they will stop, and you may yet see the midnight sky lit up by the flames of your factories and warehouses!

The American Indians are learning that the capitalist classes are as merciless to "inferior races" as they are to workmen of their own blood and colour. The treacherous murder of Sitting Bull, and the bloody massacre of men, women, and children the other day, which was dignified by the name of a "battle," shows that Commercialism is as cruel and murderous as ever. The development of Capitalism has been marked by the extermination of native races by shot and steel, and murder of the working-class by overwork and starvation. The callous cruelty of both processes has been made still more horrible by the unctuous hypocrisy that has been their invariable accompaniment.

Our entire sympathies are with the luckless redskins, who, after being cheated out of their lands and then out of the rations which their tyrants had granted them as "compensation," have risen in hunger and despair to be shot down like dogs by machine guns, and to see their wives and children murdered before their eyes. And yet this is only one of the crimes of our Christian Commercialism. If only all the evils, all the cruelties, all the massacres inflicted on the workers and native races alike, could be gathered in a book, what a black and damning record it would be! But, gentlemen of the middle classes, these crimes have yet to be answered for—and the Day of Judgment is near at hand.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

La Révolte continues its useful career. Its yet more useful coadjutor, *Le Père Peinard* ("Daddy Toil-hard") has been honoured by prosecution at the hands of the Government of the "French Republic." The speech of our comrade Faure for the defence was a capital piece of propaganda, outspoken and "violent" enough in substance, but correct and even "moderate" in form and style. The responsible publisher, our comrade Faugour, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and £120 fine.

French "justice" has also been concerning itself with M. Labruyère and Mme. Duc Quercy, accused of enabling our comrade Padlewski to escape its clutches. One would sympathise more with Labruyère if he had not put Padlewski in danger by the theatrical fashion in which he arranged the escape, with a view to make subsequent "copy" out of it. I echo *La Révolte* and say, "Revolutionists, beware of newspaper men!"

At Roanne, too, the lawyers have been busy prosecuting our comrades. In October last, Jahn, Bernaud, and Colas held a meeting in this town, in the course of which they naturally attacked private property and the middle-classes. Unfortunately, they also said a necessary word or two about certain sham Socialists. These latter persons denounced our friends to the police. The result is that our three comrades have been condemned (in their absence happily) to a year's imprisonment apiece, and to £4 fine and the costs. However, the three, we are told, are in a safe place, where neither Social Democrat nor policeman is likely to find them.

There is news of strikes from most parts of France, and everywhere we find police and soldiers turned out to intimidate workers and help bosses, just as under the Empire. The more names are changed, the more things remain the same. In the Ardennes especially, the Prefect of the Department has been particularly anxious to affirm his resolution to "maintain order."

At Lyons, *L'Action Sociale* has ceased to appear, but has been succeeded by *L'Action*, which is conducted upon the same lines.

BELGIUM.

From Ghent we receive *L'Etudiant Socialiste*, "bi-monthly organ of Socialist students." The Socialist movement (in its Parliamentary form I regret to say) would seem to have taken a firm root among the students of the Belgian universities,—most of them doubtless destined, like their counterparts elsewhere, to swell hereafter the ever-growing ranks of the "intellectual" proletariat. Clubs of Socialist students have been formed at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, and are in course of formation at Liège and at Mons. On Sunday, December 14th, a Congress of Belgian Socialist students was held at Brussels. No less than 200 delegates from the different universities and superior schools were present, and several professors attended. In addition to the delegates there was a large and interested audience. It was determined to federate the various students' organisations, and to call an International Congress of Socialist Students at Brussels on some date between Easter and the 1st of May next. The provisional agenda for this international gathering runs:—1. Social function of students. 2. Popular teaching. 3. International federation of Socialist students' clubs. 4. Regulation of labour. All communications in relation to this Congress are to be sent to comrade Georges Defuisseaux, 517 Avenue Louise, Brussels. It is a pity that the Socialism of these Belgian youths does not seem to be of a very revolutionary character. They are affiliated to the "Workmen's Party." However, they have undertaken to organise a propaganda in support of the impending General Strike. It is true that this "General Strike" has only for its object the securing of Universal Suffrage, but, if once it began, it may easily develop on far more useful lines.

There is a good series of articles in *L'Etudiant Socialiste* on "The Historical Method and the Social Question." I find here the following excellent comment on the "orthodox" political economy: "The Manchester School teaches economic immobility. It has invented a society whose elements are drawn from modern society only, and has attributed to such society an absolute and immutable character; it has imagined for itself an abstract type of man who acts always under the impulse of certain motives of personal interest, and it believes that this imaginary man is always the same in the past, the present, and the future; it has discovered in the modern social order a certain number of natural laws, to which it claims to submit all societies whatever, whether in time past or time present. Thus the School really juggles with the study of mankind, and sets up an inadmissible negation of the undeniable evolution of society."

SPAIN.

La Anarquía has a note upon a matter which is of pressing importance here, as well as in Madrid. Dr. Koch's discovery is as yet (as the inventor himself confesses) of very uncertain utility (at any rate in consumption), and its exhibition involves assuredly great danger to the patient. Our masters, nevertheless, are making experiments on what they deem the vile bodies of the workers, by trying the "lymph" on sufferers in hospitals. Several toilers have already been murdered in consequence.

Universal Suffrage appears to be estimated at its just value by Spanish toilers. At the recent elections not a tenth part of the voters in Barcelona went to the poll. In the district of Almacellas, Valencia, one elector presented himself, and he was not on the list! One is pleased to think that many at least of these abstentions are due to the spread of anti-Parliamentary views. Many of the Spanish Anarchist groups have published abstentionist manifestoes.

Our comrade Vicente Garcia, who still lies in the prison of San Sebastian, on the score of *El Combate*, of which I have so frequently spoken, sends to the *Barcelona Productor* an article on "Freedom," in which he once more urges preparation for the next First of May. "Dear comrades," says he, "workers of all lands, I will never weary in pressing you to prepare for next May, and in the end it may be that you will not content yourselves with the eight hours' day, but rather will stir up the Social Revolution so as to establish Anarchy, which is the only idea which will enable truth, justice, and freedom to triumph."

SWITZERLAND.

This "free republic" has finally descended to the level of the other bourgeois republics of France and America. Six of our comrades of various nationalities have been expelled by order of the "Federal Council." I quote the decree of expulsion: "It follows from inquiry held that all these individuals domiciled at Geneva have already been expelled from other countries, or convicted there for Anarchist intrigues, inciting to homicide, arson, and pillage, and that they make a bad use of their stay in Switzerland to continue their propaganda of action by preaching the violent overturn of the established order of things, and pointing out homicide and other crimes as proper means to attain that end." These alleged offences are to us so many titles of honour, making allowance, of course, for the official dialect.

UNITED STATES.

The New York correspondent of the *Barcelona Productor* gives a good account of the Chicago commemoration meetings in that city and in Newark (New Jersey), meetings which we have only as yet cursorily noted in the *Weal*:—

"On the 6th of November, a commemoration meeting of the terrible drama consummated at Chicago was to have been carried out at Newark. It was announced that Lucy Parsons, Hugh H. Pentecost, and John Most would speak. With eager expectation, one of the largest halls in the city was rented for the occasion and the money paid in advance, so that no difficulty should spoil the meeting. The appointed hour came, and lo! the police also, who (in the name of that Republican Constitution which 'guarantees' free speech to us) took possession of the hall and its surroundings and prevented the meeting. A great number of comrades gathered together in front of the building, and Lucy Parsons determined to address them, but scarcely had she begun speaking when the inspector in command darted towards her with intent to arrest her. However, one of our comrades who was on the watch aimed a terrible blow at the policeman, which struck the latter to the ground. Thereupon a fight followed, in which fourteen were wounded. . . . Lucy Parsons was appointed to speak on the 9th at Brooklyn, on the 10th at Paterson, and on the 11th at New York, and it was not likely that we should leave her to grow old in prison. We have discovered that there are three logical and striking arguments always effective with judicial tribunals and which they never resist,—the first of these is money, the second money, and the third also money. Thereupon we got a thousand dollars hastily together and obtained our comrade's release.

"The (State) Socialists determined to hold a meeting on their own account this year, and, in fact, did meet at the Cooper Union Hall on the 10th of November. . . . We held our meeting on the 11th, despite many rumours which had been spread about that it would not come off. It was imposing and threatening. A police inspector placed himself in the midst of the immense hall, and disposed a hundred of his subalterns around; five hundred more were posted in the cellars to answer the first call. This insult (let us so style it) served only to irritate the audience and the speakers. Moved by this proceeding, the committee of arrangement resolved to place in front of the table a big portrait of Lingg, with the following inscription in gigantic characters, 'If you grape-shot us, we will dynamite you.' The portrait was received with rounds of applause. The police inspector could not of course remain indifferent to so marked a suggestion, and he objected to such a threat remaining on the most prominent part of the platform. 'Captain,' said one of our comrades to him, 'all we who are met together here to-night carry the words uttered by our comrade Lingg graven in our hearts, and we have no need to read them anew; we only desired to remind you and your subordinates that although we may not to-day be in a position to fight the State forces, we shall not on that account cease to meet together, and much less to defend ourselves if you trample on us. For the rest, so that you have read the inscription and will remember it, it matters little whether the portrait remain or not.' The portrait was accordingly taken away, amid deafening applause and cheers for Lingg. Thereupon the orchestra played a grand funeral march, and immediately thereafter a choir of a hundred voices sang a hymn. It was hard work to silence the applause of our comrades when the name of Lucy Parsons was announced and she appeared on the platform. The violence committed at Newark a few days before and the presence of the police in the hall, made us fear that the last spark might cause a disastrous conflagration. Never have I seen Lucy so moved, nor has she seemed so full of eloquence and fire. She had much difficulty in restraining her tears. At length she began, 'I weep, not because I think at this moment of those who are dead (the more because I have the honour to bear the name of one of them); but I weep, comrades, for you and for your children. Your liberties are dead, and those that you in appearance enjoy are at the mercy of a policeman's club; he gives them and he takes them away. The American Constitution gives the right to carry arms. Do you maintain that right? Are you armed? It guarantees the right of peaceful meeting, and the free use of speech. Can we meet? Can we speak? The slaveholders of Virginia hanged John Brown, believing that, after the death of the old man famous in story, they would have peace. But did they gain the end they proposed to themselves? Did they find peace? The capitalists of Chicago murdered our noble and heroic comrades Lingg, Spies, Fischer, Engel, and Parsons, and, after committing that crime, announced to the world that Anarchy was annihilated, and that, Anarchists being terrified by the example which had been made, unchangeable peace now reigned. But do capitalists dwell in peace? (Prolonged applause.) They will never live in peace,—never! They may, helped by the immense force at their disposal, erect a gallows upon every square mile of American territory; they may hang and imprison all who lift their voice on behalf of the people; but in the end the irresistible march of the masses will overcome their force, and at last we shall

celebrate the triumph of our Cause upon the tombs of the dead.' . . . John Most next mounted the platform, and gave in German a clear historical account of the events which brought our comrades to the gallows. . . . If Most had been born in France in the last century, he would probably have left Danton, Marat, Desmoulins, and the others who distinguished themselves by their destructive revolutionary eloquence, far behind. 'Who was it who slew our comrades?' he asked, 'not the Judges of the State of Illinois, not the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, no, but the Great Beast which has been oppressing us these nineteen centuries,—Capital. And, after all, what has the Beast gained? Only to hasten the hour when the most terrible Revolution Humanity has known shall drive tyranny from the face of the earth.'

R. W. B.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

O, ALMIGHTY DOLLAR! be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels, made in thine own image, even though they be but Silver Quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the wakened soul to break forth in acclamations of joy.

Almighty Dollar! thou art the awakener of our energies, the guide of our footsteps, and the awakener of our being. Guided by thy silvery light, we hope to reach the "Golden Gate" triumphantly; enter while angel hands harmoniously sweep their golden harps, and we, on the golden streets, in the highest exhilaration of feeling, and with jubilant emotions, strike the Highland fling.

Almighty Dollar, thy shining face
Bespeaks thy wondrous power;
In my pocket make thy resting-place;
I need thee every hour.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation we realise and acknowledge that thou wert the God of our grandfathers, the two-fold God of their children, and the three-fold God of their grandchildren. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and of all thy varied excellencies, is our constant and unwavering Prayer. Amen!
—ANON.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

(From Nov. 26th, 1890, to Jan. 1st, 1891.)

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R.	0	1	0	Manchester Branch (4 subs.)	1	0	0
Miss Skerritt	0	5	0	K. Launspach	0	10	0
P. J. W. (Byrne)	0	1	0	Fuller	0	0	6
W. Stephen	0	1	0	'Commonweal' Branch	1	10	0
J. Samson	0	1	0	Per W. Blundell	0	13	0
F. W. Stewart	0	0	6		0	10	4
J. Bines	0	2	6	Total	5	18	10
C. Saunders	0	2	0				
J. W. (Worcester)	0	1	0				

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A

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(Weather permitting.)

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11.30	Hoxton Church	The Branch
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30	Victoria Park	Commonweal Branch
3.30	Streatham Common	The Branch
7	Hammersmith Bridge	Hammersmith Branch
7	Wormwood Scrubs	North Kensington Branch
8	Kings Cross—Liverpool Street	The Branch
8	Walham Green—back of Church	Hammersmith Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15	Hoxton Church	The Branch
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Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

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Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimsthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3 Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

Late COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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A JOURNAL OF Revolutionary Socialism.

[Vol. 7.—No. 258.]

FEBRUARY, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

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PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PARLIAMENTS.

Our friend Cunninghame Graham (one of the few honest men among the Parliamentarians) has been again urging the workers to send "representatives" to Cobbett's "den of thieves." The persistence of some men's faith, or seeming faith, in "political" action is noways wonderful. They find their account in it; thereout suck they no small advantage. That Graham, however, and one or two other front-rank fighters—and, alas! so many millions of workers—should still believe in the possible utility of the ballot-box, is sufficiently remarkable. The experiment of Universal Suffrage has now been made in most civilised countries, and has everywhere left the wage-slaves where it found them. Here in Great Britain we have had household suffrage in the towns for nearly a quarter of a century, in the country for five years and more; we have had that famous "point of the Charter," Vote by Ballot, for a score of years. What benefit has Labour reaped therefrom? What smallest step has been taken towards the organisation of the New Society? towards the destruction of this present false society?—a destruction which must necessarily precede any attempt to build anew. We all know the answer, and it would be miraculous indeed were there any other to give. It would be a strange fairy tale of topsy-turveydom if the capitalists and their parasites, and the half-score "labour representatives" (hoping to become parasites, if not capitalists) who sit in the oddly-named House of Commons, were to seek to destroy the "civilisation" of which they are so proud, and which enables them to live on the toil of others. "Oh! but," some answer (the good "Dodo" of *Reynolds*, for one), "if the present Parliament does not begin the Revolution (or at least—since we are not quite sure that we hold with the Revolution—initiate real reforms), it is because we have not yet quite reached to Manhood Suffrage; there are two million working-men not on the Register. Let us devote all our energies to registration reform and the creation of a really democratic party, then we may be sure that the good days will begin and at length we may sing our 'Ca ira.'"

The simple-minded "Dodo"! He has certainly chosen an appropriate pen name—only possibly "Ostrich" would be a still better one, since he has so admirable an aptitude for burying his head, as it were, in the sand—that he may not see unpleasant, though obvious, facts. Is not Manhood Suffrage in all its plenitude exercised in those "free" Republics of France and the United States? Are the workers less wretched there than here? Is the Government of the State of Illinois (where our martyrs were hanged), is the Government of the State of New York (where only the other day hundreds of armed policemen terrorised a peaceable indoor meeting of working-men) a whit less oppressive and tyrannical than the Government of Trafalgar Square? Are the Carnegies and the Goulds any more tolerable than the Norwoods and the Liveseys? Or are Rouvier and Constans any way preferable to Salisbury and Matthews? Clémenceau to Bradlaugh or Labouchere? Boulanger to Parnell? Are our comrades on strike dealt with more tenderly in the Ardennes than at Southampton? One wonders sometimes whether "Dodo" is so very simple-minded after all, whether he really succeeds in blinding himself to the patent failure of representative institutions. Let me hasten to add that, if he has

any after-thought in the matter, I like to believe it to be an unconscious one.

Some, however, would say (perhaps "Dodo" among them) that, if the workers would only use the ballot-box, not to vote for Liberal or Tory, Democrat or Republican, Right or Left, but to return representatives of Labour, Socialists if you will, very different results would be obtained. Let us see if that would really be so. We will concede that the workers are in the majority among the voters, or, if not in the majority, may, with a few more years of "political" agitation, be put in the majority. How long will it take to convert that majority into a solid compact mass voting only for Socialist candidates, and influenced, every man of them (for we shall need every man), by no trick of Tory or wile of Radical, caring nothing for "Fair Trade and No Foreigners" on the one side, for the Grand Old Spider, or Chief Justice Healy, or the Indispensable Parnell on the other? Some hundred years, shall we say, at a moderate estimate? When, about the year 2,000, you have your workers acting as one body, where are their representatives to come from? and how long, when once they have got themselves into Parliament and into close contact with the capitalists, will they remain the people's representatives? Let us grant that you induce your masters to establish Payment of Members, and so contrive to return a majority of workers (whilom workers) as your delegates. Will they not soon be bought over, if not (as is most probable) by the gold of the bourgeois, then by his snug sinecures, by the charms (as they will seem) of his society, nay, by admission to his ranks? This is what happens, you know, nowadays, with the men the toilers send to represent them. Even in Germany, where the mis-spent labour of a quarter of a century, of a generation, has succeeded in returning a small minority of Socialists to the Reichstag, are Bebel and Liebknecht themselves the Revolutionists that they were! What good, what atom of good, does the Socialist Party in the German Parliament do for the Cause?

Nay, it is clear enough that, even if in two centuries time we had a faithful majority in Parliament, the ruling bourgeois, who control the executive, would simply make a *coup d'état* and clap that majority in prison,—unless, in accord with their usual hypocrisy, they had cut the Gordian knot by simply vitiating the returns,—as they did in Chicago some years ago, when Socialists were elected at municipal elections. In any case, we may be sure that the possessing classes will not give up their possessions without a struggle. Sooner or later they will fight for them, and, if there is to be a fight, had we not better have it here and now than waste centuries in preliminary Parliamentary skirmishing?

Yet, surely, this is idle talk, at the best. We who, let us hope, are not only Revolutionists but scientific economists also, know well that the economic causes, which (more and more rapidly every day) are forcing on the Great Change, will never wait two hundred years in their operation, or half a hundred. Our duty and our pleasure is to quicken the working of those causes, and not to waste our efforts, as men beating the air, in byways that lead nowhither.

Some of our Fabian friends indeed, wise enough in their own conceit at least, tell us that for our own sakes we should strive to slacken speed, that a "catastrophic" Revolution would be a great evil, and we should endeavour to make the transition easy to the New Society. This may, or may not, be excellent advice from our wise friends. Unfortunately, or fortunately, if the teachings of history be good for aught, we may not follow it, even if we would. All great transitions in the past have, in their final and revolutionary stage, been catastrophic in character. Every sign and portent shows that so it will be with the greatest Transition of all, upon which we have now entered. We should be glad enough, some of us, to avoid the catastrophe, with all the complete economic and social dislocation which must follow it, and which Bernard Shaw has not infelicitously harped upon; but we honestly believe, and are prepared to give grounds for our belief, that the catastrophe must come. The possessing classes could easily destroy our belief, if they would; but they will not. As well might we expect a man-eating tiger to peaceably render up his prey, as ask the rich robber without compulsion to give back his stolen wealth.

Therefore, since we really and truly "love peace and ensue it," let us hasten the coming of the Epoch of Peace by intelligent co-opera-

tion with the great natural forces which are bringing on the great Day of Judgment that must precede it. Such hastening can only be done by Revolutionary action, and certainly not by Parliamentary intrigues. Even so, it may be that we shall, many of us, perish forgotten by the way, and never enter or even look upon the Promised Land. At least, we shall not have lived futile or noxious lives, as if we had entered upon what is known as a "political career."

R. W. BURNIE.

THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED,
AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

IV.—THE PEOPLE DRIVEN FROM THE LAND.

ALAS! however excellent the Reformation may have been for Henry and his horde of robbers, it was not so for the working people. The beautiful enclosure system was in full swing, and the people were reaping the full benefit of it. It was a commercial age; everyone was turning trader, and the new nobility springing from the trader class were no exception to the rule. The discovery of new countries, the opening up of America, India, and all the countries of the East to trade, had stimulated a great demand for British wool, which was famous all over the world in these days for its goodness. This commodity rose tremendously in price, and the new nobility who crept into the places of the old had set their hearts on getting rich. It paid better to feed sheep than men on their estates, so the men had to make way for sheep. Even the feudal noble was turning into a modern bourgeois aristocrat; he had no mind to keep up his retainers at the risk of heavy fines from the King, so he turned them loose, dismissed them, and they wandered as bands of homeless outcasts all over the country. But now the tenants, the stout yeomen, must be sent after them; so out went the men and in went the sheep, for sheep paid and men did not. It was not like that their fathers had argued. But now let us quote a contemporary witness, a man whose testimony all will respect, even the most bigoted bourgeois. Sir Thomas More, in his famous book, gives us a terrible picture of what went on in England at that time:

"Your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame, and such small eaters, now, as I hear say, be become so great devourers and so wild, that they eat and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For, look you, in what part of the realm doth grow the finest and dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors in their land, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea, much noying the Weal publike, leave no ground for tillage: they enclose all into pasture; they throw down houses; they pluck down towns and leave nothing standing, but only the church to be made a sheep house. And as though you lost no small quantity of ground by forests, chases, lands, and parkes, these good holy men turn all dwelling places and all glebe land into desolation and wilderness.

"Therefore, that one covetous and unsatiable cormorant, and the very plague of his native country, may compass about and inclose many thousands of acres of ground together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust out of their own, or else by the cozen and fraud they be put beside it, or by wrongs and injuries they be so wearied that they be compelled to sell all: by one means therefore or by another, either by hook or by crooke, they must needs depart away, poor silly wretched souls, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widows, woeful mothers, with their young babes, and the whole household small in substance and much in number, as husbandry requireth many hands.

"Away they trudge, I say, out of their known and accustomed houses, finding no place to rest in. All their household stuff, which is very little worth, though it might well abide the sale: yet being suddenly thrust out they be constrained to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandered abroad till that be spent, what can they do but steal, and then justly pardie be hanged, or else go about a-begging. And yet then also they be cast into prison as vagabonds, because they go about and work not; whom no man will set a work, though they ne'er so willingly proffer themselves thereto. For one shepherd or herdman is enough to eat up that ground with cattle, to the occupying thereof; about husbandry many hands were requisite."

There is nothing more pathetic in the whole of English literature than this description of how the English peasants, the happy peasant proprietors of the golden age, were driven from the land they and their forefathers had tilled so diligently and reaped from so abundantly for a hundred and twenty-five years. Any man with a heart that reads, must curse bitterly the rising commercial system that made such atrocities possible. Now let us hear Sir Thomas More on some other evils of the age; let us see the devilish spirit of the rising commercialism. Sir Thomas says:

"And though the number of sheep increase ne'er so fast, yet the price falleth not one mite, because there be so few sellers. For they be almost all come into a few rich men's hands, whom no need forceth to sell before they lust, and they lust not before they fall as dear as they lust. Now the same cause bringeth in like dearth of other kind of cattle, yea, and that so much the more, because that after the farms plucked down and the husbandry decayeth, there is no man that passeth for the breeding of young store: for these rich men bring not up the young ones of great cattle as they do lambs. But first they buy them abroad very cheap, and after when they be fatted in pasture they sell them exceeding dear. . . . Thus the increasing covetousness of a few hath turned that thing to the utter undoing,

in which thing the chief felicity of your realm did consist. For this great dearth of victuals causeth men to keep as little houses, and as small hospitality as they possibly may, and to put away their servants: whither I pray you but a begging; or else which their gentle minds and stout stomachs will sooner set their minds unto stealing."

Then Sir Thomas raises a cry to legislators of the time, a cry as fruitless as most cries to these sublime persons:

"Suffer not rich men to buy up all, to encroach and forestall, and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as it please them. Let not so many be brought up in idleness; let cloth-working be renewed, that there be honest labourers to pass their time profitably, which hitherto either poverty hath caused to be thieves, or else now be either vagabonds or idle serving-men, and shortly will be thieves. Doubtless, unless you find a remedy for these enormities, you shall in vain advance yourself in executing justice upon felons."

From old Hugh Latimer, one of the most bluff and honest of the early reformers, we learn that the worst tyrants and most ruthless oppressors were the rich city merchants, who invested in land as a profitable speculation. Even Green, with all his admiration for the Reformation, admits that "the farming gentlemen and clerking knights," as Latimer bitterly called them, "were restrained by few traditions or associations in their evictions of the smaller tenants." In this they were unlike the old nobility and the monks, whose tenants had been on their estates for generations and generations. Green declares that the land "had been greatly underlet," a clear proof that the remaining old families and the monks were easy landlords, far easier than the commercial gentlemen from the towns. Well, the new proprietors soon corrected the lowness of the rents; they rack-rented the people mercilessly. Latimer says, "that which went heretofore for £20 or £40 a-year, now is let for £50 or a £100." Further on, Latimer tells us:

"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year, at the uttermost; hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine; and he was able and did find the King a harness with himself and his horse, when he came to the place that he should receive the King's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school; he married my sisters with five pounds a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and the fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave for the poor, and all this he did of the same farm, where he that hath it now payeth sixteen pounds by the year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

And so the game went on; cottages were demolished and thrown down, and the people driven pitilessly off the land. To give an idea of the desolation thus caused, in a proclamation of Edward VI., an official document, it is said, "That in some places where there used to be a 100 or 200 inhabitants, there was then scarcely one poor shepherd, so that the realm thereby was brought to a marvellous desolation. Houses decayed; parishes diminished. The force of the realm was weakened, and Christian people, by the greedy covetousness of some men, eaten and devoured of brute beasts, and driven from their homes by sheep and cattle." And it was the men who did this into whose hands the monks property and the monks tenants fell. These poor tenants, who carried the golden age into the sixteenth century, and who had led as easy and happy a life as the worthy fathers themselves, now saw that were about to be devoured by the monsters who had hunted their brothers off the land.

D. J. NICOLL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I am sure every friend of Liberty is pleased to see the 'Weal' move towards Anarchy, the only thing worth fighting for; the unlimited freedom of each for the freedom of all. The contributors to the present 'Weal' are all Anarchists, and still you do not count amongst Anarchists. I find it very unpleasant sometimes when speaking to French, German, and Italian Anarchists here, having seen me on your platform, where I hope to be heard again, but not as a Socialist. The name has too many side doors, and I would suggest that you should come before the public as Anarchists pure and simple, and change your title of Socialist League into that of Anarchist League, and I am sure our friends in England and abroad would be pleased with a better defined platform. I would ask you to publish this letter in your next number, and accept my Anarchist greetings, A. COULON.

PROLETARIAN LEAGUE, NEW YORK.—On Tuesday, Nov. 25th, 1890, a well attended meeting was held at the headquarters of the League. Comrade Dr. Lunn lectured on "Reminiscences of our Murdered Comrades." A good discussion followed, after which comrade G. W. Reid delivered a short speech; 2 dols. 85 cents. was collected, and two new members were enrolled. Comrade Ullmann also addressed a meeting of the Framer's Union of New York, who sent a subscription of 10 dols. to the club. On Friday the 28th, comrades G. W. Reid, J. F. Hernon, and J. Millen appeared before a mass meeting of the Pioneers of Liberty in Orchard Street Hall. The hall was densely packed with Hebrews, Germans, and Bohemians. As the first speaker, G. W. Reid ascended the platform; he was loudly applauded, and every word he uttered was eagerly listened to by men who appeared surprised to see and hear an English Revolutionist. Comrade Hernon then spoke with great earnestness, and declared that the time had come for the toilers to use force against force; loud applause followed. After the speakers had ended, the hat was passed round amongst the poorest paid men of New York City, and penny after penny dropped in until 10 dols. was raised for the Proletarians. We cannot hold open-air meetings in this free country, unless we belong to the Salvation Army and discourse upon the General's "Darkest England," but we are doing some active work in the meetings of other parties; neither will we rest content until we have succeeded in upsetting the present system. Whether it has to be done with guns or dynamite matters nothing to us; to all parties we can say, "Ready, aye ready!"

A DEFENCE OF ANARCHIST "VIOLENCE."

WHAT follows is a translation of the speech of our comrade Faure in defending Faugoux. The trial and its result were spoken of in our last issue. The speech seems to me to merit reproduction in the *Commonweal*, but considerations of space compel me to abbreviate it:—

"I am one of those who recognise that abuse is no argument, and I shall follow the President's advice and endeavour to be clear, knowing, as I do know, that correctness of form does not hinder substantial strength.

"Faugoux is no ordinary newspaper publisher—he is not paid to undertake that responsibility. On the contrary, like all our comrades on the staff, he pays. Anarchists have to serve their Cause as they may. Some (there are not many of these) spend their superfluous cash for the Cause, or cut down their necessary expenses; others, who can use a pen, employ that tool to help forward the attack on Capital and Authority; others, who are good at speaking, use their gift of speech for propaganda. Faugoux has neither cash, nor learning, nor eloquence; he has only his goodwill, and accordingly he has placed that good-will at the service of others who can write, and has sheltered them by his name. Faugoux is my friend, and, properly speaking, I am not defending him here to-day, but rather giving an explanation of the reasons which have led him, as they have led me, as they have led all Anarchists, to send a blast of hatred through the world. The Advocate-General has taken a great deal of useless pains to establish that which we openly confess, namely, that *Le Père Peinard* stirs up all the wretched to revolt, that it urges them to solidarity with their fellows, but to war against their governors and masters.

"In other times our attitude would have wanted logic. There was then an insufficiency of products. It was lamentable that each one should seek to feed himself, leaving others to get out of the mess as best they could, but it was natural and regular enough. At the present day, however, the development of machinery and the rapid increase in the wealth-producing power of the soil have so increased humanity's resources, that a just division would assure comfort to every one, and not comfort only but almost luxury. Yet there is no such equitable division, and we see side by side men perish of hunger while others burst with over-abundance. We notice, too, that they who lack all things, who are badly lodged, badly clothed, badly fed, whom disease strikes down and whom death watches for, are precisely they who produce the things which make life easy, they who grow the corn, they who weave the cloth, they who get the coal, they who build the mansions. On the other hand, they who lack nothing, who are sumptuously housed, luxuriously clothed, well nourished, whom careful nursing cures when they are ill, who live the longest lives, are those who make others work for them. Moreover, the gap between these two extremes is ever widening; for the social phenomenon of our times is Concentration. The capitalist grows richer every day, the manufacturer builds bigger and bigger factories, the landlord adds field to field, and the great Army of Starvation has every day new recruits.

"Society is divided into three classes. Up above are the money-lords, whether their money be represented by cash, by factories, or by lands. Down below are the people who possess nothing, who do not know at bed-time whether they will eat on the morrow. Between the two extremes is an intermediate class, a very interesting class, but a class very badly armed for the war. In face of the great establishments of the present day, of the limited companies, of the syndicates of manufacturers, of the universal providers and the great stores, of what use is the personal endeavour of the little shopkeeper or the small employer? By a vast and world-wide movement the riches of this intermediate class are pumped up, so to speak, to swell the coffers of the money-lords, while the individual members of the class are cast down to the lower depths, among the wage-earners. So is fulfilled the prophecy of J. B. Say (who was not a revolutionist, by the way): 'Riches and poverty advance on two parallel lines.' The movement is fatal, not to be avoided. In that movement is the *Revolution*. Think of it, gentlemen of the jury! We are quickly approaching the time when up above there will be a few capitalists, and down below the great body of the wage-earners and the wealthless,—clerks, workmen, proletarians, and rag-amuffins. What will have become of you? Each individual among you may hope to keep your riches and your independence; but the great majority of you will be cast back among the disinherited workers and starvelings. Only the spirit of revolt will be stronger in you than in them; since having once known ease you will seek to get it back, and, as you have had the advantage of a sufficient education, you will know that you can get it back.

"However, gentlemen, observe carefully that we are no longer attacked for our ideas. We are, indeed, treated as Utopians and dreamers; but the legitimacy of our claims and the beauty of our ideal are admitted. Only people cannot agree with our exaltation of violence, with our disdain for Universal Suffrage, with our talk of slaughter, fire, and pillage. This calls for an explanation.

"Those who to-day are the governing classes, who owe their own emancipation to successive revolts, now condemn the violence they for long glorified, so often as it was directed against the nobles whose places they have taken. Those whose violence has made strong are never tired of repeating, 'Revolt is useless; it is worse, it is criminal now that with the ballot-box you can declare your claims and vindicate your rights!'

"Well, gentlemen, it may be convenient to examine the utility of this weapon of the oppressed, which they style 'Universal Suffrage.'

"This piece of jugglery has for its object and result the making men into voluntary slaves. Under the Parliamentary system authority ceases to belong to one individual only, but is lodged in one Assembly or in several Assemblies. I should like to know whether a man who is under government, is less under government because he is oppressed by 500 instead of by one? Whether authority come from above or below, whether it be based on right divine or on man-made law, whether it derive its title from an aristocracy or from the people, is it the less authority, that is to say, the right of some to command and the duty of the masses to obey? . . .

"The idiotic, inept, irrational law of the majority is still Law, that is to say Force. No longer mere brute force, that is true. In our times the advance of science, the extension of human knowledge, the uncheckable spirit of inquiry, have rendered mere brute force impossible of application. Yet it is still the masked force which is based on sophism. That disguised force is only the more oppressive and dangerous, because it gives an illusive freedom to the enslaved crowd.

"So much for the principle of the thing.

"Facts gained from forty years' experience enable us to affirm that experiment justifies this estimate of the Parliamentary system.

"Workers fancied (and intriguers persuaded them that it was so) that on the day when a certain number of men from the bench, or of persons styling themselves Revolutionary Socialists, should penetrate into the deliberative assemblies, their needs would find in the new comers eloquent apostles and incorruptible advocates.

"The innocent workers were not acquainted with the law by which an animal becomes assimilated to his surroundings. . . . Now it is impossible for the most apparently honest of men not to be corrupted by the gangrened and rotten surroundings of Parliamentary Assemblies—"

"I cannot allow you to speak in this fashion," interrupted the hoarse voice of Horteloup, President of the Court.

The Advocate-General chimed in: "The defending advocate is answering a speech for the prosecution which he imagines I made, but which I never made. I never said anything of Parliamentary Assemblies,—never, never!"

Faure continued: "The Advocate-General is all wrong. I was only authorised at the last moment to defend our comrade Faugoux, and I have prepared nothing beforehand. Under such circumstances it is not usual with us Anarchists to trouble ourselves about the speech for the prosecution.

"However, I perceive that the Advocate-General is anxious for me to come to the count which charges incitement to military insubordination. I will give him the satisfaction he desires.

"The army, gentlemen, is composed (in the ranks at least) of proletarians snatched from the workshop, the field, and the factory, of men taken by force from their homes and made prisoners in barracks for years. The army, from our point of view, is a school of brutishness and slavery—"

At this point the President imperatively required Faure to desist, and the latter concluded as follows:

"Since I may not touch upon the army, or the Chamber of Deputies, or anything else that this Court holds holy, I can only keep silence. To take any other line, to water down my beliefs, would not please Faugoux, who would be indignant with me did I express myself differently. . . ."

R. W. B.

Poor Careworn Capitalists!

We cull from the *Manchester Examiner* the following instances of the monetary wealth amongst the careworn anxious capitalists, chiefly of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the field of sweated child and female labour:

	£		£
J. M. Morgan . . .	2,022,054	D. Carnegie . . .	496,000
C. R. Talbot, M.P. . .	1,388,617	Anthony Parkin . . .	450,762
Samuel Feilden . . .	1,168,615	Henry Oxley . . .	420,286
C. Allhusen . . .	1,126,854	D. Davies . . .	404,000
Sir R. Wallace . . .	1,000,000	E. Bolitho . . .	390,000
T. A. Walker . . .	982,000	C. F. Young . . .	349,000
R. C. L. Bevan . . .	953,000	Joshua Heap . . .	332,000
C. Noble . . .	929,000	Henry Maden . . .	327,000
John Clayton . . .	728,746	A. Knowles . . .	317,000
E. Lloyd . . .	563,022	T. Braithwaite . . .	289,000
Sir T. Moss . . .	506,000	Rev. H. S. Watkins . . .	251,000

Pen Picture of our Present Social System.

What is taking place to-day? Look! and you will see cheerless homes; men and women struggling for existence and vainly seeking employment; others refusing to work because of insufficiency of wages; women throwing up employment that will not pay to enter dens of vice, where soul and body are destroyed, and where all that is base and brutal in human nature is developed. Society shuts its eyes and affects not to see the terrible things in the very heart of civilisation, as if by so doing it could shut out their destructive influences. Slowly, but surely, the poisonous elements of moral corruption are poisoning the atmosphere. The palace is no more exempt than the hovel. We have learned to guard against the dangers of infectious diseases by keeping the poison germs out, but against the greater danger of moral disease we raise no cry of warning. What would we think if we were told that in one of our populous cities yellow fever or cholera held high carnival, sweeping its victims off by thousands, while adjacent cities paid no attention to the evil in their midst? Yet this is what we are doing in the moral world. Vice in all its hideous proportions is holding high carnival, and the cultured and refined, absorbed in themselves and their trifling pleasures, narrow their vision to their surroundings and remain utterly indifferent to the moral decadence and death of others. We are yet to realise the brotherhood of the race, in all its profound and even terrible significance, and know that the salvation of one is dependent upon that of all.—*Mrs. Imogene C. Fales.*

Lopping Branches.

Writing of the revolts of the slaves in ancient Rome, James Bronterre O'Brien says that the slaves never rose against slavery itself, but only against what they considered an abuse of it. It never appears to have occurred to them that there was anything inherently wrong with slavery as an institution. That one man should own other men and be at liberty to dispose of their persons and their labour as he chose seemed to them a perfectly natural and proper thing. The essence of slavery was then, as it is now, the ownership by one man of the product of the labour of another, and there are men now whose labour is owned by others who have no more conception of the intrinsic wrong and wickedness of this than had the slaves who rose against their masters under Eunus, Athenio, or Spartacus. In ninety-nine strikes out of every hundred, those engaged aim not at their emancipation, but merely at what they consider the abuse of the wage-slavery system; they do not demand—do not dream of demanding—that henceforth they and not their masters shall be the owners of their labour, but only that the conditions shall be made more endurable. Take the Eight Hour movement, while a few see in it a means to an end—a way whereby the toilers may obtain leisure to inform themselves, and thus be able to win true freedom—the vast majority see only a bettering of their condition as wage-workers, a padding of the collar, an easing of the yoke. The vast majority of the wage-workers, like the chattel slaves of ancient times, do not dream of such a thing as that it is inherently wrong for others to own their labour. It is necessary that the conscience not of employers only but of the workers as well shall be awakened to the inherent wrong of the ownership of labour. This is a matter which labour reformers cannot too earnestly impress upon the public, for until there is an awakening of the public conscience upon this matter but little real headway can be made.—*Journal of the Knights of Labour.*



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The COMMONWEAL is the organ of the London Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Periodicals received during the month ending Wednesday, January 24, 1891.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Free Russia La Tribune Libre Manchester Examiner New South Wales Sydney—Bulletin Sydney—Truth Adelaide—Quiz VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang UNITED STATES New York—Truthseeker Volkzeitung Volne Listy Freie Arbeiter Stimme Voice The World	NEW YORK—Freiheit Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorbote Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salarial Lyon—L'Action Sociale HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental ITALY Palermo—Avanti SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquista PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolucao Social GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen SWEDEN Malmo—Arbetet ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts El Perseguido
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THE "COMMONWEAL."

Whilst thanking the many friends and comrades who have volunteered their sympathy and help during the present crisis, we wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to resume the Weekly Issue at the earliest opportunity. We by no means despair of being able to do so if our comrades will but rally round at this juncture. The 'COMMONWEAL' now is entirely dependent upon the support of working-men. The cold and wet weather lessens our sale by stopping all outdoor meetings. The expenses of our removal, and the fitting up of new premises, have been very heavy, and we shall have great difficulty in keeping even the Monthly Issue going through the winter months, unless comrades and friends subscribe liberally to the 'COMMONWEAL' Guarantee Fund. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all who sympathise with our work to help us to the best of their ability.—EDITORS.

NOTES OF THE SCOTTISH RAILWAY STRIKE.

THE strike of railway men in Scotland has quite confounded the capitalist classes; they never for a moment dreamed apparently that any body of workmen could by simply ceasing to work so disorganise and threaten with ruin all their gigantic factories and beautifully schemed commercial arrangements. Yet the strike of some 7,000 railway men—a mere handful of the working-class—has done all this and in addition has threatened the country with a food and coal famine!

Our entire industrial and social system has, during the last quarter of a century, become dependent upon railway traffic to an extent that few people realised until this strike began. The stoppage of probably no other branch of labour could so suddenly and terribly paralyse the industry and menace the very existence of the community.

Consequently, the capitalists and the capitalist press are fairly aghast at the revelation, and are especially wroth at the fact that the workers have had their eyes opened to the power which they can at any moment wield against their oppressors.

The fact that the men quitted their work unlawfully, without giving any notice to the companies, constitutes one of the most irritating points to the capitalists in the whole affair. It is, however, to us one of the pleasantest features of the strike. Of course, the companies are powerless to do more than prosecute a few of the strikers as "examples."

The formal demands of the strikers have not excited much interest. They are of themselves not worth fighting for. It has, however, been recognised on all sides that the significance of the struggle lies not in the demands of the men or in the men themselves, but in the representative and clearly defined character of combat as a stand-up fight between Capital and Labour.

Scottish Socialists of all kinds have participated actively in the struggle. In Glasgow, the headquarters of the Amalgamated Railway Servants' executive, none, outside the members of the executive itself, have wrought harder in the interests of the men than some of our comrades.

Haddow, Carson, Brodie, Sinclair, and Warrington, Socialist members of the Trades Council, and Glasier of the Socialist League, every night for four weeks were out to three o'clock in the morning speaking at meetings and visiting the men on picket duty.

It is gratifying to note our comrades have been everywhere heartily received, their Socialist teaching and rebellious utterances meeting with hearty approval from men who, in most instances, had never before heard anything approaching Socialism at labour meetings.

A foul was made in the strike at the end of the first week by the men of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway returning to work. The cowardly conduct of these men, who seemed quaking every day that they were out on strike lest their jobs would be given to others, demoralised many men belonging to the other systems. These South-Western men had never, however, been very enthusiastic, and were mostly drawn from a part of the country where social and political agitation has not been much pushed. The North British men have stood out the best, the traffic on that system being almost totally stopped for about four weeks.

Haddow, who along with Brodie and Glasier, went to Motherwell to "prepare" the people for the evictions, brought down quite a deluge of editorial abuse upon his head by his frank advice to the women "to take out the bed-bottoms, barricade their doors and windows, and at the same time have a pot of boiling water ready so that nobody should enter the houses without doing at least £50 damage to the Company's property, and as much more to his own skin."

Only a few of the evictions were carried out, the hostility of the people becoming dangerously manifest. The fact that the Riot Act had to be read, and that the mob wrecked a signal cabin and completely destroyed the glass roof of the railway station, are rather promising signs.

The arrival of John Burns in Scotland gave the strike a new impetus. Although the fierceness of the mere conflict made it impossible almost to excite interest in the wider Labour Question and Socialism, it is due to Burns to say that he did his best to raise the struggle above the narrow issue of the moment. Denounced with a ferocity almost unparalleled by the capitalist press, and labelled everywhere as "Socialist Burns," he was yet received by the Scotch strikers and workmen generally with unbounded enthusiasm.

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the strike, there can be little doubt but the agitation will exercise a highly beneficial effect on the minds of the workers generally. It has created a vast interest in the labour problem, and the impress of many of the speeches delivered during the struggle will be found in future economic events in Scotland.

J. B. G.

NOTES.

WHILST the poor are perishing of want around us, and juries composed of counter prigs are recording verdicts "in accordance with the medical evidence adduced" at the inquests held on the remains of those done to death by our civilisation, two members of the rich robber class have taken their departure from this world. Their respective obituaries fill columns of the daily press. Neither did anything in particular beyond receiving rents, the produce of other men's labour, but being dukes their exit must needs be noticed by the scribes of Fleet Street.

It is very interesting to be informed of the extent of several estates, of the length of their pedigree, and the nature of their property. The Duke of Bedford, as the owner of a vast metropolitan estate yielding thousands weekly, must, in common with the other aristocratic land thieves who own the soil of London, often congratulate themselves upon the good fortune which provides a population like the English, who uncomplainingly pay toll and rent to the descendants of panders and pimps, as in the case of one of the deceased dukes.

An obliging courtier waited upon the wants and tastes of that pattern of virtue, Henry VIII., and received his reward in the shape of grants from the stolen monastery lands. To-day a teeming population, who sing "Britons never shall be slaves" upon the slightest provocation, pay rack-rents to the obliging courtier's descendants. Nay, more, they build and keep in repair the houses which the obliging descendant of an obliging ancestor accepts at their hands at the expiry of their leases, when they become *his* property. Seeing the plastic nature of this amiable population, the landlords might with Warren Hastings well wonder at their own moderation.

The ordinary opponent of Socialism, who has got it into his head that Socialism means taking of the fruits of labour and bestowing it upon the idle, might study with advantage the curious spectacle of hereditary law-givers, who have stolen square miles of houses and land, making laws which consigns the vulgar pickpocket to jail.

It now appears that the ducal owner of Bloomsbury committed suicide. It is a pity that the coroneted land thieves cannot be induced to follow this laudable example of the deceased Duke. F. K.

Our readers will see that Bruce Glasier supplies some excellent notes concerning the Scottish strike, but there is one thing I think it necessary to call general attention to. The rioting at Motherwell, which some of the strike leaders of the old school were so anxious to disown, has saved many a family from eviction. After the Caledonian Company had seen what the stalwart miners of Hamilton could do with volleys of stones, they thought the "law had been vindicated sufficiently," and they gave up evicting their rebellious servants. And why? Because they knew very well this dastardly devilish work could only be completely successful by shooting down the brave workmen who defended the women and children against the attacks of these cowardly capitalists.

Let the workers learn a lesson from this. These directors are only a type of the mass of the middle-class. They have no philanthropy, no care for the masses of the people. The workers may slave their hearts out toiling day and night for starvation wages, and their masters are perfectly satisfied. But let the people rebel in ever such a peaceful fashion, and the masters at once determine not only to starve them out, but they use all the forces of law to turn them out of their lowly homes to drive them like whipped curs back to their slavery again. But let the workers protest with blocks of granite, and the capitalist bully is cowed at once. Fear is the only emotion that softens the hearts of our tyrants, and if every workman had the courage of the men who fought the troops and police at Motherwell, the slavery of the people would soon be ended.

What applies to capitalists is true also of blacklegs. A thing who is sneak and coward enough to crawl into another man's place to take the bread out of the mouths of his wife and family, cannot be appealed to by argument or persuasion directed to his "better feelings." "Better feelings!" He has none. If he had he would never have become a blackleg. The only thing he cares about is his own skin, and when he knows that a continuance in his evil courses means getting his skull smashed in by a stone or a brickbat, or having every bone in his body broken by those who are anxious to convince him of the error of his ways, then there is some chance of his conversion.

We are glad to see that the Scottish strikers are adopting these invincible arguments. They are taking the very sensible advice of John Burns, and are putting "a little more devil into the strike." It is only a pity it was not done long before. If every blackleg knew that he was endangering his life by working on the North British or Caledonian Railways, blacklegs would have been as scarce as they were during the great strike in Wales, and long ere this the men would have gained an easy victory. Meanwhile, let workmen remember that the best way to deal with capitalists and blacklegs is to put the fear of man into their hearts.

We note that blacklegs in London and Scotland are beginning to arm themselves. It is time the strikers followed such an admirable example. Don't let all the corpses be on one side! We like to see fair fighting!

Our friend Mrs. Besant (a while ago one would have said our comrade Annie Besant) has been exonerating herself from a charge of lukewarmness in propaganda by attacking the *Commonweal* for its advocacy of "physical violence." We of the *Weal* are only individually responsible for what we ourselves individually write. For myself, what I have advocated and shall continue to advocate—even if all the wisdom of Thibet pronounce to the contrary—is abstention from all "political" action and the organisation of the Universal Strike. In the meantime, if workers are attacked by the forces of capitalism, by all means let them actively resist oppression, if they can do so with a fair prospect of even temporary success. Our middle-class foes, it may be observed, seldom hesitate to resort to physical violence against us. Indeed, their whole brutal system of society is based upon force and nothing else.

Mrs. Besant, it appears, although revolting with all her bourgeois soul from our revolutionary policy, is only a little less repelled by her quondam allies of the Fabian Society and the S.D.F., who are becoming more and more a mere political party. She dislikes very much indeed the dirty tricks which seem essential to political success, and repudiates what she regards as the immoral doctrine of the Social Democrats, that "whoso wills the end wills the means." Yet she seemingly recognises that there are only two ways of speeding the Revolution,—the one by political action, the other by what she is pleased to call "physical violence." As she rejects either way, she, for her part, intends to confine herself to teaching of economic principle and to the School Board and women's unions.

This is all very nice and pleasant for middle-class people; but surely Annie Besant does not expect it to go down with the workers. Are they, forsooth, to placidly wait until the immense majority of all classes is ready to willingly consent to the establishment of Socialism? This is the course which the apostle of Mme. Blavatsky would seem to urge on them. Who are the Utopians and the dreamers,—we who press the toilers to work out their own salvation, by force if necessary, or the esoteric Theosophists who would advise them rather to tarry until the rich robbers voluntarily surrender their prey? I should have thought this a question easy enough to answer. However, I am possibly wrong—since I have no illumination from Asiatic "Mahatmas," and I do not believe that Blavatsky has been "sent by the Masters" (whatever they may be).

The great Scotch Strike is dealt with elsewhere, and I do not propose to speak of it here, but one is naturally anxious to take an early opportunity of saying how glad one is to see John Burns back again on his true field of battle, away from the evil influences of County Councils and Parliamentary platforms. It did one's heart good to read his denunciation of the slavish superstition known as "reverence for law," a superstition which exercises quite as benumbing an influence in the South as in the North. In this speech we found the old Burns—he who once was the "man with the red flag"—no longer puffed up with the wonderful discovery that middle-class people have their own red-tape methods of conducting what they call business, but preaching in eloquent fashion the principle of revolt. If one single word adverse to Burns has ever been said by the present writer, that word has only referred to Burns as a follower of the political will-o'-the-wisp. It is a thousand pities that a man of his revolutionary vigour should give up to Main Drainage Committees (soon we may hope to be swept away by the coming storm) energies which should be devoted to active and direct hastening of the Great Change.

As was briefly noticed last month, Mr. Auberon Herbert is another of the superfine and superior persons who are shocked by our "violence." The present writer has drawn down upon himself an especial remonstrance, because he has spoken of "fanning the class war into a blaze which shall fire the world." Mr. Herbert, who, at least, is always courteous, regrets that he has mislaid a note sent to him upon the matter, and invites its repetition. This, however, will be as convenient a place as any to put briefly the justification for phrases so full of ill omen to the bourgeois ear.

The matter is simple enough. So long as the present system lasts, so long (as Karl Marx, for one, has demonstrated) must the "class-war" between bourgeois and proletarian continue. Indeed, wherever you have classes, there you have necessarily some more or less veiled class war. How is this last bitterest class war of all to be finished for ever? It can never end so long as the bourgeois has and the proletarian has not. Will the middle-class man terminate it by abandoning his property, and everywhere voluntarily becoming a worker? No such war in history has ever ended in that way. What remains then but so to stimulate the conflict that he who in the long run must, by economic evolution, prove the weaker combatant, viz., the bourgeois, may be the sooner overcome and destroyed.

Since only two classes now remain, the destruction of one of them will leave but one class alive, mankind at large; that is, in other words, will abolish classes and finish the war between them. This

destruction of the bourgeoisie as a class will naturally involve the destruction of present society, the "firing of the world." Personally, I do not particularly desire any extensive abolition of individual bourgeois. For one thing, their demeanour "on the morrow of the Revolution" will probably be exquisitely funny. As for Mr. Auberon Herbert, I daresay he would soon make himself at home.

It is quite time that comrades were making preparations for the coming First of May. There is every indication on the Continent that the ensuing Labour Day will eclipse the first one. Even Social Democrats are this time falling into line. One may trust that our legalists here will not repeat their blunder of last year, but this time will join us in a week-day demonstration, and not spoil the International character of the movement by contenting themselves with a Sunday promenade under police patronage. Hard-worked indeed must be the wage-slave who does not take one day in the year beyond those given him by his master. This May let us all take our day together, and bring home to every boss in the world his utter helplessness without "his hands."

Our comrade Mendelsohn has been warning the British public that the Russian police have been good enough to transfer a portion of their attention from Paris to London, and that we may therefore shortly expect to hear of sham dynamite plots here. I fear that the manufacture of sham conspiracies of this kind is a branch of business not confined to Russian or even to American bobbies. Police methods are very much the same in all lands, and so long as the "copper" exists, so long will his "nark" flourish. Probably the runners of the show would find him as useful an animal in Bellamy's ideal commonwealth as Chief Commissioners find him now. R. W. B.

THOUGHTS OF A RAGAMUFFIN.

[MOSTLY IN BRACKETS.]

I.

STARVATION A STIMULANT.

THERE is nothing like starvation to make a fellow enjoy a good dinner. Mind you, I am not talking of that quarter-of-an-hour's wanting to eat, which the rich folks are said to feel after a nice drive (by the way, they seem to be driven in idleness, whilst you and I are driven to work; isn't it funny?) after a nice drive, I say, in the park, and which they call appetite. No, I am not talking of that. What I mean is, honest straightforward starvation, with no nonsense about it; starvation, after the style of "slack" Bethnal Green; starvation, such as one might chance to experience if one were to discharge his or her duties towards his or her stomach on a sort of weekly (and weakly) payment system. Ever tried it? I did.

What is that? Oh, I see! You want to know who I am. Legitimate desire, but cannot be satisfied. Similar to desire of Unemployed anti-Workhouse people to eat. There is, of course, a name in my case just as there is food in theirs, but the wish somehow cannot be met. Why? I never give any reasons for anything; they are my only property, with the sole exception, perhaps, of my newly-acquired cold, and I mean to stick to them. Understand? I say! don't you turn to the end of my article; you won't find anything there, save a blank line, and even that is not quite certain, for my fame may reach the heirs of Beecham, and induce them to get their pills in at the most interesting part of my composition, which the end is sure to be. No name, then! Like the writers on the British dailies, I am virtuous, truthful, verbose, but nameless.

I repeat. (Confound my digressions! They are a curse to everybody except the stationer and the printer—I repeat.) There is nothing in this world—know very little about the other one, never having been there—which make a fellow enjoy a good dinner so much as a dose of starvation. Spoke to several "Have-got-no-work-to-do" people (His Grace the Duke of Westminster was not amongst them) who said they might have tried upon a good dinner the effects of the stimulant in question, but for the fact that they did not see where the good dinner was to come from.

I should, however, like to know what on earth put a good dinner into my head! No misunderstandings, if you please! I do not mean into my head through the large opening (and the girl I loved used to tell me it was a very large opening) in the face of it, for the state of my finances precludes the barest possibility of such a thing. Oh, no! I am speaking figuratively, as the fat parson explained when he was asked by somebody for a brotherly share in something, on the strength of the Universal Brotherhood which the reverend gentleman had been preaching from the pulpit. . . . But I am digressing again. I was wondering what made me think of a good dinner? Well, I still am. If I find it out, I will let you know. Meanwhile, let us talk of something else.

I have been reading last night an article about large fortunes (by the way, who was the miscreant who first applied the word "fortune" to ill-acquired wealth? It is a shameful, hypocritical word, and I do hate it. But let me go on.) I was saying that I have been reading an article about large fortunes left by various rich people during last year. It was in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (the lay brother-in-law of the *War Cry*), and a wonderful piece of reading I found it to be. Just fancy! No less than 68 persons died possessed, in the aggregate, of

£27,095,109, or, on an average, about £400,000 a-piece, apart from real estate, which many of them also left behind, as there seems to be nothing like our Estate Agencies, no more than there is a Money-Market in the dominions of His Satanic Majesty, whither those worthies have repaired.

Seven-and-twenty millions left by 68 men! Can the toilers realise what that means? Or have the ministers of Mammon, who preside over the dispensation of knowledge, really made it impossible for a worker to get at the meaning of such a fact? Why, such a sum would be enough to maintain the great national ornament at Windsor for another 60 years, supposing Crowns do not drop out of fashion by that time. It would be enough to civilise all the remaining barbarous races on the face of the globe, and to establish pubs, clubs, and shoddy-ware stores in the darkest spots of "Darkest Africa." It would be sufficient to convert all promoters of public companies into something resembling honest men. It would suffice to provide the whole of Europe with an aldermanic dinner, cigars and wine included. It would—

Stay! I have it! It was this that made me think of a good dinner.

Good-bye!

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We have received the twelfth number of *El Perseguido* (December 21st, 1890). The Buenos Ayres middle-classes would seem to be pretty well frightened by the bold course of propaganda upon which our Anarchist-Communist comrades in that city have now entered. "The terror," says *El Perseguido*, "which is gaining possession of the bourgeoisie is so intense, that a middle-class man hardly dares to go abroad lest his disordered vision should present to him in the guise of some ragged workman one of those Anarchists who dart dynamite bombs from their eyes, mouths, nostrils, and ears. . . . The only thing spoken of is Anarchy and the Social Revolution." Here, as elsewhere, the very bourgeois press is compelled to speak of the Social Revolution, so that the people, who are sick of politicians and governors, may listen to the writers.

FRANCE.

The French lawyers are still engaged in sending our comrades to prison. Let us hope that the day of reckoning for these scoundrels is coming soon. In the department of the "Upper Alps" our comrade Pierre Martin, who has been lying in prison since May last, has been at last brought to trial upon a charge of advising the Gap workers to display all their energy during the May happenings. The judges were good enough to prove their impartiality to their own satisfaction by assigning a gratuitous advocate to our comrade, an advocate who (according to the *Barcelona Productor*) did as little for his client as he well could. Our comrade, however, spoke up manfully for himself, especially addressing the young bourgeois who were present in large numbers. "To you," he said, "I address a last summons—to you who are yet young and mayhap have hearts not altogether corrupted by the noxious joys to be procured by gold—that hateful monstrosity. Do you, who have not been educated in misery's school, who know only the sunny side of life, apply yourselves to observation and reflection, and so learn that you too are criminals like older middle-class folk (although perhaps unconscious criminals), since your happiness is the result of our sufferings, your independence means our slavery, your joys and pleasures spring from our bitter pains. We, for our parts, are not willing to continue slaves, we are not willing to longer suffer, still less to longer weep. We will no longer be beasts of burden; we have resolved to enjoy some of that comfort to which we have a better right than you, since we produce it, whilst you rather hinder its production. For this reason it is that I address myself to you, crying to you: Hasten to enter our ranks, come and work with us for the emancipation of humanity, and cast aside the privileges which dishonour you in the eyes of those who understand true dignity. By taking such a course you will not condemn yourselves to a life of privation and mortification,—rather you will find that, working to help so just a cause, you have gained great material pleasure and much moral elevation. But if you are deaf to our summons, if you obstinately shut your eyes to the truth, it will be the worse for you. The Social Revolution is at hand, and without doubt you will all be swept away by that beneficent and air-clearing hurricane." Our comrade was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and five of exile.

The *Pre Peinard* still rears aloft the Red Flag, despite the condemnation of its responsible publisher. The number for the 1st of January is double the usual size, and it is hoped, with a little support from comrades, to keep the paper on this scale.

Most of the various strikes of which I spoke last month are still afoot,—notably the interesting strike at Revin, where the Government of the Republic still finds it necessary to employ its soldiers to intimidate the people. Foreign toilers are "expelled" on the slightest pretext, or on no pretext at all. Even women are threatened with expulsion. Nothing of the kind has been witnessed before—not even in the days of the Empire. The strikers on their side are resorting to the weapon of boycotting with much success.

The "Allemaneist" section of the late Possibilist party would seem to be drifting in an anti-Parliamentary direction. Arcés-Sacré in the *Parti Ouvrier* for January 16th says: "We believe we should all make a considerable step in the direction of union and concentration of Socialist forces if we were to take less interest in electoral campaigns, as sterile as they are costly, and first devote ourselves to propaganda of our ideas. We should thus free ourselves from leaders like Lavy and Brousse, who play the god, and free ourselves also from ambitious persons of the second order who gravitate around the greater lights. These men, who are politicians rather than Socialists, get us into trouble with various little rings, and land us in intrigues which exhaust and enervate our party, distracting it from its one object,—the emancipation of the toilers."

The *Révolte* began the year with a good review of 1890, drawing special attention to the vague unconscious ferment which has everywhere shown itself among the workers.

ITALY.

I fear our Socialist and Anarchist comrades in this country have forgotten us of the 'Weal, or have mayhap credited the lies of the capitalist press

welcoming our decease. I have no exchanges to hand these past six weeks or more, which is a pity, since I should like to have given an account of the congress of all Italian Socialists at Lugano. We have indeed received the *Avanti* of Palermo, but this "Radical-Democratic" journal is not so interesting as our good friend *Reynolds*. Hence one may easily conceive that it is dull indeed.

MALTA.

In this British possession there seems to be as much rampant tyranny and oppression as in most places. A correspondent of the *Paris Révolte* says: "One should come here to see the cowardly scoundrelism of the thieving English bourgeois in its full vigour. Every engagement to the people is broken, and under pretence of the 'Protectorate' the most hideous slavery flourishes. Ninety per cent. of the Maltese are unable to read, and out of 150,000 inhabitants, 30,000 are domestic servants, 17,000 soldiers, and 1,000 or more either beggars or else replete monopolists, foreign or native. The rest of the population are miserable proletarians, clever tillers of the soil, but completely stupefied and dulled by their slavery. Malta is a vast barrack seasoned with priests and Jesuits. The statue of Ignatius Loyola adorns the square in front of the University. Blasphemy is punished; the simple expression of Atheist opinions is prosecuted. Socialists are persecuted here even more than elsewhere; but Jesuits expelled from Italy and other countries are masters of everybody. We are directly governed by England, yet we are the refuge of old Bourbonists from Naples. For myself, I do not know a more anti-human country. Merlino has been expelled. I have already been twice arrested." What do our kind and sympathetic Radical friends say to these statements? Good Mr. Labouchere, please note.

PORTUGAL.

A *Revolução Social* (the first really Revolutionary Portuguese paper) has been celebrating its third birthday. The editors sum up their programme as follows: "Objects: 1. Abolition of Authority and Government—Freedom, Anarchy. 2. Abolition of Divinity—Atheism, Humanity. 3. Abolition of Fatherland—The Earth for All. 4. Abolition of Private Property—Communism. 5. Abolition of Written Law—Natural Law. 6. Abolition of Marriage—Free Love. 7. Complete Triumph of Humanity made Illustrious by Science. Method—Revolution and Social Liquidation."

The Lisbon Congress, composed of 300 workers' delegates from all parts of the Peninsula, has unanimously decided for a stoppage of work on the next First of May.

R. W. B.

A WELL-DESERVED SNUB.

It appears that our old friend, Tom McCarthy, has been airing some of his crude prejudices anent foreigners at a meeting of seamen in Hull, and provoked the following retort from J. H. Wilson, of the Seaman's and Fireman's Union:

"Previous to supporting the resolution, I would just like to say, in answer to a remark which fell from my friend McCarthy with respect to foreigners, that I do not agree with him in the remarks which he has made with reference to Germans and others. I believe that the sailors and firemen have had as much to do with foreign competition as any class of working-men in this country. If foreigners have been imported, and if foreigners are working in this country to-day, I believe you will find ten to one more in the mercantile marine than in any other industry in this country, and my opinion of foreigners is this, that when you take the foreigner by the hand—whether he be a German, a Dane, a Swede, or a Norwegian—and you get that man to combine with you in your union, I will wager ten to one that you will find the contributions of the German, or the Swede, or the Dane, are there to date, and sometimes many months in advance of the date. (Applause.) And I further venture to say that the foreigners—and I think I ought to be proud to say it—that the foreigners were the foundation-stone of our union. (Applause.) It was much easier to get foreigners to join the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union than it was to get our own countrymen at the commencement."

Of course McCarthy, as his name implies, is thoroughly English you know.

F. K.

SWEATERS!

TO CONTRIBUTORS—Workmen could help us greatly by sending in accounts of capitalist tyranny and sweating in London and the provinces. We want the names of the sweaters. Those who write must send us their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We shall not fear to publish the truth.—EDS.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. R. C. N.	1	0	0	C. E. Ford	0	5	0
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NEW PREMISES FUND.

H. R. C. N., £1.

Sustenance Fund.—'Commonweal' Branch, 7s. 4½d.

For Commonweals.—F. Kaper (Newcastle Group), 13s.

Propaganda Fund.—Concert Collection, Jan. 19th, 4s. 9½d.

GLASGOW.—We are still maintaining our propaganda here, although our active membership remains small. Our open-air meetings at Paisley Road Toll continue to draw large audiences of workmen. The meetings which we are holding on Sunday evenings in Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, in conjunction with the other Socialist bodies, are growing in popularity. We have had lectures by Haddon, Glasier, Warrington, Joe Burgoyne, McNaughton, James Bigger, and Leo Melliet (of Edinburgh), which have been fairly well attended, especially the latter, when we had quite a number of prominent trade unionists present. The discussions after the lectures are usually of a very lively and vigorous character. Some of our members have been actively engaged in the railway strike, their speeches assisting in no small degree to put spirit and resistance into the men. We held our third annual Hogmanay gathering, and brought in the New Year with songs, readings, and dance.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Hammersmith Socialist Society.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mdlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY.

11	Commercial Road—Union Street	The Branch
11.30	Hoxton Church	The Branch
11.30	Regent's Park	Nicoll
3.30	Hyde Park—Marble Arch	Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30	Victoria Park	Commonweal Branch
3.30	Streatham Common	The Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15	Hoxton Church	The Branch
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PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Phillips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

DUBLIN.—Dublin Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

GLASGOW.—Leo Melliet will lecture on "Socialism in Schools" on the first Sunday of February; the Hall will be duly announced.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lectures every Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

On Sunday, Feb. 8th, at 7 p.m., C. W. Mowbray will speak at the Fountain, Streatham, on "Socialism."

A CONCERT AND BALL was held on Monday, January 19th, at our Hall, 273, Hackney Road, on behalf of the *Commonweal*. Comrades from the Club Automobile, Vorwärts, and Berner Street assisted in German, French, and Yiddish, and with the assistance of our own comrades a very successful and enjoyable evening was spent. As soon as the returns can be made a balance sheet of the concert will be submitted to the members. Concerts will be given every Saturday evening, beginning Feb. 7th, at 8 p.m. Good programmes will be submitted, and proceeds for the same purpose.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the *Weal*. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it month by month to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Amazonia. A Foretaste of the Future. By Mrs. John Corbett ...	1	0

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Watson, 76 Hoxton-street
Knox, 5 Mayes-terrace, Wood Green
Vale, Stamford Hill

N.W.

Clark, 63 Malden-road
Wright, 167 Kentish Town-road
Petherick, 29 Osnaburg-street
Gibbs, Lisson-grove
Wilson, 24 Highgate-road
Meek, 132 Drummond-street
J. G. Fogwell, 9 Northumberland-street, Marylebone
Hayne, newsagent, Harrow-on-the-Hill

E.

Schweitzer, 43 Commercial-road
Kades, 219 Whitechapel-road
Hammond, Goldsmith-row
Bevis, 4 Old Ford-road
Platt, Bonner-Street, Bethnal-green
J. O'Shaughnessy, 48, Fisher-street, Barking-road
C. A. Crump, 39 Rayner-ter., Stratford New Town

E.C.

Fowler, 166 Old Street
Twigg, Clerkenwell Green
Fox, 48 Penton-street
Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street
Simpson, 7 Red Lion Court
Reeves, 185 Fleet-street
Freethought Publishing Co., 63 Fleet-st.
Farrington, Fetter-lane
Appleyard, Poppins-court
Hurlstone, 5 Bath-street
Skeats, 123 Farringdon-road, Clerkenwell
Williams, 7 Exmouth-street, "

S.E.

H. G. Prior, 131 London-road
Wirbatz, 18 New Kent-road
Dunn, 24 Old Kent-road
Williams, 554
Williams, 375 St. James-road
Clayton, 12 Clarence-place, Deptford
Chambers, 3 Greenwich-road
Mears, 328 Walworth-road
Ellison, 34 High-street, Peckham
Pish, 25 Queens-road, Peckham
Adams, 156 New Cross road
Chambers, 18 Church-street, Greenwich
Osborn, 134 Newington-butts
S. Lawrance, Beresford Square, Woolwich

S.W.

Newsagent, 80 Princes-road, Lambeth
Tims, 338 Battersea Park-road
E. Buteux, 45 Inwith-street
Head, 290 York-road, Wandsworth-end
Plumpton, 41 York-road, Battersea-end
Baker, Church-street, Croydon
Bush, Wellfield-road, Streatham
Osborn, 62 Lambeth-walk

W.

Nice, 3 Beadon-road, Hammersmith
O'Neill, 69 Farnhead-road, Harrow-road
Wilson, 620 Harrow-road, Queens-park
Hebard, 49 Endell-street
Gardner, 32 Lexington-street
Loffnagun, 17 Carnaby-street
Stocker, 30 Berwick-street
Bard, 20 Cleveland-street
Kates, 51
Manly, 113
Ascott, 59 Upper Marylebone-street
W. Cutting, 20 Gt. Marylebone-street
Haffenden, 3 Carburton-street
Hanstein, 51 Charlotte-street
Farley, 6 Charlotte-street
Hoffman, 13 Francis-street
Smith, 2A Chapel-street, Edgware-road.
Cooper, 7 Fouberts-place
James Mitchener, 1 Earl-street, Sloane-square
Mrs. Perry, Freethought Agency, 415 Portobello-road
Socialist Co-op. Stores, 38 Devonshire-road, Chiswick

W.C.

Anderson, 15 Grays Inn-road
Jones, 9 Little Queen-street
Varley, 24 High-street, St. Giles
Nye, Theobalds-road
Vernon, 40 Lambs Conduit-street
Hanrahan, Little James-street
Shirley, 26 Leigh-street
Socialist Co-operative Stores, 7 Lambs Conduit-street
Harrison, 306 Grays Inn-road, Kings Cross
Truelove, 256 High Holborn

And at all Branch Meeting-Places and Outdoor-Stations of the London Socialist League.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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MARCH, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the PROCLAMATION of the COMMUNE OF PARIS will be celebrated on

TUESDAY MARCH 17th, at 8 p.m.,

AT THE HALL, BANNER STREET,
OLD STREET, ST. LUKE'S, E.C.,

(Close to Aldersgate Street Stations.)

The following Comrades will address the Meeting:—

D. J. NICOLL, R. W. BURNIE, C. W. MOWBRAY, W. MORRIS,
MRS. WILSON, J. TURNER, LOUISE MICHEL and other Comrades.

THE PARIS COMMUNE.

ACROSS the darkling expanse of twenty years there shines still for us the flame kindled by the noble-hearted Paris workers, in March, 1871; a flame which is as a beacon on a hill, bidding Revolutionists take heart, and be of good courage, terrifying even now the souls of all "respectable" folk everywhere. As we look backward, over the weary way traversed since the days when Paris sprang once more into her old place at the head of the army of the toilers, this feeling as of a flame lit for our encouragement is always the first crude impression we receive. A few moments later we may remember a blunder committed here, a false step taken there; we may recognise that it would never answer to conduct a future revolt too servilely upon the model of 1871, and so fall into the error of those belated Jacobins who were always wanting, (as Jules Vallés tells us) to "do as in '93." For all that, and with all deductions made, our first crude impression of admiration remains, in substance, the true result to gather from study of the only Workingmen's Government the world has seen. For my own part, at least, I do not (like some of our more pedantic Anarchist comrades), hold it as matter of reproach to the men of 1871 that they made a Government at all. Look forward as we may to the glad "epoch of rest" after the Revolution, when, in a free Society, we shall need neither laws nor government, I fail to understand how the necessarily anti-social business of fighting is to be carried on without some measure of coercion, some kind of Government.

This is not the place to dilate upon a question which is hotly debated among us now, but which will probably very easily solve itself practically when the time comes. One may assume, at least, that to Socialists of any school it is not necessary to clear the heroes of the Commune from the stains of the foul lies with which the capitalistic press bespattered them at the time, and yet bespatters them. Infamy there was in 1871—deep, damning, bloody infamy enough—but it was infamy wrought not by the workers and the thinkers at the head of the insurrection, but by such robbers and murderers as the vile butcher Gallifet (as cruelly inhuman a brute as ever Russian Czar or Austrian Kaiser had in his services), and the venomous and merciless trickster who gloried in the singularly apt nickname of the "Little Bourgeois."

Yet there are still some honest people (some proletarians even), especially in this island, who sincerely believe that the Paris Communards (in other words, practically all the toilers of Paris) were, in some strange, pantomimic fashion, suddenly transformed from honest, helpful, friendly workmen and workwomen, into devils incarnate (and mad devils, too), who vomited petroleum and slew for slaying's sake. With middle-class people who take views of this kind it would probably be vain to argue. So blinded are they by class prejudices that no evidence would convince them. Nay, probably in their heart of hearts they think it a light misdemeanour for the Versaillists to shoot prisoners in cold blood (as they did from the first skirmish), an atrocity for the Communards to make tardy reprisals (after long months of patience) by executing hostages, after repeated warning, and according to the laws of war.

With the bourgeois we have no wish to discuss the question. natural for him to back his own side, — even when his side was in the blood of the workers, killing twenty thousand (men, women, children) in the streets of Paris alone, after all the fighting was done and done with,—all in a few June days. Yet as one thinks of the twenty thousand and of the fifty thousand prisoners at Versailles penned in their fold at Satory, of their tortures and their torments while awaiting the morning firing party or the cruel journey to New Caledonia,—surely, if we are men and women, the hot blood mounts to our cheeks and it is hard to refrain from longing for the time when we may do so and more also to the robbers whose slaves we are, when we may revenge the blood of our comrades. Remember, the middle-classes are the same everywhere. Were we to unsuccessfully revolt here as our brothers revolted in Paris, the same measure would be dealt out to us. The ladies and gentlemen who spat upon wounded prisoners as they marched through Versailles to their death would find plenty of imitators in Kensington High Street; there would be plenty of friends of law and order to beat us almost to death first and then shoot us afterwards, if once we were helpless,—as they did with our noble Varlin. There is a superabundance of well-fed brutes of the Barttelott and Jameson types among the British bourgeois who could, upon occasions, eclipse even Gallifet at his own game. I repeat it is a natural (although illogical) impulse which makes us eager sometimes for the day when it shall be "our turn at last," that we may have revenge.

That day is surely coming—must (as we know better than did most of the Communards) surely come, by the action of natural laws, even were we to do nothing to hasten its coming. Yet, somehow, I venture to predict that when it comes we shall not wreak that senseless vengeance, for which we now cannot help half longing. Violence and slaying there doubtless will be; but we shall not murder prisoners, or even furnish up the old gaols to imprison and torture our masters in. It will not be worth while;—as our Comrade Mc lately "we shall be too happy"; we shall find a nobler way of a and honouring our martyrs of 1871.

Those martyrs themselves have taught us that way, and let the proletarian who has allowed himself to be bluffed into believing the Communards to be the devils in human shape their enemies and his have painted them, learn what manner of men those Parisians who died for him really were. I have said that from the first skirmish the bourgeois chiefs shot prisoners of war. The rebels (they were rebels, and the best of them would have been proud of the title,) retaliated by setting free their prisoners upon a mere promise not again to bear arms against the Commune; it was only at the last extremity that, to stop, as they thought, further murders, they at last made reprisals. "The more fools!" some may say, and say perhaps rightly; but it is such noble folly that makes men, men, and life beautiful.

I said just now that they died for the workers of to-day, and so they did, many thousands of them fighting to the last, when all hope was gone, behind the barricades, knowing that they should never see the New Age, but knowing also that they were kindling that beacon, of which I spoke in the beginning, which should lighten the darkness of those who were to come after them. As one of themselves said, they fought for human solidarity and for us. It would be sad indeed if the toiler of the nineties were permanently to fail to recognise the truth regarding the struggle made in Paris a score of years since by working-men for the betterment of working-men all over the world. We need not fear any such permanent failure. Year by year the celebrations of that great attempt to set the crooked straight grow in magnitude and importance; year by year the people learn more to keep in reverent memory the deeds and the sufferings of the brave men and women (aye, and brave children too,) who died and went into everlasting night for us, and that we might see (as we hope to see, some of us,) at least, the dawn of the new heaven and the new earth.

They were not all Socialists, our comrades of '71; the majority of them knew nothing of Socialism, even the Socialist minority were but learners and students of Socialism. They made, as we have granted, many mistakes; they had, perhaps, too much faith in political formulas, and quasi-parliamentary red-tapeism. For all that, the workers have no reason to be otherwise than proud of the Worker's Government. "Crime" and "vice" disappeared as by magic under

its beneficent sway. The "governors," for the most part, recognised that they were merely mates of the "governed," set for the moment to the discharge of certain needful services. We may remember with justifiable elation the chasm between the incorruptible honesty of the Communal officials and the thievery and corruption which prevailed under the rule of the so-called "Government of National Defence." The poor workmen who entered the councils of the Commune and who survived the massacres were as poor as before, although all the treasure of the Bank of France might have been theirs for the seizing. Gambetta who entered upon his dictatorship a hungry and briefless advocate, a loungeur in the dingy cafés of the Latin Quarter, left it a rich man. The moral needs no painting. Verily the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. For my part I yield to no one in my hatred of all authority and all government; but if, as I also believe, government is a necessary evil while we are actually fighting the forces of reaction, I can hardly hope for a better government than that of '71.

It may be that not many more times will the month of March come round again before that final Armageddon, when we shall crush for ever the robbers who make our lives so grey and bitter. In the meantime surely we do well to hold in honour the forerunners of the last revolution of all:—

"Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet;
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.

R. W. BURNIE.

NOTES.

OUR sympathising, but somewhat too religious and respectable friends of the *Belfast Weekly Star* (an excellent and useful paper enough in its own way), are beginning to perceive that there are ugly times in store for the possessing classes. "Violence has been openly advocated," says this "Christian Socialist" organ, "by several of the extreme journals, and at meetings of angry workmen revolutionary speeches have been hailed with delight, while more moderate and more reasonable speeches have been listened to with but scant patience. Such sentiments as 'putting a little more devil into the strike;' 'don't let all the corpses be on one side;' and vague threats of 'fanning the class war into a blaze which shall fire the world' are heartily echoed by thousands of excited workers in different parts of London and throughout the provinces." It will be observed that our North Irish friends are diligent students of these "Notes."

Clearly the *Weekly Star* is a little horrified at our "violent" phrases; but its leader-writer has the grace and the sense to add:—"It is easy for us well-wishers, belonging to the comfortable class, to decry revolutionary methods, and to advocate reliance on Parliamentary action and peaceful combination; but the bulk of the men who are ready to rush to revolution as the only means of social salvation are not so favourably situated for calm reflection. They have suffered much, and are still suffering; their wives and their children are being crushed into misery and degradation; they feel as if they have no time to lose; they know not what may happen to them ere the year is ended; unless they bring about some change of course. Any change they think must be for the better."

Our good friend describes well enough one great cause of the Revolutionary feeling, which we trust is spreading apace indeed. Yet, here and there, there may be one or two belonging more or less to the "comfortable" classes who would join in "endeavouring after a speedy change," "prepared to dare all—and if need be to lose all," because after much "calm reflection" they have come definitely to the conclusion that the change, although inevitable and necessary, can only come by a "revolutionary method"—certainly never by "parliamentary action and peaceful combination." Those workers, too, who are real Revolutionists are so, we may hope, mainly because their reason is convinced that in the Revolution alone is ultimate peace to be found.

Anti-parliamentarians, it seems, according to that excellent *Reynolds*, are "theorists" who do not understand the beauty and utility of expropriating the ground landlord for the benefit of the house-farmer and of promoting a "Bill" with that object. In truth, we care absolutely nothing for "reforms" of this kind—reforms which can have only one result, the transference of plunder from one gang to another gang of robbers. The only purpose of our lives is to sweep away robbery altogether by destroying our so-called "civilisation" once for all—and with it the thing called "Parliament," an institution which was even admirable in its day, but which now is but a cunningly-devised machine for the enslavement of mankind. Probably, in pursuit of that purpose of ours, we shall be a little too practical in our methods for the paragraphist in *Reynolds*.

The excitable and variable-minded "lady" who masquerades under the name of "John Law" has undertaken the rehabilitation of Iscariot-Champion in the congenial columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "John Law's" defence of Iscariot is of the quaintest, and is thoroughly characteristic of one who has proclaimed herself a follower of two somewhat dissimilar leaders, Bombardos Booth and our Comrade Krópotkine. Iscariot, misfortune is, it seems, that his blue

blood and superior education unfit him for association with the "common or garden" worker. Hence his two great faults are "reticence" and "pride!" The selection of these two qualities as predominant in Iscariot is (as Postlethwaite would have said in the days when Postlethwaite flourished) "distinctly precious."

Some curious association of ideas (surely it could not have been mention of Postlethwaite!) leads me to speak of Oscar Wilde's article on "The Soul of Man under Socialism" in the February *Fortnightly*. Oddly enough, the article in question is quite valuable, making allowance of course for the idiosyncrasies of its author. It really supplies a good argument for Free Communism (as distinguished from State Socialism) from an artistic standpoint. Comrades who have access to half-crown magazines should read it. As, before the great bourgeois revolution of the last century, even such foppish literary parasites of the nobles as Beaumarchais prophesied of the wrath to come, so now, the very society versifiers and jack-puddings of the pot-bellied classes are foretelling the New Era.

One notes without surprise that Dr. Aveling and his "Legal Eight Hours" organisation have pronounced in favour of a demonstration on the first Sunday in May, rather than on the first day of the month. It may be useful to point out to workers, at once, that a mere Sunday walk absolutely nullifies all the main advantages of the observance of Labour Day. Even as an engine for obtaining an Eight Hour's Act (whatever such an Act would be worth), such a walk is of little avail.

Surely, however, the real practical utility of the May celebration is the proving of the solidarity of Labour throughout the world, and the demonstration to masters of their dependence on the producers and their helplessness without them. It is a kind of dress rehearsal of the General Strike: a dress rehearsal which costs little to put on the stage, since it only involves the taking a "day off" together. All over this continent and that of America, at least, our brothers will make holiday on the first, undeterred by the reactionary chatter of their Avelings. Here, too, let all workers who believe in Labour and its claims (whether as yet they be Socialists or not,) join with their fellows abroad in a week-day observance of Labour Day.

Our comrade Belfort Bax has been discoursing in *Time* on the moral duties of Socialist capitalists. Really there are so very few of these persons, (it would be wonderful indeed if there were more,) that it hardly seems worth while to waste valuable energy in discussing the morality of this position. I agree with Bax, of course, that they would do harm rather than good by individually, under present conditions, abandoning their stolen riches and joining the proletarian ranks, or even by "selling all they have and giving to the poor," according to the crude unscientific Communism of Galilee. Is it, however, too much to ask that every Socialist profit-monger whose ill-got gains amount to more than £500 a year should devote all such surplus to propaganda? The request seems moderate enough; but I fear it is not likely to be granted, probably because no capitalist can in truth be a Socialist. It is the old story of the camel and the needle's eye.

R. W. B.

Once again the church is making frantic efforts to regain its hold of the working classes. The question which is uppermost in the minds of "Godology-mongers" is why the working-classes do not go to church. They seem to be surprised that after all their preaching down to the people the gospel of equality after death, that these very people (the workers), want to establish a little equality whilst they are alive.

The church never has been, nor ever will be a friend to the workers, until it preaches fearlessly the doctrine, "Call ye no man master," and this it is incapable of doing, and for a very good reason, being as it is, simply a moral police force to frighten people into submission to law and authority by the fear of Hell.

The spread of Socialism is forcing the hands of even Cardinal Manning, the great light,—save the mark—of the most reactionary force existing in the world at the present time. This would be, if he could a check on progress. He has been declaring Socialism to be a disorganising and revolutionary element. I wonder what books he has been reading to show the disorganising tendency of Socialism. It is news indeed to us, and if true why this fear on the part of the cardinal and his clique.

That Socialism is revolutionary we admit, and therein lies its value; and the great battle of the future will be between the Red Internationalists and the Black International, the culmination of which will be the total extinction of the enemies of Liberty and Freedom, i.e., the black-coated police.

It is very pleasing to us to see the jingo spirit of the workmen dying out. It seems from what Mr. Broderick, M.P. says, replying to Mr. Goldsworthy, that the regular army is short of 1,657 men; militia, 23,731; yeomanry, 2,387. This is really good; for once get it into the head of the worker that he is a fool to fight for his master's interests, and against his own, then it is an easy matter to induce him to keep away from the fighting forces of the country.

It seems, after all, that Socialist teachings are taking root, and that the time is not far distant when the fighting forces of this and other countries will consist of thieves on the one hand and workers on the other. Push on, comrades, there is nothing to be disheartened at, but rather the reverse.

C. W. M.

THE WORKMAN'S COMPASS.

SHALL the "docker's tanner" be the end of the "greatest labour movement of the century," or shall the strike whereby the "tanner" was won be only the beginning of a far greater movement—the first step along the road that shall lead the working people from poverty and misery to plenty and happiness?

The road is sure. There need be no mistaking it. For the strike should teach lessons that will prove like signposts all along the way, giving certain directions to those who will learn to read them.

The main lessons to be learnt are five. I. The absolute dependence of all life upon labour. II. The inter-dependence of labour. III. The necessity of union. IV. The value of organisation. V. The uselessness of government.

Let us take these lessons in their order.

I. The dependence of life upon labour. This is the key to the whole position. The strike closed only one of the sources of supply of London; yet it paralysed trade, hindered production, and interfered with distribution. If the other great source of supply—the railways—had been closed by a similar strike, what would have happened? In one week London would have been starving; because the rich man's money would not buy him food if the working people refused to bring it in for him to buy. So that it is plain that *all* people, rich and poor alike, depend for their very living on those who work. And instead of the companies—the capitalists—starving the strikers into submission, the strikers might have starved their masters into submission, and made what terms they liked with them.

Therefore it is plain that capital is useless without labour. But labour is not useless without capital, for it can produce capital. When the docks and the railways were made, and the machinery you work with and the houses you live in, labour was producing capital. And the labourers were not kept by the capitalists' money, but by the food brought into London by other labourers.

All who live depend upon labour; if not on their own, then on some one else's.

II. The inter-dependence of labour. The skilled workman is therefore not more *useful* to society than the unskilled labourer. He gets higher wages, because his class of work is more scarce than the labourer's; not because it is more useful. If *all* men had learnt a trade, competition would have lowered the wages of skilled labour.

But the skilled workman is not only no more useful than the unskilled. He cannot get on without the latter. During the strike there were many artisans obliged to stand idle for want of the materials kept back in the docks by the dockers. This would have been much worse had the railways also been closed. Then it would have been seen at once that all classes of labour depend on one another, and especially on those who supply the daily food.

Therefore all labour is inter-dependent, and the interests of all working men and women are common.

III. The *value* of union is plainer since the strike; but if the working men and women of London had all been united, the duration of the strike might have been reckoned by days instead of by weeks.

We have seen how a general strike would enable the working classes to make what terms they like with their masters. But the proclamation of a general strike was withdrawn, and wisely withdrawn under the circumstances. Why? What were the circumstances which made it wise *not* to take a step that should have ensured immediate victory for the men? They were three: (a) There was not enough unity to ensure its success. (b) The men could not depend entirely on the help of the other working-men of London. (c) They were therefore afraid of losing the help of those who were *not* working-men, but who live on the labour of the workers.

Now, if there had been more complete unity amongst the working people, (b) the dockers would have had the help of all other labourers, (c) they could have done without the help of the rich, and (a) they would have ended the strike and got all they wanted.

Therefore, for the future, unity of labour is a necessity (and it should include eventually all clerks, Post-office employés, domestic servants, shop-assistants, and the police).

IV. The value of organisation is especially notable in connection with the distribution of relief to the dockers. It was stated that the Strike Committee practically knew every genuine docker personally, and so could regulate the distribution of relief-tickets. (Whether or not this was taken advantage of does not matter.) It could be managed in this way. The dockers, when employed, work in gangs. Each gang is under the direction of a well-known man, who is more or less acquainted with the men who work with him. By putting these "gangsters" in connection with the leaders of the strike and with the general distributors the relief could be afforded with a regularity

otherwise impossible. Every man might be sure of his fair share, and no man could obtain more. Happily the men seem to have behaved so splendidly (it is a glorious thing to think of!) that there was little need of such precautions. Heroes do not cheat one another. Yet it is well to have some check against sneaks and traitors.

These four facts are the north, south, east, and west of the untried future. The fifth is the Compass, whereby the working class may steer a direct course across it.

V. Neither Parliament nor the County Council did, or could do, anything to help the strikers. All that was done, was done by the men themselves, under trusty leaders. But further, the Government was equally powerless to help the dock companies *against* the strikers. For Parliament could not compel one single man to work; neither could the police prevent picketing. Therefore the workers need not expect either help or hindrance from any but themselves. They must take their own cause in their own hands.

Government is useless. The people must help themselves.

And now, steering by this Compass, which points away from government, straight towards self-help, what is the course for the working classes to pursue?

They depend upon each other for their life. Let them unite in order to make that life happier. At present their life is rendered hard and miserable by competition amongst themselves. The large profits of their employers are made at the expense of the welfare and happiness of the workers, who keep all men. If the toilers wish to be better off they must persuade their masters to be content with smaller profits. If they cannot persuade them, then they must force them. They will be able to force them when they can threaten to starve them out by a general strike.

Therefore all the workers in London should combine. Perhaps in separate unions, but if so, these unions should amalgamate and form a general combination of working people—a *labour syndicate*.

As soon as this is sufficiently accomplished they will be able (1) to fix a minimum wage; (2) to fix a maximum working day—say eight hours; (3) to protect every man and woman in London from ill-treatment by a master; (4) to make short work of the slums, and insist upon every worker having a decent home at a reasonable rent; because if the landlords are obstinate they will be able to persuade them by the force of a general strike!

But much more than this may be achieved by such a combination of all the workers. For out of their higher wages a large fund of money would be contributed to the central union. Strikes would hardly be necessary, for the masters would not dare resist. Therefore this money might be used for other purposes. The sick and the old would have to be well provided for. Then with the remainder of the

money co-operative stores might be started, to supply the workers with food and clothes *at cost price*. Bakeries, shoemakers' shops, tailors' shops, etc, might also be conducted on the same principle.

And now observe what this leads to. These stores and shops would have to be built. Many men would be employed in them. Vans and machinery would be required, which would give work to still other men. The Relief Committees have shown how these men may be paid. Their work will be equally valuable; their wages too must be equal.

Thus the workers of London would begin to be *their own employers*. They would not only be dependent on one another; they would be working for one another. And they would then keep for themselves all that extra labour which now makes their masters rich. Then they might still further reduce the hours of labour: and so there need no longer be any starving unemployed.

Other towns will follow suit, and other countries too. There will be no fear of foreigners being brought in to help the capitalists starve Englishmen. The Australians are even now with you. The Americans will follow suit. (You saw them come out and join you, rather than work against you for 3s. 6d. an hour. They treated you as brothers; do not treat yourselves worse, but be worthy to call such men brothers!) The Germans and Jews in London will labour side by side with you in perfect friendship, taking their part in keeping themselves and you.

When other towns and countries have followed suit, you may buy your goods of them at cost price, extending your union to your brothers all over the world. You may acquire your own farms all over the country: they will belong to you in common, and those working on them will not be slaves of landlord and farmer, but will be your comrades, working happily with you for the good of all.

You and your children will be on the road to a happiness hitherto only dreamt of, but now shown to be possible, if you will only take the first step, and *combine*.

Your enemies will tell you that this is unpractical. *Try it*. It will be a good deal *too* practical for them. For nothing can stand against you when your watchword is—COMBINE.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

	£	s.	d.
R. W. B.	-	-	0 10 0
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W. M.	-	-	2 0 0
F. C.	-	-	1 0 0
Collection at "Commonweal" Club, February 22nd	-	-	0 5 0
A. H.	-	-	0 10 0
			5 9 0



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Manager; 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

The COMMONWEAL is the organ of the London Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

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Periodicals received during the month ending Wednesday, January 24, 1891.

ENGLAND	NEW YORK	SWITZERLAND
Belfast Weekly Star	New York—Freiheit	Arbeiterstimme
Die Autonomie	Boston—Woman's Journal	Bulletin Continental
Justice	Boston—Liberty	
Labour Tribune	Investigator	ITALY
People's Press	Chicago—Rights of Labour	Palermo—Avanti
Railway Review	Vorbote	
Scotsman	Detroit—Der Arme Teufel	SPAIN
Yorker's Friend	Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth	Madrid—El Socialista
Free Press	Philadel.—Knights of Labour	Madrid—La Anarquia
La Tribune Libre	Paterson Labour Standard	PORTUGAL
anchester Examiner	S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	Porto—A Revolucao Social
	San Francisco Arbeiter Zeitung	
	St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	GERMANY
		Berlin—Volks Tribune
NEW SOUTH WALES		Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
Sydney—Bulletin	FRANCE	
Sydney—Truth	Paris—Bourse du Travail	AUSTRIA
Adelaide—Quis	Le Parti Ouvrier	Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung
	Le Proletaire	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
VICTORIA	Charleville—L'Emancipation	HUNGARY
Melbourne—Bull-Ant	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
	Reuen—Le Salarial	DENMARK
QUEENSLAND	Lyon—L'Action Sociale	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Brisbane—Boomerang		
	HOLLAND	SWEDEN
UNITED STATES	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Malmö—Arbetet
New York—Truthseeker		ARGENTINE REPUBLIC
Volkszeitung	BELGIUM	Buenos Ayres—Vorwarts
Volne Listy	Antwerp—De Werker	El Perseguido
Freie Arbeiter Stimme	Ghent—Vooruit	
Voice		
The World		

THE "COMMONWEAL."

Whilst thanking the many friends and comrades who have volunteered their sympathy and help during the present crisis, we wish to assure all that no efforts will be spared to resume the Weekly Issue at the earliest opportunity. We by no means despair of being able to do so if our comrades will but rally round at this juncture. The 'COMMONWEAL' now is entirely dependent upon the support of working-men. The cold and wet weather lessens our sale by stopping all outdoor meetings. The expenses of our removal, and the fitting up of new premises, have been very heavy, and we shall have great difficulty in keeping even the Monthly Issue going through the winter months, unless comrades and friends subscribe liberally to the 'COMMONWEAL' Guarantee Fund. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all who sympathise with our work to help us to the best of their ability.—EDITORS.

THE GLORIOUS REFORMATION:

OR,

HOW THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WERE EVICTED, ROBBED, AND MURDERED BY THE RULING CLASSES.

IV.—THE PEOPLE DRIVEN FROM THE LAND.

It is in Strypes' "Ecclesiastical Memorials" that we find a pamphlet entitled "The Supplication of the Poor Commons." It is evident that this pamphlet was written by a Reformer, for it contains much abuse of the old monks, who are called "sturdy beggars" and other hard names; but it gives an excellent idea of the methods of procedure adopted by their enemies, the new proprietors, in rack-renting and evicting the Abbey tenants. The "Supplication" is addressed to the king, and the extracts I am about to give run as follows:—"Instead of these sturdy beggars (i.e., the monks) there is crept in a sturdy set of extortioners (the new *bourgeois* proprietors. These men cease not to oppress us, your Highness' poor commons, in such sort that many thousands, which here before lived honestly upon our sore labour and travail, bringing up our children in the exercise of honest labour, are now constrained some to beg, some to borrow, and some to rob and steal to get food for us, our poor wives, and children. We are constrained to bring up our children to spend the flower of their youth in idleness; to bring them up to bear wallets [to be beggars], or if they be sturdy to garnish gallows trees. For such of us who have no provisions left us . . . can get no farm, tenement, or cottage at these men's hands without we pay unto them more than we are able to make.

. . . Yet, not sufficed with this oppression on their own inheritance, they buy of your Highness' hands such Abbey lands as you appoint to be sold. When they stand once seized in such Abbey lands they make us, your poor commons, so in doubt of their threatenings, that we dare none other than bring into their courts our copies [leases], taken of the convents and the late dissolved monasteries, and confirmed by your High Court of Parliament. They make us believe that by virtue of your Highness all our former writings are void and of no effect, and that if we will not take new leases of them, we must then forthwith avoid the ground as having therein no interest. Moreover, when they can espy no commodious thing to be bought at your Highness's hand, they labour for and obtain leases for twenty-one years in and upon such abbey lands as lie commodious to them. Then do they dash us out of countenance with your Highness's authority making us believe that by virtue of your Highness our copies are void: so that they compel us to surrender our former writings—we ought to hold some for two, and some for three, lives—and force us to take leases for twenty-one years, which impose upon us fines and rents beyond all conscience."—Strypes' "Ecclesiastical Memorials," vol. i., p. 899.

These poor commons state also that, owing to these oppressions, those tenants who were able to bring up their children to learning, are now obliged to set them to labour, while the poorer classes could not procure work for theirs, though they proffered them for "meat, drink, and poor clothes to cover their bodies."

The dissolution of the monasteries was no doubt the climax of the war of the ruling classes upon the poor. Not only were some 50,000 monks turned loose to starve, or beg, or steal, but many of their tenants were forced to follow. All these, with the poor wretches who used to be fed at the abbey gates, now had no relief offered save the whip, the branding-iron, or the gallows, and the whole mass of evicted tenants, monks, and all the other victims of the system wandered over the country in bands of vagabonds, begging, and frequently taking by force, the bread they needed. England seemed on the eve of a social revolution. It came at last. In the north the feudal nobility, abbots, and starving vagrants rose in revolt in a formidable insurrection known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, but the leaders allowed themselves to be pacified by promises, and found, when too late, that Henry and the plunderers of the Church had neither honesty nor faith.

The insurrection and the other threatening symptoms alarmed the ruling classes. They saw that the men whom they had turned from industrious peasants into desperate banditti were dangerous to them and their new-found wealth. What! did they start some scheme of relief for the poor? Not a bit of it. We read in Harrison's "Description of England" that these people became earnest Malthusians. Says he, "Certes, a great number complain of the increase of poverty, laying the cause upon God, as though he were in fault for sending such an increase, or a want of wars that should consume them, affirming that the island was never so full. Again, as he points out, the rich complained that "the youth, by marrying too soon, do nothing to profit the country, but fill it full of beggars, to the hurt and utter undoing, they say, of the commonweal." Of course, the rich never thought it was their own greed in driving the poor from the land that created these hordes of beggars. Well, they became Malthusians, and practical ones, too, far more practical than their timid disciples of the present day. They instituted the bloodiest criminal code that has ever been known in English history. Harrison says that during the reign of Henry VIII.—a period of only 37 years and 9 months—72,000 vagabonds, great and small, were hung. For what, let me quote Sir Thomas Moore, "because they go about and work not, whom no man will set work, though they ne'er so willingly proffer themselves thereto."

Thus, the new Protestant nobility, from whom our Whig Dukes like Westminster and Bedford are descended, not only robbed our fore-

fathers of their land, but hung them in thousands. Robbery was not enough for these gentlemen, they must murder the people as well in their greed for wealth. And even this was not sufficient. To the gallows they added whipping and branding.

Justice was not adequately administered by hanging twenty of these poor wretches at a time from the same tree, so slavery was solemnly instituted by statute by these "Protestant Reformers," these pious gentlemen with their faith of the counter and shop till. An act was passed in 1543 ordering vagabonds to be the slaves of anyone who presented them to a justice for two years, and to have the letter V imprinted on their breasts with a red-hot iron. The masters were permitted by the statute to treat them with every brutality, and if under those circumstances a slave ran away, and was absent for fourteen days, he became a slave for life. If he was caught he was then branded on the forehead with an S, so all should know him. Then, if he ran away a third time, and the master had the testimony of two witnesses to this effect, he was sentenced to be hung. Any master could put a collar on a slave's neck, or an iron ring round his arms and legs so that he might identify him. The children of vagabonds could be taken away and kept as apprentices, the boys till they were 24 years of age, and the girls till they were 20.

These kind of laws were continually passed during the reigns of the first three Protestant sovereigns, Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. The great and glorious Queen Bess passed an act, for instance, by which any vagabond could be seized, severely whipped, and branded on the left ear, after which ceremonies anyone could take him into service for two years. What his treatment was while he was in service may be imagined by what occurred beforehand. He was fed on the family leavings, knocked about like a dog, and had to slave day and night for no wages except his "meals." This is doubtless the kind of "free labour" which Mr. Norwood would admire—it was so cheap, and cost so little to the proprietors.

During the reign of the "Virgin" Queen, hanging went on merrily. Harrison says that during this reign "thieves were trussed up apace, and three hundred and four hundred were commonly eaten up by the gallows every year."

Strype tells us that in Somersetshire in one year 40 persons were executed, 35 robbers burnt in the hand, 37 whipped, and 183 discharged as "incorrigible vagabonds."

But with all this whipping, branding, and hanging of people, who could no more help being vagabonds than you and I could help being born, these outcasts still increased. To quote Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the "land was full of beggars." And yet this land was once tilled by a happy peasantry, who enjoyed comforts and luxuries that are unknown to most of their descendants.

Well, the people revolted again and again, and at last, finding the penal laws were no use, a parliament of Elizabeth passed the famous poor-laws, by which overseers of parishes could set unemployed men to work, and bring a rate upon the inhabitants for that purpose. The act continued in force till the middle of this century, when it was replaced by what is known and hated as the New Poor Law. The glorious Reformation, therefore, swept away the monasteries, which gave kindly help to the poor, and gave us instead—the Parish Workhouse.

I think now I have amply justified the title of these articles, and have proved that the glorious Reformation, that is the great middle-class revolution, or the change from feudalism to modern commercialism, simply meant the eviction, robbery, and murder of the English people for the benefit of the forefathers of our present ruling classes. These commercial classes have pursued the same policy down to the present day. The reign of commercialism has been characterised by stealing of common lands, and the driving of the people with every species of cruelty and barbarity from the land in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The capitalist landowner has hunted the agricultural workers from the soil, and has flung them as prey to his brother thief, the capitalist manufacturer of the towns.

We Revolutionary Socialists, who are now fighting for a better freedom than ever the English peasantry of the middle ages enjoyed, can see that similar forces to those which destroyed feudalism will shatter commercialism. The invention of printing has now made books so cheap that the poorest can possess them, and on the other hand gunpowder is now giving place to stronger explosives, which are so cheap and so easily made that they cannot become the exclusive property of kings and governments, but are within the reach of all.

During the Reformation the ruling classes taught us a good lesson. They robbed, plundered, and slaughtered the property-holders of that day; monks and peasants, without mercy. Their descendants have proved that they are not behind their forefathers. Let the people show that this lesson has not been lost on them, and may the day soon come when they will spoil the spoiler as they may, and from the robber rend his prey.

D. J. NICOLL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

F. KILZ having no further connection with the London Socialist League, all communications must in future be addressed to *T. CANTWELL*, (Secretary), 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

PHYSICAL FORCE.

It seems very terrible to many people that any party among the working people should believe that what is commonly known as "physical force" will prove their only salvation. Strange to say, we Revolutionary Socialists do believe this, and despite the hypocritical cry of horror from humbugging politicians, who see that if that belief becomes common among the people that their trade is gone, or the more sincere jeremiads of old women belonging to that large class of persons who appear to imagine that the giant wrongs and crimes of centuries can be removed by a little rose water, we maintain that our belief is not only sincere, but is grounded upon an unassailable foundation, and that logic, history, and experience alike proclaim its truth.

The belief of the English workmen that it is possible to carry out a Social Revolution through Parliament has been the ruin of most advanced movements in this country. The early Reformers, the old Radicals, the Chartists, the Republicans, all trusted that political measures would heal their grievances—with the result that we, their descendants, are still groaning beneath the same heavy bondage. A life of hard and monotonous toil, uncheered by a single ray of hope, with the workhouse as our last refuge, when too old, worn out, and broken to be of any service to our masters, is still our doom as it was our fathers.

The Hunts, the Cobbets, the Vincents, and the Bradlaughs have spoken and written in vain. Even the mere political demands of the old Reformers, Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, are not realised, though they may be honoured with a last resting place in the programme of the Social Democratic Federation, and if the people still listen to the voice of politicians they may be found a hundred years hence still unrealised in the programme of some similar party. We read in a certain old book that the walls of a great fortress fell at the sound of the trumpet. The age of miracles is past, and yet we find politicians who profess to believe that the walls of capitalistic Jericho will fall beneath a shower of voting papers.

Even our friend Cunningham Grahame, in one of his sudden lapses into a love of law and order, informs us that to attempt to overthrow capitalism by physical force would be useless, because the capitalist classes are vastly superior in health and strength to the workers. If Cunningham Grahame really believes this, we can only regretfully advise him to give up his fruitless task of agitation, for we are quite sure that the Norwoods and the Liveseys will not surrender either "their" wealth or "their" factories, mines, railways, shipping, etc., to a body of people whom they can easily beat in a fair fight. The workers might have a majority in Parliament, but the majority might be damned, or be easily chucked out under those circumstances. If all the workers were as poor in physique as the victims of East End sweaters there might be some truth in his contention; but we will undertake to say that an army composed of the gas workers, the dockers, and the navvies of London would make short work of any force the fat capitalists, or even the athletic gilded youth of the West End or of the suburbs of middle classdom, might bring against them. We don't believe that the special constable has ever been much of an object of terror to the working classes, though he may have afforded them much harmless amusement.

I will now relate a little anecdote in support of my contention. Some years ago a workman, who was anxious for the conversion of the middle classes, distributed some leaflets among some athletic middle class youths at a suburban railway station. One of these young gentlemen, presuming upon his strength, after some insulting remarks tore some leaflets and threw them in the distributor's face. For this ill-breeding our friend promptly knocked him down. A fight followed, and after a five minutes' engagement the middle class youth, to use a pugilistic phrase, was "knocked all over the shop." His companions surrounded him, and led him away with the soothing remark that he might be cock of the walk among them, but "it was no use for him to try to fight a working man." The moral is obvious, and despite the dolorous prophecies of Mr. Grahame, we do not think that the middle class would be victorious in a physical force contest with the workers.

This may be taken as a sample of the arguments brought against physical force, or "violence," by the political friends of the people. But there is another large section, to whom our friend Annie Besant belongs, who object to physical force from a moral point of view, and appear to imagine that courses of lectures on Political Economy, or say Theosophy, will in time "moralise the capitalist," and he will be only too happy to endow the working classes with all his worldly goods and live a life of virtuous poverty ever afterwards. If these people could supply us with instances from history of a whole class being persuaded to surrender their "property" by any appeals to their emotional or logical faculties, we might believe in it. But ancient history is painfully silent upon the subject, and as to modern experience we know well that American slaveholders and Irish landlords were only persuaded to surrender their "rights" of plundering, torturing, and enslaving the people by lead and steel, and we have no reason to believe that they were made of any sterner stuff than our own Norwoods and Liveseys.

Those people who believe in "moralising" the capitalist might try their hands upon these gentlemen, and when we see Norwood or Livesey on a Socialist platform we shall begin to believe that it is possible to convert the capitalist by "peaceful means." We are quite certain that the more Socialism spreads among the people, the fewer

will be the converts among the "respectable classes," and when it seems upon the point of realisation we shall not only gain no friends from the rich, but we shall lose most of those excellent people who now form middle class mutual admiration societies for the discussion of Socialism from academic standpoints, but who object to its inconvenient realisation.

The truth is that any steps save very timid and courteous ones will "spare the capitalists." Our friends the Fabians show that they know this by whittling down as much as possible even that miserable palliative an Eight Hours Bill, and when the capitalist is scared—whether it be by unemployed riots, general strikes, no rent movements, dynamite explosions, or more awful still the return of a large number of Social Democratic members to Parliament—he will not hesitate to use merciless repressive measures. Well, let him; it will be all the better. There is nothing like persecution to make a popular movement go. But in that case our Fabian friends need not be nervous. The blows of the rich will not fall on their shoulders. The doctrines they preach tend so much to promote a feeling of reverence for law and order among the "lower classes"—if they would only listen—that we should not be surprised if Government did not bestow upon them a permanent endowment, as the services of priests and parsons are beginning to lose their effect. In that case the Fabians might substitute for old commands to working people to order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters that they may obtain a heavenly mansion in a better world, an instruction to vote for the taxation of ground rents, and your children's children in a couple of hundred years time may enjoy the blessings of Socialism. But whether the ministrations of the new clergy will be more successful than our present holy men remains to be seen. In any case our position remains unaltered. None of the great changes that have yet occurred in the world's history have been achieved either by voting papers or by the moralisation of the possessing classes, and we are firmly convinced that the great change that is approaching will be wrought out by the same "brutal and barbarous means" as those of the past. The robber classes will not resign their plunder without a fight for it, and, knowing this, we honestly proclaim our opinion that the approaching Revolution must be one of "violence," and that the only salvation of the people lies in their might and courage. N.

MANIFESTO TO SCOTCH RAILWAY WORKERS.

Our Comrades of the Scottish Socialist Federation who have worked hard during the recent Railway Strike have issued the following Manifesto to the Working People of Edinburgh:

FELLOW-WORKERS.—During the past few weeks the struggle between Labour and Capital has been passing through an acute phase in one branch of industry. The employees of the two chief Scottish Railway Companies have been fighting for a reduction of their excessively long hours of work, and the fight has been conducted with a stubbornness, determination, and bitterness hitherto unknown in labour disputes in Scotland.

In the railway troubles we have but one of the many indications of the utter rottenness of our industrial system; and indeed, the convulsive, desperate efforts of both New and Old Trade Unionism to keep wages from falling, or to reduce the hours of labour, may be regarded as among the premonitory symptoms of the approaching dissolution of that system. Workmen are forced to compete with workmen, capitalists with capitalists; and these two classes are pitted in ceaseless warfare against each other. Strikes and social disturbances are but warnings of the disease from which society suffers. Consider well, then, how insecure our boasted civilisation must be, when it is founded on such a basis as the antagonism of classes. For that such antagonism is the basis of society is evident, notwithstanding the asseverations to the contrary of a corrupt pulpit, a dishonest political platform, and a hireling press (including such organs as the *Scottish Leader*, *Evening News*, *Scotsman*, and *Dispatch*).

What assistance can you afford your fellow-workmen in their struggle? The power of Capital is as it is, mainly because capitalists are united. They form a more or less compact body, in spite of market competition, and they have at their disposal, through laws made by themselves in their own interests, the armed forces of the State. These forces they use to guard the spoil which they have secured from the product of your labour. And that they do not hesitate to use these powers has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt by the straining of the Law of Conspiracy in the conviction of P. Curran at Plymouth, and of R. Smith at Edinburgh; by the murderous assault on the people in Trafalgar Square; and by the use of the military in intimidate the gas strikers in Leeds and the evicted railway workers at Motherwell. Hence the workers in any single industry cannot wage wholly successful war against the enemy who holds the land they cultivate and the machinery they employ. What is necessary then is *Union among all workers*. Your interests are identical. Let your action be united. There is weakness in isolation. In combination there is irresistible strength. What you must incessantly aim at, therefore, is common action among all workers.

We, as Socialists, somewhat regret that during this struggle the moral right of the Companies to the possession of the railways, which have been constructed by men who for the most part are now dead and gone, has never been directly challenged; and consequently no great question of principle is at stake. If the railway employee is

maintaining his undoubted right as a seller of labour, when he wishes to reduce the working day, and so to secure the best possible price for his commodity, his labour power; on the other hand the railway director is also maintaining a similar right as a purchaser, when he tries to make the working day as long as possible, or to make, if he can, two working days out of one, so as to secure the greatest amount of value from the commodity he has bought, the labour power of the workman. And so long as the right of the Companies to the possession of the railways is recognised, so long will the struggle between the Companies and their employees be but a struggle of right against right. But between equal rights, force decides—might is right.

"Might is right." That is how the matter is regarded by non-socialists, whether capitalists or workers. We, as Socialists, prefer to look at it in another light. But, from whatever standpoint we view it, the imperative necessity for union among all workmen becomes evident. When you sink mutual jealousies and unite in a general movement, victory is certain. Whatever may be the issue of the present struggle, let it be understood that the next time any body of workmen demands amelioration of their condition, and has not this conceded, every railway guard, porter, signaller, and driver, will fold their arms, every joiner will lay down his plane and every mason his trowel, every miner will refuse to dig coal, every baker to make bread, and every warehouse hand, shopman, clerk, teacher, and worker with head or hand will do no work until the strikers receive what they demand. A few days of this paralysis would bring the holders of capital and spoilers of labour to their senses, and to their knees at the same time. One general strike would be sufficient. Nay, the mere prospect of paralysis of production and distribution would be enough. If the men in each trade or occupation can and do strike, why not in all trades at the same moment? The owners of capital cannot eat their machinery or their land. Let their workers stop supplying these social parasites with food; let them stop working for them, and that monstrous superstition which, under the name of Capital, is trampling under foot the best blood and bone and sinew of the nation, would be among the things that were. "That high rents and interest might be paid, it has been decreed that multitudes should be made miserable," said Carlyle. While the existing system continues, this decree is in force. Socialise capital, and it falls to the ground.

TO THE RAILWAY MEN.—It is only by setting before yourselves the definite idea of all lands, mines, factories, railways, and other means of production and transit being held and wrought by the people for the people, can you achieve any lasting or worthy result. Always remember that there is no possible escape from railway slavery, so long as there are railway masters. Let your future rallying cry therefore be, "No Masters!" and as a consequence, "No Slaves!" Your struggle has been but a prelude to that in which all workers must soon engage. Prepare yourselves for it. The great Revolution, for which all history has been but a preparation, is coming on apace. Win or lose, your struggle will not have been in vain, if it convinces you that the Revolution cannot come too soon. Defeated you may be, but the day will come when you will be able to say with Mazepa:—

"But time at last makes all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
That could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient hate and vigil long
Of those who treasure up a wrong."

The Brotherhood of Man has been too long merely a sentiment. Help to make it a reality, and inaugurate a society wherein there will be a community of interests. The exploiters of labour may well tremble in the prospects of an international uprising of labour, "wherein the workers have nothing to lose but their chains, and wherein they have a world to win."

Propaganda Committee,

SCOTTISH SOCIALISTIC FEDERATION.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

THE Committee of the London Socialist League appeal most earnestly to all who sympathise with the views advocated in the paper and the principle therein set forth, to send at once all pecuniary assistance they can spare to this Fund. The defection of the late General Secretary has caused much confusion and loss; but every effort is being made (and successfully made) to place administrative details on a more satisfactory and secure footing than hitherto. Considerable supplies of money are, however, absolutely essential if the journal is not to cease with the next number. It must be remembered that great difficulties have been occasioned by the lying statements of the capitalistic press that the *Commonweal* was already dead. With the assistance which it seems to us we have a right to look for from sympathising societies and groups, as well as from individual comrades and friends, we are convinced that we can tide over present hindrances, and in the summer, when our open-air propaganda has been some time in renewed operation, resume our weekly publication. We confidently ask comrades and friends who appreciate the unswerving Revolutionary policy of the *Weal*, and who believe that it is doing good work, to rally round the Red Flag and keep their organ and ours going. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

OBITUARY.

On Friday morning, February 6th, died Maude Elizabeth Morgan, a young comrade of the North London group, who was a good worker in the Cause, both at our open-air meetings and in the workshop, although being a sufferer from heart disease she was unable to be as active as she wished. The Committee of the Commonweal Club, on hearing of her decease, passed a vote of condolence with Comrade H. D. Morgan, and regret at the loss of a good Revolutionist.

We regret to learn of the death of Arch McLaren, M.A., at Tighna Bruaich. McLaren who was assistant to the Professor of Greek in Glasgow University was a member of the Glasgow Branch of the Socialist League, and at one time wrought heart and soul in the movement. His academical position latterly prevented, to some extent, his participation in propaganda, but he remained to the last a steadfast friend and comrade. He was a young man of much ability, earnestness and kindness, and his death is much mourned by all comrades who knew him.

In the middle of the dreary month of February there departed from us a brave old comrade who had been a strength and a stay to more than one generation of Revolutionists—Marie Anne Victoire Malenfant. Our comrade died at 82, but it is hardly too much to say that her whole life had been devoted to our Cause. She was the widow of a Socialist of 1848, who died in exile at Brussels. Although already old twenty years ago, yet she fought on the barricades during the last days of the Commune, in company with her daughter, now married to our Comrade Brocher. She was one of those who made the last glorious stand, and, escaping with her life, she lay hid in Paris for eighteen months from the Versaillist murderers. At the end of that period she contrived to reach Geneva, where they had not yet abandoned the right of asylum. She was highly esteemed, and really loved by all the exiles there, who always spoke of her as "Mamma." She died at Brixton, and was buried at Tooting Cemetery on Feb. 21st, under the Red Flag, according to her last wishes. Surely she, too, is among the "unforgotten dead."

'COMMONWEAL' CLUB, 273, Hackney Road.—During February we have had very successful Lectures, all of which have been exceedingly well attended. The Lecturers have been Comrades Mowbray and Burnie. Good collections and remarkable sale of Literature.

Successful Free Concerts have been held on Saturdays at our Club. We intend making this a feature for the purpose of keeping our members together, and supplying them with an antidote to the ordinary music hall entertainment.

DARTFORD, KENT.—During February, Comrade Mowbray has, with the aid of Comrades Cherkauer, Beltheo, and Fischer, raised the Red Flag in this district. A lecture has also been delivered on "Wage Labour and Capital," in the Dartford Working-men's Club, by Mowbray. There is to be several open-air meetings in Dartford during March, Comrades Turner, Burnie, and Mowbray being the speakers.

MORE VICTIMS TO CAPITALISM.

An old woman, 50 years of age, named Mary Oswald, was found dead in a room off Chancery Lane. She had existed for some time by begging in the streets. No furniture, no clothes, no food; a verdict of natural death was returned by the jury.

Another victim was a woman named Wright, found dead outside her cottage. Inside, on an old bed, lay her two daughters and a boy three years old. The boy was dead, the daughters dying, all from starvation. Natural death, forsooth. Murder is too moderate a word. When will people learn that it is better to be alive taking back part of the stored-up wealth than dying like curs in the gutter from starvation?

C. W. M.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

LECTURES.—March 1st—R. W. Burnie, "First of May." March 8th—J. Turner, "Outcome of Trade Unionism." March 15th—R. Smith, "Revolutionary Socialism v. Democracy." March 22nd—Conference of members and sympathisers of Socialist League, at 11 a.m.

Hammersmith Socialist Society.—Kelmecott House, Upper Mall, W. Lecture every Sunday at 8. French Class conducted by Mlle. Desroches on Friday evenings at 7.30.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fivers wanted.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Road, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.15. National Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grove Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening.

Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30.

Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
11.30 Hoxton Church The Branch
11.30 Regent's Park Nicoll
3.30 Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30 Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
3.30 Streatham Common The Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15 Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

An International Anarchist Conference will be held at the Club Autonomie, on Easter Sunday, March 29th, to commence at 11 a.m.

STREATHAM.—A vigorous propaganda has been carried on in Streatham since Christmas. The workmen of Streatham, many of them unemployed, turning up in large numbers at our meetings. On January 11th, Smith and Osborn, S.D.F., spoke at Fountain in fog and frost, this was not a large meeting owing to the weather, but the announcement of meetings for the unemployed brought together large crowds.

DUBLIN.—Dublin Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lectures every Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it month by month to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

LONDON SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 3s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

An Address on the Chicago Martyrs ...	4 0
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Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0

American Literature.

A few remainders—

Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men ...	1 9
Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Phillips) ...	2 8
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What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
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The Triumph of Labour. Memorial Cartoon of the Great Dock Strike, Sept. 1889. With cardboard roll, 6d.; artist's edition, ditto ...	1 0
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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

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APRIL 1891

[ONE PENNY.]

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THE FIRST OF MAY.

News is coming to us from all quarters—in some cases from very unexpected quarters indeed—of the determination of the workers of the “civilised” world to keep Labour Day this year in very earnest fashion. By “Labour Day” we mean Friday, the First of May; for assuredly Sunday promenaders, whatever their ostensible object, will have no part or lot in helping forward the second great annual review of Labour’s forces. That Catalonia and Spain would be with us we anticipated, after the brave deeds done there last year; but the present writer confesses that he had not expected to read, as he has read, of solid Italy, of solid Austria, of solid America, of France all but solid, of Germany throwing off the dictation of her “Social Democratic” leaders in order to take part in the universal May movement. Surely toilers in England may ask themselves the question: “What of us? What shall we do? Shall we British workers leave it to some ten thousand or so professed Revolutionists to demonstrate on the First, as we did last year, or shall we openly take part with our mates throughout the globe in practical exposition of the solidarity and omnipotence of the wakening wage-slaves?”

Let every toiler who reads these lines consider well the meaning and effect of this world-wide demonstration before he takes upon himself the burden of saying that he will have no share in it. Nothing can be simpler than the idea of the First of May, (we need not here trouble ourselves with considering its origin in America, and its adoption at the International Congress of 1889.) What does the May celebration mean? Only that, on that one day in the year, all workers shall take holiday together. The whole practical force of May 1st lies, in fact, in those two things: that it is *taken*, and that it is taken *together*. Yet in those two things there is latent, so to speak, the Revolution itself—the great social change which shall for ever crush misery out of the land, and give to each according to his needs.

The First of May is no Sunday, no Bank Holiday graciously bestowed upon wage-slaves by the masters who fatten on the fruits of their labour; graciously bestowed, lest haply, from too-incessant toil, the wretched worker should not even live his average of twenty-seven years, until another generation is ready to take his place. No “beneficent” legislation of philanthropic profit-mongers secures this holiday at least. It is taken—seized from the rich robbers. That is no light thing in itself, and is clearly symptomatic of much. Surely presently the worker, who has thus practically denied the right of his bourgeois oppressor to unchallenged usufruct of his time and toil, will deny in still more practical fashion the right of the same oppressor to steal from him the half or more of his gettings.

The worker, however, will never successfully retake his stolen earnings unless he act in unison with his fellows, whatever their tongue, whatever their complexion. The capitalist becomes more and more international; no barriers of race or frontier exist for him in his ever-renewed pursuit of riches and domination. His necessary and inevitable foe—the producer of his riches, the victim of his power—must be international also, and is, one is glad to know, rapidly coming to understand that cunningly-fomented national discords must be forgotten if victory is to be won, that in truth such discords have long ceased to have either meaning or reason. The First of May testifies in no uncertain manner, to the solidarity of Labour everywhere. By

this one retaken day of freedom, Frenchman joins hands with German, Polish Jew with British Gentile, Yankee artizan with his Spanish or half-caste brother in the Argentine.

Hence it is that this novel Feast of Human Federation is hated and dreaded by the possessing classes and their parasites, alike in Barcelona and Paris, in New York and in Buenos Aires; that Matthews and Bradford fear it in like fashion with Constans and his Police Prefect, with the Carnegies and their Pinkertons. It brings home to the tyrants, whom our ignorance has made strong, how absolutely helpless in truth they are if once their slaves cease to labour for them, be it only for a single day. The ideal May Day completely realised would, in all sober earnestness, mean the ending of the whole ugly dream. The whole system of fictions would fade in a moment, like a nightmare when the summer day has come. Of what use or power are millions of golden sovereigns if they cannot purchase a moment’s right to live on others’ toil? So it is that masters fear even such an imperfect May Day as we had last year with exceeding fear. It is an object lesson in the omnipotence of work and the impotence of gold, which bourgeois and proletarian alike may run and read. It reveals to the boss all his weakness and (a much more important matter) it shows the “hand” all his strength.

Therefore it is that Sunday processions are absolutely futile as a method of keeping Labour Day. The Sunday walk is not taken from the capitalist but scoffingly given by him, and it can never be of the slightest value as a demonstration of international solidarity. This is a matter in which emphatically he that is not with us is against us. It is idle for example to attend Conferences of “Eight Hours’ Leagues” and vote for the week-day observance, only afterwards to turn round and work for the Sunday demonstration. Any person, Gas Workers’ President or other, who is supporting the Third of May meetings, is thereby doing his little best to spoil the First of May holiday. Do not let it be said either that the keeping of the First is too hard a matter for workers here; that they will not sacrifice a day’s pay, or run, it may be, the risk of a possible “sack.” Who is there so wretched but he takes a day off once a year for own pleasure? This time let him take it in unison with his mates, not only for his own pleasure but also for the good of his class everywhere. Surely, as things go, even a possible “sacking” is a light price to pay for the great gain of taking the first step to a better society, by establishing, by experimental proof, the utter helplessness of the idle thieves who exploit the toilers. Obviously, too, the more general the movement, the remoter the possibility of individuals being made to suffer.

Many there may be, here in England perhaps, especially, who may say that much here written is true enough, but that they, for their part, know little of the Revolution of which we continually speak, or of the glad time coming when “leisure and pleasure shall be free,” because there shall be neither rich nor poor in the world. I will concede at once that as yet only a minority of workers understand the certitude of the Great Change or are yet Socialists. For all that, even from its point of view, the majority will find its account in joining with us in celebration of May Day. Although such majority may look upon a total change as altogether out of the range of “practical politics” (wherein, by the way, the majority, as usual, is quite wrong), yet every worker, surely, without exception, who thinks of his position at all, now recognises that there are many things he wants from the non-worker, which he is not likely to get except by showing his power and by making the non-worker very uncomfortable. He wants, for example, as it would seem, an Eight Hours’ Day. He may be sure that his master will not give it him if he can help it. How then is he to obtain it? Surely by proving that he is strong, and can, if he be so minded, take that and much else, by giving earnest of his strength, by putting just a little pressure on his “governor.” May Day supplies, at cheap rate, just the opportunity needed for this purpose. The cessation of labour on that day will convince the masters at once of the reality of the demand and of the necessity for yielding to it, convince them with a cogency of fifty-fold the force of fifty years of Sunday processions.

We Revolutionary Socialists therefore make bold to invite all workers to join with us in keeping the First of May, 1891. They may not yet go the whole way with us; they may have set their minds on

many things which to us are but fetishes and Will o' the Wisps; but at least we are all agreed that, whereas now the producer is nothing in the commonwealth, the non-producer everything, the producer should at least be something, (we Socialists say he should be all.) Let us agree further then to take together the first step towards this Emancipation of Labour, a step noways hard or difficult, yet a great step when achieved, the step which consists in practical proof of our union and our force. Next First of May let no stroke of work be done for the profit-mongers; that day let every "employer of labour," no matter what his degree in the hierarchy of boss-dom, "stew in his own juice;" let him find out for himself how absolutely worthless is his land, or his factory, his machinery, or his money, without the strong arms of the foolish slaves who have been so long content to toil for him and his. "Workers of the World Unite."

R. W. BURNIE.

NOTES.

The long-continued struggle at the docks between the Shipping Federation and the Federated Unions has ended at last in the defeat of the latter. Through dissensions among the Unions concerning the oft-threatened general strike of sailors, dockers, lightermen, stevedores &c., the Labour Federation has gone to pieces, so the Union men are now forced to accept that badge of blacklegism, the Federation ticket, and the Capitalists rejoice greatly.

But why is it that the New Unionism, which was a year or two ago triumphant in all its contests, is now steadily losing ground, and is suffering defeat after defeat. It is owing, perhaps, to the fact that not only the leaders but the men also have not courage enough to face boldly the changed circumstances of the time by taking the only measures which would enable them to be victorious, but it is also due to these very changes. When the New Unionism first arose in all its might and beauty, we were in the midst of great trade revival, the unemployed were absorbed in flourishing industries, and even unskilled workmen had nothing to fear from the unemployed taking their places should they come out upon strike. But now all is changed, since the averted crash in the city last Autumn, trade has grown dull, the study of the market reports in our daily press is quite enough to convince us of that, capital has been "scared," and despite the smooth prophecies of our Stock Exchange prophets, and the efforts of smart financiers to bolster up respectable firms who are upon the verge of bankruptcy, every moneyed man feels that any moment may bring on a crash compared with which the crisis in the city last November would be a trifle.

What is the consequence? Trade is getting slack, large stocks are accumulating on the hands of the capitalists, workmen are discharged in increasing numbers, and these men, desperate and starving, are frequently only too eager to creep into places of their brethren who revolt against the tyranny of their masters. This is not to be wondered at. The New Unionist "leaders" have not shown much sympathy with these unfortunate workers. They have shut them out of their unions, called them hard names, and the unemployed may retort that if the unionists only care for their own selfish interests, and tell the starving unemployed to go to the workhouse or the devil, there is no reason for surprise that unemployed workmen frequently black eg, with the result that the unionists are defeated, and the capitalist chuckles while the workers cut each other's throats.

Now we don't admire the unemployed for doing this, we think that they could be far better employed in helping themselves to some of the surplus wealth they have produced by labour, and thus reduce somewhat its superabundance, which, according to our political economists, causes men to starve. This we have said before in our columns, and we regret that the unemployed have not taken our advice. We, however, fear that the leaders of the New Unionism are not likely to give such revolutionary counsel, though a few years ago some of them were not so scrupulous, but still there is a policy they might adopt which would lead them to victory.

It is quite clear that it is impossible to win small strikes, the recent fight at the docks, not to mention innumerable other instances, has clearly proved this. The struggle at the docks has been nothing but a succession of petty strikes. With what result? The men have been beaten in detail, and as they have refused to work upon Federation ships their places have been taken by "free labour." The ship-owners have done their utmost to split up the unions, and in this they have succeeded too well. The dockers have been bribed by the ship-owners adopting their co-operative scheme, and paying them good wages, while these benevolent gentlemen have made ruthless war upon the Seamen and Firemen's Union, and now that union has been "smashed" the turn of the dockers will come, and they will be devoured in their turn by the capitalist monster. "Divide in order to rule," is still the motto of the ruling classes. But still we do not think that the New Unionism has definitely collapsed, it is, perhaps, upon the verge of collapsing, but even now a little bold strategy might save it from destruction.

Let the New Unionists compose their internal differences; let them remember that they are in front of an enemy that will take every advantage of their petty quarrels to break their ranks and destroy

them. Then they should organise, not a series of petty strikes but a general strike, and let them use as their battle-cry something that will interest not only unionists but blacklegs also. If they can say to the unemployed workman that they are striking for something that will provide him with work, then they can appeal to him to help them in their struggle. Let them tell him moreover, that if he needs bread that he ought not to earn it by doing the dirty work of the employer but should take it by force from the proud oppressor. But what battle cry shall they adopt? That is easy enough, the New Unionists tell us that the Eight Hour Day will make work for the unemployed, by reducing the excessive hours of labour of those who are at work. Therefore we think that a general strike, which has for its object the provision of work for the unemployed, would command their sympathy and would carry the New Unionists to victory. But if they do not adopt a revolutionary policy their ultimate defeat is certain, and before long the New Unionism will vanish, leaving not a rack behind. N.

Our very kind friends of the *Christian Commonwealth* in a recent leader entitled "The Devil and Socialism," appear to be getting into a mighty funk regarding the spread of Socialism. They say that the Devil has been at work putting into the hearts of the Infidels (as they call us) the doctrines known as Socialism, and further calls on all Christians to be very careful how they welcome these new schemes. Few will deny that Socialism, if realised, would improve the condition of the working people, therefore Socialism, which comes from the Devil, would do good. But if to do good is the work of the Devil, then, if such a person exists, (which our friends will find it very hard to prove) it is much more preferable to follow him—that is the Devil—than to follow the Christian's god, who, as a defender of the present system, is certainly doing evil.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford of Leeds, on the "Latest Phases of the Social Gospel," said recently that the last century was characterised by a great Religious Revolution, the present century by a Political Revolution, and next century will be characterised more especially by a Social Revolution. Bravo, Dr. Clifford, your eyes are open even if your co-clerics are asleep. You may add, however, that with the Social Revolution the trade of gospel-monger is likely to be a thing of the past, and will become a defunct craft.

So General Booth denies that the Salvation Army Labour Bureau exists for the supply of blackleg labour. Well, this may be all right, but the fact remains that they did supply blackleg labour during a strike, and they cannot deny this fact.

The want of a few good Socialist speakers in the county of Durham is apparent in face of the defeat of the Silksworth miners. These men, after a most determined struggle, lasting several months, have had to give in to the masters' terms through the timidity and moderation of their leaders. When will men learn that the only way to protect their interests is to do without these and to fight their own battles. With a little more of the fiery spirit shown at Leeds the Durham men would have been victorious, and the lesson to be learned is that it is time the Red Flag of Socialism was raised. A Durham man myself, I have an idea that the Marquis of Londonderry and capitalists in general will, before long, curse the day they forced the miners to take more decided action. It is time we began a propagandist campaign amongst the miners; who will help? men are ready if funds are forthcoming.

C. W. M.

STEAD the hysterical has been on the rampage anent Sir Charles Dilke's candidature for the Forest of Dean. Revolutionary Socialists have little love or care for this latter personage, or indeed for parliamentary candidates of any description. Yet one feels as if, for very manhood's sake, one must enter one's protest against the fashion in which Dilke is being hounded down, because, forsooth, he is alleged to have interfered with Mr. Crawford's exclusive right to his chattel-slave acquired by property marriage. It is noteworthy that two big-wigs among the judges, at least, have been recently affirming the chattel-slavery of the property-wife, under bourgeois law, in a manner somewhat too frank for the ordinary middle-class Podsnap, who loves his tyranny (class-tyranny and sex tyranny alike) to be (like the Polar bear) "wropt up."

Podsnap is of course a creature of conventions and shams, and any slightest statement of the real truth of things always drives him frantic and makes him shriek for protection from his police. It is not wonderful therefore that his press should have united in an almost unanimous howl of execration at the essentially Anarchist Ibsen for writing a play like "Ghosts." Ibsen, in his own masterly way, so lays bare the corruption and the imbecility of bourgeois morality, bourgeois religion, and bourgeois society, that even Podsnap recognises his own hideous image, and does not like the portrait.

A direct consequence of Podsnap's property-marriage and Podsnap's conventional morality is the "baby-farming" of which we have lately once more heard so much,—a loathsome name enough for a thing yet more loathsome. Under free Socialism motherhood would always be a glory and never a shame. There would be no "unwanted babes," no unhappy hags driven to the trade of infant murder in order to gain a

crust of bread. It is not by "Society" prosecutions, by Acts of Parliament, or by the Government Inspectors craved for by Colman's Mustard Stuart that the organised starvation and slaying of helpless babies will be abolished. Treatment of symptoms never cured a disease like modern civilisation yet; it is the disease itself—the civilisation of which the bourgeois is so proud—that we must destroy. With it will go the "necessities of our civilisation"—prostitution, baby-farming, and the rest.

Mr. Auberon Herbert in *Free Life* still accuses us of "seeing red," of "preaching a gospel of hatred," and of "longing to sit down at a universal banquet of blood and flame." It is idle to pursue a discussion with an opponent who does not take the trouble to understand our fundamental positions. We long for the final cessation of the class-war, and for the peace which does indeed pass all present-day understanding, the peace of a world when there shall be no classes. We did not make the class-war; it is not we who choose its continuance. Continue it must, so long as classes last. Which is better, that it should smoulder on indefinitely, or that the proletariat, by a determined effort, should end it and the middle class who cause it for ever? We preach hatred, not of the individual bourgeois, but of the bourgeoisie. Really the distinction ought to be clear enough.

As many of our readers know, our good comrades Coulon and Louise Michel are now actively carrying on a Socialist and International School at the Club Autonomie in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. They are assisted by Mrs. Carr, B.A., of the Fabian Society. No more useful work can be done for mankind than this our comrades are thus doing. Whether or not we adults shall live to see the glad time after the Revolution, our children at least will see it (if Capitalism does not sooner slay them). Let them enter upon their Epoch of Rest with minds freely developed under kindly culture, without memory of the vile coercive so-called "education" of to-day, and without necessity to fight their way, as we have fought our way, out of the gloomy hide-bound superstitions of the past. It is proposed to place the School under the control of all the Socialist Groups of London, and it is hoped shortly to move to more commodious premises. For this purpose funds are required. The School and teaching are absolutely gratuitous and free.

R. W. B.

SOCIALISM IN THE PROVINCES.

SHEFFIELD.

Many of us here are hoping soon to see the *Commonweal* published again weekly, but we also join with our comrade Coulon and with our comrades of the *Révolte* of Paris in wishing that it may become frankly and decidedly an advocate of the noble and glorious principle of anarchy. This has been suggested to me by seeing in the *Révolte* a translation of Coulon's letter with the same wish expressed on the part of the editors. I need not enter into any explanation of the reasons for so doing, for I think you are all Anarchists and do not require from anyone an explanation why you should do anything so natural.

Now I shall give you a sketch of the propaganda carried on in Sheffield for the last few months; and in spite of the severe winter we have passed through I may say that a very active propaganda has been carried on here every Sunday. I must bear testimony to the brave and untiring services rendered to the cause by some few of the comrades here, who working long hours every week day for the wretches who exploit them, are yet indefatigable on Sundays, going from place to place speaking, singing, making collections, and selling literature and papers. It has also been most cheering to see the attitude of the crowds who came to hear us, particularly at the Jubilee Monument, the most central place of meeting in Sheffield. This has become the recognised ground to break the Sabbath, and it has galled the pious *Telegraph* to that extent that some little time ago it denounced the "strident voices" of our orators as in "ill accord with the day of rest." It also found it discordant with the loyalty that paid down its money to commemorate 50 years hatching on a throne, of the glorious old hen, Vicky, to hear Anarchy and disloyalty preached from the steps of that said Monolith which the said money erected. We have had some glorious times there, and especially a few Sundays back. The day was fine though cold, and the crowd was large and most attentive and sympathetic, and our speakers were consequently at their best. Then we had the luck to have opposition started, and of a reasonable kind, on the question how could we do without law and authority. Our opponent was a local preacher and well-known as a temperance advocate. He was fully answered, and, after we had done with him, a stranger asked permission to speak. He began by saying that he had been a minister of the gospel for 20 years, and had never before been at a Socialist meeting, but if what he had heard was Socialism (here we expected him to denounce us before the throne of God Almighty) then he vowed to high Heaven that it was the true religion, and all others were but theories of which this was the practice. He continued speaking for some time and was frantically applauded, and two Sundays after he again came and spoke at our meeting.

Besides the meeting at the Monolith in the morning we have had every Sunday evening a meeting at West Bar, and also meetings in the morning at Newhall Road, and in the evening at the Hallamshire Hall, until lately when that was given up by the Labourers Union and by us in consequence. On the whole I can testify that the progress made

here in one year has been satisfactory. I have means of judging as I was in Sheffield in January of last year, and returned again last November, and I found an immense difference in the size of the audiences and at our meetings in the manner in which they received our teaching. No one now need disturb us, least of all the guardians of law and order, on whom our comrade, John Bingham, heaps such contempt and hate, when they dare to appear, that they have not stomach for it.

The Socialist Club has been for some time unsettled, having to leave Blonk Street, but we have now secured most admirable premises underneath the Hallamshire Hall, which latter has been taken by the Children of Israel for the worship of Jehovah. Thus will be found united under the same roof the Alpha and Omega of Intellectual Progress. The great "I Am" above and the great "To Be" below.

We have taken a place at 48, Attercliffe Common for the sale of advanced literature of all kinds, and it attracts much attention; but the landlord insists upon the payment of rent, which is against our principles, and I expect we shall have an eviction war one of these days.

At our commemoration of the anniversary of the Commune on Sunday, the 22nd, we of the Anarchist groups will unfurl a handsome banner bearing on one side the inscription: "Sheffield Anarchist Communists" and the motto "Neither God nor Master." On the other side appears the following which we have taken from the declaration of principles which the noble Anarchist of Lyons handed in to the court that condemned them:—"Wretches that we are, we demand bread for all, science for all, work for all, and for all Freedom and Justice." At Attercliffe Common we shall display a large red flag with the word "Anarchy" in yellow bordered with black.

The Sheffield Socialists will also display an artistic banner on that day with the motto "What shall ye lack when ye lack masters. It is brodered in letters of yellow silk and was some time in preparation.

Some of us are anxious to start a paper for Sheffield, and you need not be surprised if, in the course of a few weeks there should appear our *Red Flag of Anarchy*.—J. CREAGHE.

NORWICH.

On Sunday, March 15th, our Norwich comrades, assisted by Comrade Mowbray, held a large and successful meeting in the Market Place, at 3 p.m., in celebration of the Commune of Paris. There is every likelihood of a vigorous propaganda being recommenced in this district during the coming summer. Arrangements are already being made for visits from Comrades Burnie, Turner, and others.

W. C.

YARMOUTH.

On Sunday, March 15th, a very enthusiastic meeting was held in the Hall of the Gladstone Club to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Commune of Paris. The movement which for a long time seemed to fall on dead ground here, is now firmly rooted, and aristocratic visitors to this seaside resort will have Anarchist-Communism dinned into their ears persistently during the coming season.

DARTFORD.

Our Dartford comrades are still plodding on quietly, yet earnestly, both by leaflet, pamphlet, *Freedom*, and *Commonweal*, besides talking earnestly to their fellow workers, all of which I am sure must bear good results. Arrangements are being held for outdoor meetings.

C. W. M.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Doulos	.	.	.	1	0
Launspach	.	.	.	10	0
L. M. Scott	.	.	.	1	1
F. C. T. S.	.	.	.	2	0
Plumstead comrades	.	.	.	1	0
R. W. B.	.	.	.	10	0
C. Saunders	.	.	.	2	0
H. Glasse	.	.	.	10	0
E. C. Minton	.	.	.	1	6
Miller	.	.	.	2	6
Domoney	.	.	.	1	0
B. M. Fraser	.	.	.	2	0
J. G.	.	.	.	1	0
Mrs. Shack	.	.	.	2	6
Norwich comrades	.	.	.	5	0
H. C. Beith	.	.	.	1	6
North London comrades	.	.	.	10	9
				3	4
					1

THE FIRST OF MAY.—The London Socialist League invites all London Trades' Unions and Workers' Societies to send delegates to a Meeting to be held in the League's Hall, 273, Hackney Road, on Thursday, April 2nd, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of considering the keeping of May the First, in accordance with the resolution of the Universal Workers' Congress at Paris in 1889.



NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Manager; 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

The COMMONWEAL is the organ of the London Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

Advertisements can only be inserted if unobjectionable in all particulars. Scale of charges and special quotations may be obtained from the Manager.

Subscribers who receive a RED WRAPPER are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

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Periodicals received during the month ending Wednesday, March 24th, 1891.

ENGLAND Belfast Weekly Star Die Autonomie Justice Labour Tribune People's Press Railway Review Seafaring Worker's Friend Free Russia La Tribune Libre Manchester Examiner	NEW YORK—Freiheit Boston—Woman's Journal Boston—Liberty Investigator Chicago—Rights of Labour Vorboten Detroit—Der Arme Teufel Kaweah (Cal) Commonwealth Philadel.—Knights of Labour Paterson Labour Standard S.F.—Coast Seamen's Journal San Francisco Arbeiterzeitung St. Louis (Mo.)—Die Parole	SWITZERLAND Arbeiterstimme Bulletin Continental ITALY Palermo—Avanti SPAIN Madrid—El Socialista Madrid—La Anarquía PORTUGAL Porto—A Revolução Social GERMANY Berlin—Volks Tribune Halberstadt, Sonntags-Zeitung
NEW SOUTH WALES Sydney—Bulletin Sydney—Truth Adelaide—Quiz VICTORIA Melbourne—Bull-Ant QUEENSLAND Brisbane—Boomerang UNITED STATES New York—Truthseeker Volkszeitung Voline Listy Freie Arbeiter Stimme Voice The World	FRANCE Paris—Bourse du Travail Le Parti Ouvrier Le Proletaire Charleville—L'Emancipation Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur Rouen—Le Salariat Lyon—L'Action Sociale HOLLAND Hague—Recht voor Allen BELGIUM Antwerp—De Werker Ghent—Vooruit	AUSTRIA Vienna—Arbeiter-Zeitung Brunn—Arbeiterstimme HUNGARY Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik DENMARK Copenhagen—Arbejderen SWEDEN Malmö—Arbetet ARGENTINE REPUBLIC Buenos Ayres—Vorwärts El Perseguido

THE "COMMONWEAL."

The Committee of the London Socialist League appeal most earnestly to all who sympathise with the views advocated in this paper, and the views therein set forth, to send at once all the pecuniary assistance they can spare to this Fund. The defection of the late General Secretary caused much confusion and loss, but every effort has been made (and, as we hope, successfully made) to place administrative details on a more satisfactory and secure footing than hitherto. It must be remembered that great difficulties have been occasioned by the lying statements of the capitalistic press that the "Commonweal" was already dead. Nevertheless it has been determined to issue the journal as a weekly (consisting for the present of four pages) from and after May 1st,—Labour Day. With the resumption of our open-air propaganda and the assistance which it seems to us we have a right to look for from sympathising societies and groups, as well as from individual comrades and friends, we confidently believe that we can make the "Weal" a permanent success. That assistance is, however, absolutely needful. We ask comrades to rally round the Red Flag and keep their paper and ours going. "He gives time who gives quickly."

CELEBRATIONS OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

ON Tuesday, March 17th, the London Socialist League celebrated the Proclamation of the Commune of Paris in the Hall in Banner Street. The hall was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, who showed by their hearty applause their sympathy with the ideas for which our comrades fought and died.

Comrade Mowbray took the chair, and speaking of the great advance of Socialism in England within the last few years, pointed out that seven years ago there was only one small meeting held to celebrate the Commune throughout the whole of London, while now half-a-dozen meetings were held in the metropolis.

Nicoll then moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting of workers of all nationalities places upon record its undying memory of the brave men, women, and children who died for the cause of Labour and international solidarity in 1871, and its detestation of the capitalist robbers and murderers who slew and imprisoned the martyrs of the people." He said he remembered the uprising of the Parisian workmen 20 years ago when a lad at school. In those days the middle classes did not see its importance, they felt but little alarm for Socialism had then no hold in England, but if there was a similar uprising now in Paris the middle classes would feel that the Revolution was at their own doors. The workers of Paris did not pour out their blood like water, because they merely denied local self government or were disgusted with the cowardice of the middle class rulers, but to secure freedom and happiness to all mankind. And that freedom can only be gained by the workers, as those rich men who are in our ranks will leave us as Socialism approaches realisation. Let the memory of our martyrs urge us on in our work for the Social Revolution.

Charles (Sheffield), who seconded the resolution, pointed out that he admired the Commune because it was not a constitutional attempt to realise Socialism, and that more would come from revolutionary action than from Parliament or politicians. We might feel sure that this century would not pass without a great change. Stormy times were ahead of us, and we must take care when the opportunity comes to carry out our ideas without any compromise whatever.

Burnie supported the resolution. He thought the first lesson we could learn from the fate of our martyred comrades was to hate the monsters who murdered them, and not so much to hate them as to hate the system which produced them. The massacres which followed the Commune should teach us with what cruelty the middle classes crushed every attempt of the workers to improve their condition, and we must remember also the sneaking hypocrisy with which they sugared over their brutality. Our martyrs died for the brotherhood of man; let us show that we can fight together for the same cause. As a Dutch comrade said in *La Société Nouvelle* we are apt to exaggerate the differences between us; let it be our study in future to emphasise our points of agreement. Let us remember that, thanks to our heroic comrades, the workers all over the world have grasped the fact that the cruelty and hypocrisy of the middle classes springs from their position as monopolists of the means of life.

Louise Michel said: Once let the tocsin sound and events will sweep us on. In 1871 the people did not understand us and called us bandits because we demanded freedom and the means to freedom. We are not cruel because we demand this. Which is better, that two or three perish or that wretchedness crushes the poor eternally? The 18th of March sounds through the world not for what was done, but for the ideas to which it has given birth. We were happy then, so happy, because it was a lovely thing to live our life and struggle. "Each must be free," we said, "each must live and not die and they called us mad." Those workers who at first said we were only fit for the hangman joined us at the last and sought death, and wanted to fire Paris to die with us upon the ashes. The last Revolution must be very beautiful if nothing frightens us and there is no hate among the workers.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously. The collection being taken realised £1 4s. 1½d.

Mowbray then called on Comrade Turner to address the meeting.

Turner reminded us that the outbreak began by workpeople of Paris refusing to give up their artillery at the demand of the government of M. Thiers. Workpeople feel their power when they have arms to defend themselves, and that is why the capitalists are always eager to disarm us. The Revolution of 1871 was accomplished with but little bloodshed, one or two lives, it is true, were lost, but there is not a day passes in London without someone being murdered by capitalism. Most of the members of the Commune were not Socialists, but they were forced into Socialist action because they knew that if they did not move towards Socialism the people would desert them, so it will be here in England. Already we are approaching a climax, right through the country, the whip is slipping from the hands of the masters, in many towns we have seen not only strikes but riots and revolts on the part of the people, and the bolder the teaching the bolder the action. We meet year by year because of our gratitude to the Paris workers for the lesson they have taught us by their daring experiment.

Mrs. Primmer then sang "Street Music."

Comrade Coulon followed with a short speech. He declared that the Commune began in Anarchy, went on in Communism, and ended in glory. The people rose in Paris, not at the call of any chiefs, but before any chiefs were there. We speak of the approach of the Revolution, but the Revolution is going on now, carried on by men working as Anarchists without waiting for orders. It was through the leaders that the Commune failed, for the leaders came in and led the people to Pere La chaise. The 18th March is notable for being the first occasion

in which the private soldiers dared to shoot down their generals. In the next Revolution the Parisians will not only do away with the chief bosses in the army, but with chief bosses of every kind.

• Coulon then sang the "Carmagnole" and the audience joined heartily in the chorus. The meeting then concluded by the singing of the "Marseillaise" by all present, the people afterwards giving three hearty cheers for the Social Revolution.

The London Anarchist Groups held a very large and enthusiastic meeting in South Place Institute, on Wednesday, March 18th, to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Commune. Comrades Malatesta, Burnie, Louise Michel, Kropotkin, Trunk, Blackwell, Yanovsky, Davis, and Turner were the speakers.

THOUGHTS OF A RAGAMUFFIN.

[MOSTLY IN BRACKETS.]

II.

UNDER LAUGHING GAS.

EVER had a tooth extracted under laughing gas? No? What a pity! You don't know then what a charming thing such an operation is. "Tooth-drawing made easy" does not describe it; you will be nearer the mark if you call it a pleasure, for to that, let me tell you, (and to five shillings per tooth) it certainly amounts. No one, who can afford it, should start on the great journey underground, (on that road, by the way, where there are no classes, where the grinder travels along with those he ground and overground, before appearing underground, making for the terminus called Rotten Row;) no one, I say, who can afford it, should (to put it less daily-graphically, though none the less graphically) die before experiencing the wonderful sensation of having a tooth drawn under gas. No one should do it, not even opium-eaters, hypnotic "subjects," persons blavatzkyed into theosophy, or hallelujah lasses; no, not even these latter, exciting though their continual struggle against the Evil One may be, for that sensation beats drum-beating.

Oh, it is delicious! It is done in this wise. You get into a nice soft arm-chair, (which is, if you happen to be one of those who always make arm-chairs but never use them, quite a treat in itself,) and then you inhale some gas, which confuses your senses more rapidly than the best (or the worst) melodrama, more effectually than any ninepenny-shilling dreadful, and then you just die for a little while, and then, when resurrection cometh, you awake—awake to find yourself most beautifully bleeding, five bob and one tooth the poorer, but gently supported by the tooth (and money) extractor and his assistant, with—but my sentence is growing too long, (almost as many-worded as one of Hawkin's black cap sentences,) so I put a full stop to it. You also find a novel taste in your mouth, which is a very economical one, for within the next fortnight or so you require much less biting material for the sound teeth left to you, your appetite being almost gone. Well (to tell you the truth I would rather not use the word *well* at the beginning of a sentence, as it is a peculiarity of that hollow-phrase-monger, that All-Socialist Harcourt, who might have been my pet-aversion had not Bismarck succeeded in forestalling him; I think I had better leave *well* alone and say) that is the influence of laughing gas, which—

"What on earth is the fellow driving at?" you say; have patience, boys, you will soon see that I am not writing a dentist's advertisement.

"But why beat about the bush, instead of coming straight to the point?"

Confound you, can't you wait? Is it only with your everlasting misery and drudgery, with your mental and bodily nakedness, with your sons' slavery, with your daughters' ditto, or else shame, with your aged and crippled parents in Mr. Bumble's clutches, is it with these things only that you have patience? Can't you, you who put up with religious humbug, with political jugglery, with commercial robbery, with parochial jobbery, with all the trickery of a hundred petty tyrants every hour of your (so-called) life, can't you bear with a poor devil like me, damn you? And what if I really can not speak straight to the point? Are crooked ways, are circumlocutory speeches the sole privilege of those Right Honourable gentlemen, who are, as far as I know, neither right, nor honourable, nor gentle, nor even men? Why the deuce can't you let a chap like me relieve his mind as best he can?

Now don't interrupt me again, and I will continue. I say—say what? Confound it all, I got so excited that I no longer know what I was going to say. A plague upon interruptions! The late Bradlaugh never could stand them; he who could stand almost anything, (even the horrid Oath when it turned out to be a barrier between his black coat-tails and the green benches of the common house, commonly called the House of Commons, when he was to represent the Northampton boots, and the men mostly out of them;) he, I say, could not stand interruptions, he hated them, and so do I. Why should people be interrupted? I can, for instance, understand that some of you might not like to hear a Republican Atheist swearing by a god, in whom he has no faith, that he will be loyal to a monarch whom he strives (at all events, strove) to depose. Quite so, but there is no necessity for interrupting him. Old Hamlet's ghost, who may be stalking about in his imagination says, "swear," and the man swears. If you don't like it, lump it, but do not interrupt.

And now that I talk of oaths (by the way, I am an old hand at theological and generally illogical questions, though Booth's noisy

religion is still beyond my reach,) now, I repeat, that I talk of oaths, I recollect what I wanted to tell you, it is this:—

Had you ever indulged the pleasure of a tooth operation under gas you would then have been able better, far better, to appreciate the beauties of civilization. You would then have seen the great difference between the barbarous and rude ways of ancient heathen governments and the gentle methods of modern christian ones. Only think! To be lulled to sleep by eloquent sermons, harmonious hymns, and lovely descriptions of heaven, with its myriads of winged immortal creatures destined to be your playmates, (or, at least, those of your soul, whilst your body rots,) to be thus sent off to sleep a death-like slumber, and not to feel at all how you are being bled, and governmentally operated upon. Oh, that is something quite different from what it used to be in the dark ages long gone by. You would have known what a grand thing religious gas is; how much it lessens the pain of governmental tooth-extraction and bleeding in general; how it makes you unconscious even of the gag in your mouth, which is usual at such operations. You would then have fully realised that the whole thing is now a pleasure indeed.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRALIA.

A certain Mr. Randall, who is an "emigration agent" for Queensland, lately had the impudence to speak of there being in that colony an "unlimited demand for agricultural labourers at fifteen shillings a week and full rations." Thereupon our comrade Hinchcliffe, (Secretary of the Queensland Labour Federation) inconveniently questioned, if that were the case, how it came about that, when 30,000 Queensland wage-slaves lately struck, there were 30,000 Queensland unemployed ready to take their places. Randall has not yet explained this.

In a Sydney sweating-den the prices for trouser-making run as follows:—Policemen's, 1s. 3d. per pair; Railway-men's, 10d.; common trousers, 6d. per pair. Note that this is not in an old despotic priest-ridden European country, but in "free and democratic" New Australia, that Australia which is held up to the unemployed here as a heaven upon earth; the "paradise of the working-man," to use the cant phrase. "Vickers & Co." is the style and title of the firm paying these generous prices.

The writer will be pleased to furnish the full address of these people to any comrade in search of a good job. Here are a few of the billets he or she can have a try for:—

Head Cutter	-	-	£5 a week. (?)
Assistant Cutter	-	-	35s. "
(This assistant displaced a practical man, who was getting £3 a week.)			
A.B.C. (assistant cutter)	-	-	27s. 6d. "
D.E.F. (examiner)	-	-	30s. "
G.H.I. (lad)	-	-	15s. "
J.K.L. (lad)	-	-	12s. "
M.N.O. (presser), pressing trousers,	-	-	11d. per doz.
P.Q.R. (presser, skilled workman)	-	-	fixed wages per week - £2 15s.
S.T.U. (lad) seam presser	-	-	16s. a week.

About 12 girls, from 12 to 25 years of age, 6s. to 22s. 6d. per week.

Yet, as ever, "in the lowest deep, a lower depth" still "opens wide." Not long ago these Vickers' people employed a Jew to do some garments on contract. He engaged some sixteen little girls to do the work at 2s. 6d. the week of nearly seventy hours.

Vickers' victims in the tailoring department have been in the habit of playing outside the workroom during the dinner hour, but this has now been stopped, and they must eat and rest in the same foul atmosphere in which they work. Advance, Australia!

The *Australian Workman* thus speaks of one of the natural results of this system of woman and child slavery:—

"This is the sort of language used by the little boys and girls in the sweating dens:—Janet: 'I say, Yorkie, Minnie says she'll go over in the dark with you.' Is it any wonder that we find girls of fourteen years of age on the town? Can we be surprised at the prostitution in our cities when little boys and girls of tender age are associated for ten hours a day in some factories, where the wages are so low that some of the unfortunate women-workers have to sell their souls on the streets to make up the subsistence wage."

During 1886 there were 26,310 arrests for drunkenness in New South Wales. Last year, though the police were, if anything, stricter than they used to be five years ago, there were 18,355 arrests, or more than 8000 less than in 1886. In the five years, though, the unemployed had more than doubled their number, and misery of all kinds had increased. Yet there are still to be found those who contend that it is drink which causes poverty and lack of employment.

There is a project on foot in Sydney to take up a tract of land in Western Australia for the purpose of starting a community, somewhat on the lines of those in the States. We have not definitely heard that any of the League speakers are intending to leave their work in the Cause to go into the wilderness; we shall be sorely disappointed if we do so hear. The place for a Socialist is in the fore-front of the battle, and though the prospect of a simple clean life, away from the dust and heat of the market-place, the trickery and chicanery of commercialism, is indescribably tempting, the temptation must be resisted, and the fight persevered in. Of course, as a refuge for those who, for work done in the Cause are rigorously boycotted, or who have temporarily broken down under the double strain of earning a "living" and carrying on the propaganda, such a colony would be invaluable. But it is quite certain that it would not stop there, but would result in drawing off to the "serving of tables" those who could be ill spared, and so injure the all-important and pressing work of spreading the light.

S. D. Parnell, an old Chartist and labour reformer, who originated the eight-hour movement in New Zealand, is dead. He could look back upon eighty-one years of hard work, but, of course, died poor. During the recent re-arrangement of electoral districts in New Zealand one district was named after him. Not after the great man at whose erring feet the home newspapers laid it at the time. It wasn't much of an honour, it is true, but even so might as well go where it was intended.

Thus saith the *Sydney Bulletin*—"A Russian has produced a gun which will send a bullet through ten men standing in a row. This is ingenious,

no doubt, but considering that the men who stand in a row are the poor devils who fight for twopence a week, while the Emperor who sends them out is generally hidden under a bed somewhere, a boomerang would probably get at the root of the matter a great deal faster."

President Smith, of the Steamship-owners, avers that the late Mr. Alfred Lamb of Sydney, really brought about the strike, as he knew the labour bodies intended to postpone it until the height of the wool season, which would have placed the employers in a much worse position. Mr. Lamb, therefore, hastened on the result. H. H. S.

BELGIUM.

La Société Nouvelle states clearly enough the truth about the Dockers Union and kindred societies—a truth often insisted upon in these columns:—"In short, the English Unionist movement proves once more that the whole strike movement can only serve one good purpose, the organisation of the General Strike, which would cast all industry into confusion, and might serve the Revolution as a starting point. If, however, the agitation should fall into the hands of the Legalists, it will either bring forth a mere Eight Hours' Act, or else will simply cause the constitution of new national or international trade societies." Our good comrade Domela Nieuwenhuis (with whom some of us cannot always agree) gives the more advanced among us some excellent advice in the same Review:—"Let us never forget that there was a time when we were not so enlightened. Let us never forget the prejudices with which we were imbued, and the fights we had to get rid of them. In such fashion we can make propaganda among the weaker and more backward brethren; without remembrance of that time we can do nothing. . . . A government is sometimes changed in twenty-four hours; but a Social Revolution will take time—months, years, for its accomplishment. Every revolution must have a beginning, and the rest must be left to come during the revolution, brought about by the action of the more advanced groups and by circumstances. If we were wiser, we should not be always accentuating differences, but rather seek points of agreement, so as to annihilate together the common enemy—Capitalism."

Our Comrade contends valiantly for a manifestation on the First of May.

FRANCE.

La Révolte in a recent number has been explaining the *Ca' Canny* policy to our Continental Comrades. It is to be hoped that this excellent method of waging war on the exploiting thieves will make its way abroad as it is making its way here. In another kind of rebellion, one is pleased to note the very practical protests our Comrades are making everywhere against military service and the "patriotic" absurdities by which the bourgeois justify their cruel army system. At St. Etienne, while the usual drawing by lot was taking place, our Comrade Chapoton seized a handful of the numbers about to be used for the balloting, and exclaimed, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Of course he was arrested. He cried to those around as he was seized, "Down with frontiers; long live the brotherhood of peoples! Long live Anarchy!" He was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment. This act of Chapoton is by no means an isolated phenomenon. In many places throughout France active protests have been made at the recent ballotings, not only against the "blood-tax" but also against patriotism altogether. At Saint-Denis several of our comrades joined in practical demonstration of their contempt for the worn-out wheezes of "native country," "honour of the national flag," and so forth. Our Comrade Villeméjeanne has been protesting still more effectively. After a few days in the army, he attempted to blow up the barracks, an attempt which, if successful, would have inevitably involved his own death. Being arrested, he declared that his object was to protest against militarism. "A soldier is a slave," he said, "and the army system is a plague spot on our civilisation." The very capitalist newspapers have been compelled to acknowledge that our Comrade is a brave man who has the courage of his convictions. He has been sentenced to a year. I may note, while on this question of "patriotism," that the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* has had the straight-forwardness to point out that the Parisian working-classes have not felt the slightest interest in the bourgeois agitation in regard to the visit of the so-called "Empress Frederick." The correspondent rightly attributes this to the spread of Socialism, which preaches the solidarity of peoples.

We may hope that the First of May will be duly kept in France, not only by thorough-going Revolutionists and Anarchists, but also by most of the Social-Democratic sections. Our "Marxist" comrades have issued a good manifesto on the subject, which, I regret, space forbids me to reproduce from the *Lyons Action*.

GERMANY.

It has long seemed to me that it was time for someone with the requisite knowledge to describe, for our edification, the morass of reaction into which parliamentarianism has led the German Social Democrats. *La Révolte* in a recent number has been dealing out a tardy instalment of justice in this matter. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the manner in which the Reichstag deputies betray all the principles of Socialism. Lately Wollmar (who is actually looked upon as quite an "advanced" person,) voted and spoke in favour of a government grant for African colonisation expenses! Even the very Liberals wanted at least to reduce this vote; but the so-called "Socialist" party supported the Ministerial proposal in what I believe Yankee lobbyists call "bald-headed" fashion. The official press of the party is as astutely Jingoistic as the "leaders" in parliament. The Berlin *Vorwärts*, commenting on the fall of Crispi, says that "the Triple Alliance is not in danger, since that alliance is founded upon the necessity of the Central Powers defending themselves against perfidious Russia, etc." This is precisely the usual sickening cant of the commercialistic newspapers. The word "revolutionary" is now dropped as much as possible by these crafty politicians, and the utmost servility is shown towards the police. It seems incredible, but it would nevertheless appear to be the certain fact, that at party meetings comrades are expected to rise when the Emperor's name is mentioned. Some dissidents have actually written to the *Vorwärts* asking permission to remain seated in the name of freedom of opinion. As one reads of these things they seem like a bad dream. Such facts abundantly justify Marx's criticisms on the Gotha programme, criticisms which have been hitherto kept carefully secret, but which Engels has now published. Marx fifteen years ago denounced the programme as "demoralising," declaring that it was contrary to his duty to make himself an accomplice to it by diplomatic silence, and plumply saying that the appeals made therein to State aid and the theories therein developed were the very negation of Socialism.

After what has been stated *Weal* readers will not be surprised that German "Socialist leaders" should set their faces against observance of the First of May. Like our "Legal Eight Hours" people here they ordain Sunday demonstrations in lieu thereof. Nay more, they even proclaim that Sunday must be the day kept, not only this year but next year, and so on for ever. Of course the manifestation must, above all things, be "pacific." Happily there are signs that the mass of German workers are tired of being made use of by the dictatorial politicians who are thus (this is not a matter for mincing words) doing their best to sell the Revolution, not perhaps for pieces of silver, but certainly for place and power. Let us hope that on the First of May the proletarians will read a needed lesson, both to their capitalist masters and to the Liebknechts and the Bebels. It would perhaps be wrong, however, to censure Liebknecht and Bebel too harshly. As usual, it is the system which is to blame more than the men. It is difficult to estimate the harm which the mania for sending Socialists to parliament has done to the great workers' movement in Germany. Every day we live we may realise more and more (those of us who have eyes to see) the wisdom of adopting the maxim, "Neither electors, nor elected."

SPAIN.

The Madrid *Anarquía* continues its capital cartoons, in themselves well worth the price of the paper. It seems a pity that they cannot be adapted to our use here. A "No Rent" movement is in agitation in the Peninsula, a movement to extend to urban as well as rural rents. "It seems decided," says *La Anarquía*, "in some places that no rent shall be paid. It appears to us that the matter is very serious, and will lead to immediate results." Certainly if the project be carried out on any extensive scale, it will constitute a very powerful weapon of attack upon the false society of to-day. Even more or less isolated refusals to pay rent, "upon principle," would be valuable as acts of propaganda.

It is needless to say that the First of May will, as far as one can judge, be kept in Spain upon even a bigger scale than last year. It may even prove to be the beginning of the General Strike. Our comrades of Barcelona are as usual well to the front in preparations. In Spain, as elsewhere, the official Social Democrats are urging a Sunday procession rather than the universal cessation of work on May 1st resolved upon by the last International Congress; but the official Social Democrats in the Peninsula are (like the conies) a feeble folk, and it is not too much to say, as is said in another column, that Spain will be solid on this question.

Meanwhile the class-war goes on, and is waged by our side with the customary Spanish courage. At Almuñécar, one of the most beautiful places in the beautiful province of Granada, want of work and hunger have brought about actual insurrection. The mayor was wounded and the authorities were quite impotent. Doubtless by this time "order has been restored," but the outbreak is significant enough.

I notice from the *Boletín de la Sociedad de Impresores de Barcelona*, ("Bulletin of the Barcelona Printers' Society") that all meetings of the Society are open to all workers. Surely this is a rule which might well be adopted (with possibly some necessary exceptions) by Unions here. Nothing could be more calculated to foster mutual understanding and solidarity, and we have surely suffered enough lately from want of such solidarity and understanding.

CUBA.

At last, one is glad to know, our Havannah comrades who have lain in gaol for three months and a half on the false charge of murder, of which I have spoken more than once, have been released, even their bourgeois judges being able to find no fault in them. We shall await news of renewed activity in propaganda in this most promising field with interest. R. W. B.

UNITED STATES.

There are 500,000 prostitutes in the United States, of which 100,000 die annually.

There are ten times more tenants turned out of their houses and rooms in a year in New York alone for non-payment of rent than there are evictions in all Ireland in the same time.

The Farmers' Alliance say that out West thousands of families have corn-meal mush as their only food, and delicate young children and "ladies" go around with their feet wrapped up in rags because they have no shoes. This is about the condition of the polenta-eating proletarians of Lombardy and Naples.

Bravo, Canada! The unemployed in Toronto, Ontario, had a parade and demonstration last week. They gathered in St. Andrew's Market, and marched thence to the City Hall, preceded by a drummer and a man bearing a black flag, with the motto, "Bread or Work." What of this, you emigration mongers? answer now or dry up forever. C. W. M.

COMMUNISTS' APPEAL TO CRIMINALS.

Our Communist-Anarchist Comrades of Sheffield have issued the following Manifesto which is worth reprinting:—

CRIMINALS! BROTHERS!

We salute you brothers in the desire which we have to make you understand that you are so, and not only that but the hope we also have to make you our comrades.

We Communists are like you at war with Society, and are therefore like you criminals. We are desirous to do all that you do, in order to show our contempt and hate of the present condition of things, and because we believe that you criminals are really benefactors of Humanity, while those who sit in judgment on you are the real malefactors, the present system of Society being nothing more than a robbery of the workers for the benefit of idlers.

You are criminals and we are criminals, but the great difference between us is that you, unfortunately, owing to the education which your masters have given you, believe you do wrong in robbing the robbers—that is to say the rich,—while we are fully convinced that it is the right thing and the best thing to do. What is called property is robbery. It is a continual and constant robbery of the workers, who by their toil produce everything useful, everything necessary for the support of existence.

And it is because of this robbery of the labourers that you find yourselves in the position you are in, as you will understand by the following explanation, the reading of which will more than repay you by restoring to you all your self-respect, for we can prove to you that unjust conditions of Society, and not all your own fault, have placed you in your present position.

Society makes criminals and then slowly tortures them in prisons, or strangles them to death. Society makes criminals—that is to say that the frightful robbery which Society enables the rich to perpetrate, inevitably leaves a large number of the workers without the means of existence, and compels them, for self-preservation, to re-take from these rich a part of what they have stolen.

Is there any real reason for this robbery of the workers? Do we produce so little that it has to be scrambled for, and some of us must necessarily go without? Nothing of the sort. Quite the reverse. The fact is that we have means of producing in any country to-day twice as much food and three times as much of all other necessary articles as are required to provide abundance for all.

Why then do so many people want everything, so much so as to be obliged to starve, or to accept degrading charity, or, as you do, boldly accept the risks and take what they require? Because all the means of existence have been grabbed by the real thieves. The land-thieves otherwise called land-owners have possession of all the soil of England, and oblige those who cultivate it to give them (who do nothing) such a large share of what is produced that not enough is left to keep the cultivators in comfort; and the houses we live in, and all other necessary things belong to other grabbers or thieves, who in the shape of rent and profit, take so much from the workers—the only people who produce anything—that the same result follows, namely, such prolonged toil as degrades and stupifies the workers, while they have work, and leaves them without any means of existence whenever they are no longer required to do that work which is only intended to benefit their masters, who own everything and who direct everything for their sole benefit.

Thus it is that in the midst of abundance there are so many of our brothers and sisters perishing of hunger and cold; thus it is too that the very abundance of everything produces want! for when things are so abundant that they cannot be sold at such a rate as will bring profit to the monopolisers or robbers, then production must cease, and the workers in consequence must starve, or beg for what really belongs to them, or our poor sisters must sell themselves to gratify the lust of their masters.

Such a state of Society must not continue, in spite of the fact that our masters have taken advantage of the wretchedness they produce, to hire large numbers of the ignorant workers themselves and employ them as Police and Soldiers to defend their unjust and cruel privileges. Continue then your course of resistance to this vile thing called Property, and to everything which in the shape of Law and Authority dares to prevent you or punish you for taking what is your own. Never dream of abandoning your present mode of life for that of the wretched wage-slave, crushed to death with unbearable toil to increase the riches and unjust power of his masters; and least of all lend an ear to the snivelling Preachers who in the interest of your masters, because paid by them, would teach you to wait for Justice until you arrive at their imaginary Heaven.

Come also and study with us the Social Questions, and you will find that, instead of having reason to be ashamed of your mode of life you have reason to be proud of it, for, though all unconscious of the Truth, you are really in the proud positions of brave soldiers fighting in the very Vanguard of Freedom.

Your Brothers and Comrades in the Social Revolution,

THE SHEFFIELD GROUP OF
COMMUNIST-ANARCHISTS.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

All Subscribers receiving their copy in a RED wrapper will kindly renew their expired subscriptions at once, otherwise no copies will be sent after May 1st.

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

LECTURES FOR APRIL.—5th—D. J. Nicoll, "Coming Revolution." 12th—C. W. Mowbray, "Where are we drifting." 19th—H. Davis, "The Outcome of Trade Unionism." 22nd—H. H. Sparling, "The Latter-day Devil."

Hammer-smith Socialist Society.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Every Friday, French Class at 7.30, Business Meeting at 9 p.m. General Meeting first Friday in each month at 8.30 p.m. Every Sunday, open-air Meeting at the Bridge-end at 11.30 a.m., Lecture in Hall at 8 p.m. Lecturers—April 5th, "Parliament as a means of Reform," D. J. Sweeney, (Irish National League). 12th, "The Story of my Life," Felix Folkhovsky, (Friends of Russian Freedom). 19th, "The Politics of Labour," J. Shaw Maxwell, (United Democratic Club). 26th, "The Labour Commission," H. H. Sparling.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Band practice every Tuesday at 8, in the hall at the back of the "Britannia" public-house, Latimer Road—more fifiers wanted.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 8.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Branch meeting on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blomk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

SUNDAY.

11 Commercial Road—Union Street The Branch
11.30..... Hoxton Church The Branch
11.30..... Regent's Park Nicoll
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble Arch Mainwaring and Nicoll
3.30..... Victoria Park Commonweal Branch
3.30..... Streatham Common The Branch

FRIDAY.

8.15..... Hoxton Church The Branch

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Saturday: Castle Street, at 7.30 p.m.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Saturday: Old Cross, Belgrave Gate, at 8 p.m. Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

The Conference of members and sympathisers of the London Socialist League decided to celebrate the Labour Holiday on May 1st, and all allied societies and groups are requested to organise meetings in their respective districts to demonstrate the International Solidarity of Labour on that day.

DUBLIN.—Dublin Socialist Union, 87 Marlboro Street. Lecture every Saturday at 8 p.m.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.—Vegetarian Restaurant, Eberle Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—EDINBURGH.—Labour Hall, 50 South Bridge. Business meeting, Fridays at 8 p.m. Lectures every Sunday, at 6.30 p.m.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it month by month to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

LONDON SOCIALIST LEAGUE PUBLICATIONS.

Leaflets.

All pamphlets not published by the Socialist League will in future be charged to Branches and Allied Societies at the following rates:—1d. each, 1s. 6d. per quire of 26; 2d. each, 3s. ditto.

The following are now on hand—Price per thousand:

An Address on the Chicago Martyrs ...	4 0
Socialism and "Public Opinion" ...	2 0
Songs for the Workers (2 leaflets)—each	2 0

American Literature.

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Modern Christianity v. Heathenism ...	0 9
Scholar in a Republic (Wendell Philipps)	0 8
The Great Strike: the Irrepressible Conflict between Capital and Labour ...	0 4
What is Freedom? When am I Free? ...	0 4
The Railway Kings and an American Empire	0 2

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Triumph of Labour. Memorial Cartoon of the Great Dock Strike, Sept. 1889. With cardboard roll, 6d.; artist's edition, ditto ...	1 0
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STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore need not work, and of another that has no property and therefore must work in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not use, and which consequently he must abuse by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be used by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be free because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be brothers, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be equal, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,

we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be given to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be taken by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS AND THE "SHIPTON DEMONSTRATION."

THE 1st of May has come and gone. Labour which had sunk into a heavy slumber during the long, dreary, bitter, winter, has sprung into renewed life at the approach of spring, and all hearts have been gladdened in sweet fresh May-time with a glimpse of a new and fairer world. Throughout most countries of Europe the workers have kept holiday; everywhere we read, even in the capitalistic press, that factories and workshops have been closed, while the workers have flocked by thousands into the streets, in defiance in many cases, of the threats of their masters, resolved that at least they would be free for one day, from the tyranny of the capitalist. But the workmen of two nations have been absent for most part from this grand festival of labour. In Germany, the Social Democratic "leaders" have been too glad to follow the example of the English Trade Unionists, and go skulking away from the real battle, have advised the German workmen to hold meetings on the Sunday, and their followers have obeyed them like a flock of sheep; while in England the leaders of the New Trade Unionism, who also profess to be Socialists, in order to obtain the adherence of the immaculate Shipton and the old Trade Unions, have set the Germans this bad example. Thus, German Social Democrats and the New Unionists have found a "leader" at last. The coming man has come, behold him in Mr. George Shipton, the hero of the Sugar Bounty, and numerous other agitations, for which he has been liberally paid by the capitalist classes. It is this man, who, with the gold of the reactionists in his pocket, who led the procession into the Park last Sunday. In this he was in his proper position; it is right that the movement that has broken the solidarity of the workers, should have as its leader and "chief Marshal," Mr. George Shipton. Messrs. Aveling, Burns, Mann, Tillett, Leibnecht, and Bebel, should rejoice in the leadership of a gentleman who would have been kicked out of an assemblage of workmen in any other country in Europe, as a mean cringing knave, who could be bought by any capitalist who thought it worth while. Mr. Shipton can moreover boast that he is dictator of the Legal Eight Hours Movement. We hear that at a meeting of the delegates of various organisations interested in the demonstration, many of the delegates did not quite fancy being bossed by Shipton, and another unionist was proposed for the office of "Chief Marshal." Thereupon Mr. Shipton threatened to withdraw, and instead of giving him full permission to do so, and rejoicing in the purification of the moral atmosphere which would follow his withdrawal, most of the delegates abstained from voting, and allowed the great man to be elected by a insignificant minority. Thus far has the passion for compromise carried our Social Democratic friends, and they are now in the proud position of being bossed by Mr. Shipton; into what Slough of Despond they are likely to get under their able leader, the future alone can tell. But this is always the case; once begin compromising, giving up your principles bit by bit in order to get a large following, and in the end you find yourself without any principles left, and under the leadership of some rascally politician, whom in your heart of hearts you detest and despise, but who being an older hand at the game of political knavery, has tricked you completely.

Well, we will leave our Social Democratic friends in the mess into which the game of running with hare and holding with hounds has led them. They are too far gone for us to trouble about them, such back-boneless creatures are not worth wasting words upon.

But we do appeal to the working people of England to join the workers of the world next year, in an International Demonstration of Solidarity of Labour on the 1st of May. Even if all they care for is the obtaining of such a pitiful reform as a Eight Hours Working Day, the demonstration on a working day is far more effective than any Sunday parade, however numerously attended. Do you not think the middle classes know by this time the exact value of a Sunday demonstration? Will they believe that workmen are even serious in desiring an Eight Hours Day, when they will not even sacrifice a day's pay in order to obtain their demands. Why, anybody who wants a little amusement can go to Hyde Park on a Sunday, especially when there are plenty of processions, with lively bands and pretty banners, not to mention the

attraction of the speeches of labour leaders. Who would not under these circumstances go to Hyde Park to spend a happy day.

The difference between the demonstration in London and those on the Continent lies in this fact; the workers of other countries in Europe are in earnest, they have not only dared to lose a day's pay, but in thousands of instances they have risked dismissal, and have thus proved to their tyrants, that they mean to have what they demand. Thus we have seen the authorities and the wealthy classes have set their faces against the movement, and so infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are arranged against the demonstrators, and peaceful processions and meetings have been brutally attacked; men, women, and children have been slashed with sabres, and furiously trampled down by the hoofs of cavalry horses; and some have been cruelly murdered. All honour to those, who, when the hired murderers of the propertied classes attacked the people, dared like our brave comrade Cipriani in Rome, to call on the workers to meet force with force, and who cheerfully faced wounds and death in the popular cause. Yes, even if they are accused of indulging in "acts of violence" by English Democratic newspapers. But how different is the attitude of the wealthy classes and their hirelings in England towards the Shipton Demonstration. Here the Chief Commissioner of Police graciously gives permission to the Eight Hours procession to creep into the Park by a back way, so that it shall interfere as little as possible with the comfort and repose of the godly English middle classes, who, after working and toiling hard at swindling each other, and sweating the workers all the week, not to mention the lighter amusements of corrupting with their filthy vices the innocent children of the poor, have great need of quiet and repose upon the Sunday. But really Sir Edward Bradford need not have taken all that trouble, it was really quite unnecessary, the procession was perfectly harmless, we can imagine some comments from the middle class people who crowded the windows to see it pass. "Ah! what a good thing it is," must these middle class ladies and gentlemen have exclaimed, "that our English workers are not like those dreadful people on the Continent, who came out on the busiest day in the week and upset business altogether. Ah! no, they are such nice, quiet, good creatures, they would not give their kind indulgent employers a moment's uneasiness. And look what a nice respectable Chief Marshal they have got, Mr. George Shipton, worthy man, why he actually led an agitation some time ago against the foreigners driving capital out of the country with bounty fed sugar. Oh, there is not the least need to feel alarmed, it is true that there are some people in the procession who used to talk about 'Social Revolution,' and 'taking back by force the wealth they had made,' but then they have now become respectable working men, and in the company of Mr. Shipton they are likely to become still more respectable."

Is not this enough? Do not workmen think even the meeting of Anarchists of London in the Park on May-day, few in number as they were, was likely to have more effect on the propertied classes than the huge Shipton demonstration of last Sunday. At least the men who met in the Park were in earnest, our comrades did not fear to make some sacrifice by leaving their work to join in a revolutionary demonstration. It is not, after all, immense multitudes that have accomplished great changes, but small bodies of men who have the courage of their convictions, who know what they want, and who will march forward undazzled by great names, and will think and act for themselves. It is not what others will do for us, no, we must rely on our own courage and self-sacrifice to gain what we desire. Then, next year, let every workman who reads this article, determine that he will not march to the Park in a Shipton demonstration, but will stand boldly with the Anarchist-Communists on May 1st, to show that he is with them, determined not to rest till tyranny and monopoly are swept away, and the world is rid of its robbers and rulers. But the task will not be an easy one, he must not be afraid of hard names, he will be called a "thief," a "cut throat," and a "murderer," by the ruling classes; but let him be not afraid, there has not been a single man who has ever worked for the welfare of the human race, who has not had to suffer this, and much more; it is not hard names or persecution from the rich, that an honest man should dread. No it is when they should fawn upon and flatter you that there is reason to fear, for then there is a danger that you may become a Judas or a Shipton. N.

LESSONS IN ANARCHISM.

I.

THE misrepresentation and lies of the capitalist press on the one hand, and the want of ability, or perhaps the want of a clear understanding of what Anarchism means, on the part of many of our comrades, renders it most important that a short, clear, and lucid statement of the principles embodied in the term Anarchism, should be put before the readers of the *Commonweal*, in order that the propaganda shall not suffer through any fault of ours. I therefore intend in the following articles, to do my best to give an idea of the doctrines taught by the various propagandists who have penned their ideas in the past, beginning with Comrade Parsons. Who amongst us can forget the memorable 11th of November, 1887. I doubt if there is a man or woman amongst us to-day, but he or she has heard the name of Albert R. Parsons. They may not all, however, know that for some time previous to his "legal" murder, he was busily engaged in writing a history of the development of the workers movement in America, and his wife, our comrade Lucy Parsons has issued his last, and I hope never to be forgotten work, under the title of "The Philosophy of Anarchism." Here he says, in describing the present system:—

"The Wage System of Labour is a Despotism; it is coercive and arbitrary; it compels the wage worker, under penalty of hunger, misery, and distress of wife and children, to obey the dictation of the employer. The individuality and personal liberty of the wage worker and those dependent upon him, is destroyed by the wage system. Whatever the form of Government it does not alter the class servitude of the wage worker. No government could exist a day which guaranteed the inalienable right of the wage workers to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that government only exists for the preservation and protection of private monopoly, is becoming more apparent every day to those who belong to the wage earning class. The Parliamentary machine has been used in the past, and is being used in the present, in order that the poor, ignorant voter, by bribery, intimidation, and hypocrisy, may be induced to believe that something good can come out of such an institution. Halls of legislation are mere debating clubs of the rich—the propertied class—where legislation has for its sole object, the adjustment of the special, and sometimes the conflicting interest of this class. The judicial and executive departments of government are the offices and committees who administer the laws of the propertied class, the wage class are by their economic dependence kept in ignorance and fear. They vote, but they only vote as a class, only upon capitalist questions. The government itself is the instrument of capitalism to perpetuate the wage system. Within this circle of government the votes of the workers have been (and must be) unable to affect any permanent change for the better in their condition. This is the experience of one hundred years of government in the United States, it is further the experience of centuries of Government in Europe. Experience proves that those who control the means of life, i.e., the implements of industry and raw material, contrive also its votes, that wealth votes, that poverty cannot vote, that people who must sell their labour or starve, will sell their votes when the same alternative is presented. The working class have been deluded into the belief that they possess political sovereignty and law making powers. They have believed that they could make laws in their own behalf, although they have not made or compiled the enforcement of any law outside of capitalist interests. The wage system of Labour subjects the man of Labour to the control of monopolisers of the means of Labour, the resources of life, social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence, is the state of those who are deprived of the means of existence. Political liberty is possessed by those only who also possess economic liberty. The wage system is the economic servitude of the workers. Four hundred years ago the wage system in Europe began to gradually supersede the serfage system of labour; previous to the Fourteenth century, a system of vassalage existed in all nations, except in a few guilds or trades in the larger cities. Under vassalage, the proprietor of an estate was owner of the men, women, and children upon that estate, and when the estate was sold, these men, women, and children were inventoried and sold to the purchaser. The law, defined the status of the vassal or serf as a fixture to the soil. The law was that they could not be parted from each other, or removed from the estate. In this respect, vassalage differed from chattel slave labour, as at the present time so in the past, the history of society is the history of class struggles. Freemen and slaves, patricians and plebeians, nobles and serfs, guild members and journeyman; in other words the oppressors and the oppressed have engaged each other in this class struggle. These conflicts have sometimes been open, at other times concealed, but never ceasing. This continuous struggle has invariably terminated in a revolutionary alteration of the social system, or in the total destruction of the contending classes. In earlier historical epochs, we find almost everywhere a minute division and sub-division of society into classes or castes—a variety of grades in social life. In Ancient Rome were the patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in mediæval Europe, feudal lords, vassals, burghers, journeymen, serfs; and in each of these classes there were again grades and distinctions. It is this system of grades and distinctions, aided by priestcraft and government, that is the cause of the social degradation and misery which we are suffering under. The Anarchist-Communist therefore contends that the implements of industry must belong to the community, and that the means of life shall be open to all; when this is done and private property is abolished, there will and can be no need for the existence of government."

Having thus pointed out the tyranny under which labour suffers in a capitalist society, I shall in my next deal with "Wages, and how they are determined?"

TRUTHSENER.

NOTES.

THE *Christian Globe* is not a journal which I often read. Occasionally, however, it would seem to repay perusal. A correspondent calls my attention to a back number wherein the appointment of good Mr. Goschen to the Chairmanship of the Labour Commission was advocated on the ground that "his economic knowledge would be likely to prevent the Commission from adopting the wilder vagaries of Socialist reformers." It would be idle, I suppose, to attempt to make clear to the penner of this stuff that Socialism derives all its strength from the solid basis of economic truth upon which it rests, and that Karl Marx, for example, had possibly a wider and deeper economic knowledge than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is significant, however, that a pious Christian bourgeois should be so enthusiastic about the Jewish exploiter of Egyptian fellaheen.

A fresh illustration of the inhuman baseness characteristic of the middle-class man has been furnished by the conduct of the Assam Commissioner in Manipur. This miscreant, as it now appears, had plotted secretly to entrap to prison and perhaps to death, in the course of an afternoon call, a prince with whom he professed to be on friendly terms. Not unnaturally, the commissioner was dealt with somewhat summarily when he himself fell into the hands of the man he had sought to snare. Yet we may be sure that our excellent jingo journalists will continue to chatter about the treachery of the "wily Oriental" and the chivalry of "English gentlemen." It is the shameless hypocrisy of the possessing classes which adds the last touch of loathing contempt to our hatred of them.

Probably, however, the hypocrisy is so shameless as it is, because in all honesty the bourgeois does not recognise his own vileness. The false Society of which he is but the product has so blinded him to the truth of things that he does not see the hopeless gulf between his professions and his practice. Von Moltke, whose whole life was devoted to the organisation of anti-social passions and anti-social acts, believed himself, apparently, to be a faithful follower of the Nazarene who preached peace on earth and sharing of wealth, and who, in his own way, died for the people, instead of sending tens of thousands to the shambles for the advantage of the robbers who suck the people's life-blood. George Livesey, in the same way, sweats his deluded wage-slaves and says his prayers to that same Nazarene. Surely, these men also, know not what they do. I do not say that on that account they should be forgiven.

It seems that certain Social Democrats here agree with Bebel in deeming a General Strike impracticable because the supplies would soon fail the workers. Those of us who advocate the Universal Strike are actually asked if we have really "thought out" the position. Is this innocence on the part of men who still style themselves Revolutionists real or is it assumed? Obviously, when all workers are starving, they will not be content to continue long in that condition in the midst of plenty. In a day or two they will begin to take the means of life from the master-robbers and the Revolution will be upon us. For some six months we need have no fear for the food supply, even if not a stroke of work is done all the time.

R. W. B.

THE short-lived but daring attempt of a few cottars in the island of Lewis to take possession of the land from which their fathers had been driven, to make room for sheep grazing and deer driving, is one of the most interesting and memorable incidents of the land war in the Highlands of Scotland. Whether done in ignorance of the enormity of their offence, or in simple confidence of the ultimate triumph of their efforts, their action was a touching significance to us. It was, of course inevitable, that the filibustering power of the law would summarily put an end to their little revolutionary escapade; but one might readily prophecy that in their case as in the case of Irish Tenant Farmers, more will be gained, even from Parliament, by such an illegal assertion of their right, than by a thousand petitions to the Legislature, or a thousand times the energy spent in endeavouring to get a member of their own class sent there.

The fact that a number of them would rather suffer imprisonment than give a promise not to repeat their transgression of the law, shows that the craven spirit of civilisation has not quite subdued the native daring, for which the men of Lewis were at one time celebrated. We would ask our Land Restoration friends to note how the little enterprise of these Lewis cottars illustrates the inefficacy of mere Land Restoration, without the coincidental restoration of Capital. Although the poor fellows scraped together all the tools and means of sustenance which they could procure, in about a week the majority of them were absolutely famishing, many of them indeed were so stricken with the want of food and exposure to the cold, that the interposition of the officers of the law was regarded by them in the light of a deliverance from certain death.

J. B. G.

POOR Mrs. Grundy must be in a awful state of mind. What is this world coming to? Not only do people throng in crowds to see plays like "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler," which strike at the very foundations of conventional morality, but Anarchy uprears its head upon the judicial bench, and judges declare that there is no law to force a woman to live with her husband whether she likes it or not. We wonder Mrs. Grundy does not die of a broken heart.

But there is worse still to follow. Certain of Mrs. Grundy's chosen sons: a journalist of high position, none of the common herd of penny-a-liners, two members of parliament, and one candidate, all of extraordinary respectability, distinguished in some cases by not only great outward morality, but even by distinguished piety in all the "observances" of religion, are accused of offences, to mention which would not only make a young person blush, but sink into the ground with shame.

Far be it from us to hint that these charges are true; that has yet to be decided—save in one instance, the worst of all, where the highly respectable person has vindicated his honour by placing the sea between him and his accusers—but the mere fact that these charges can be made against these champions of religion and morality is unfortunately calculated to advance the theories of the wicked Ibsen, and persons holding similar views, that respectable society is a whited sepulchre from whence comes the stench of rotting bodies and mouldering bones. Nay, may not some people go further and say that Mrs. Grundy is but an old Jezebel, whose painted cheeks do but hideously affect the hue of modesty, and who pretends to be horrified at breaches of mere laws of conventionality as a cover to her own crimes. It is indeed a bad day for Mrs. Grundy.

Beyond the evidence recently furnished us in law courts of the horrible corruption of the middle classes, we have other signs of social dissolution. The outbreaks among the guards at Chelsea, and the artillerymen at Gosport show what we have often proclaimed, that the propaganda carried on by our comrades in the army for many years is beginning to bear fruit, and that the rich cannot depend on their own "hired killers" to put down any further uprisings of the people. Within a few days we have seen fresh exposures of hideous social scandals among the idle classes, mutiny among the troops, and thanks to the propaganda of Anarchist-Communists, another outburst of revolt among the people in the riots at Bradford. All these are promising signs, and Anarchists can rejoice, as they hail the onward march of the forces which will make the Revolution.

Three scourges of humanity have passed away: Moltke, Norwood and Walker. One man, the instrument of despotism, has spent his life in slaughtering thousands of his fellow creatures, and carrying misery and desolation into many a home. Widows and orphans of half-starved dockers and over-worked Scottish railwaymen curse the memory of the other two. All have had grand funerals with crowds of hired mourners. For our part we wonder the grass does not wither over their graves, blighted by the imprecations of those they have wronged, robbed, and murdered. As it is their carcasses will be more useful in death than in life, as they will help to make the earth green and fertile. The world is the happier for their disappearance. N.

NEWS FROM WALHALLA.

[BY ROOSTER'S AGENCY.]

HEAVEN, 25th April.—Great commotion was caused here to-day. About noon a special train arrived here from Europe containing three typical Christians. At the town gates there was the usual inspection of luggage and record books, and St. Peter then proceeded to wash the gore off the three Christians. He fainted at the sight of them directly he recognised them—Moltke, Walker and Norwood. The magistrate on duty was called up and a Special Court was held. The first witnesses for the prosecution (in support of prohibition of entrance into the town) were three quarters of a million soldiers whose death had taken place through Moltke. Following these came half a million widows of the first witnesses and their two million orphans. Besides these Moltke was condemned by several million workers who had had to support these soldiers, besides making their arms and accoutrements. Against the defendant Walker came first the Association of Railway Passengers, killed through overworked signal and enginemmen; also the Amalgamated Society of Worked-to-death Railway Servants. Against the defendant Norwood appeared the dead Docker's and Gas-workers' Society, also the deluded Hull Electors' Association. The court was crowded, and the defence is to take place this evening.

LATER.—The defence in the great Moltke-Walker-Norwood trial began this evening. The first witness for the defence was His Satanic Majesty, who said he would not have them on any account, as his place was not warm enough, besides which he feared the morality of Cain, Ananias and Co. might be lowered. Next followed several other Royalties, who said that Moltke had helped to increase their earthly riches. The Shareholders' Union appeared for the other two defendants. The principal defence was from the Old Women's Christian Association, whose delegates, let into heaven for the occasion, averred that all three read their bibles and the capitalist newspapers regularly, had not been drunk very often, but let others get drunk; and finally,

had not interfered with the trade of the prostitute. The magistrate for the day (J. Iscariot, Esq.) said he could not admit them. The choir which followed shook the Chicago Martyrs' Monument (which stands just before the Throne.) M. W. and N. will have now to stand in the Styx, halfway between the two provinces of the Walhalla, though there are two other proposals; firstly, from the Society of Buddha, namely, that they may return to earth in the form of parasitic fleas; the second from the Roman Catholic colony of Purgatory, (near New Monach,) which has offered them a life annuity.

CYRIL BELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "COMMONWEAL."

AN indefinite idea saw the day in Pittsburgh, United States, a few years ago. This embryo began to take form for the first time in Belgium during the strikes of March 1886, and May 1887.

It was the idea of a General Strike. At that time numerous workingmen's corporations, struck by the advantages this idea could produce for the worker, pushed it to the front with all the energy at their command.

Not having at that time international communication, the Belgians could only make it a national scheme, but the idea pursued its natural course, and becoming in a few years an international watchword, this embryo is beginning to sap the old world in its very foundations.

No sooner was it taken up by the workers of the world than the drones began to think what it meant; and seeing they never could pass a law in parliament to compel people to work, if they choose to be idle, they thought of Royal Commissions on the Sweating System, Housing of the Poor, Labour, Three Acres and a Cow, etc., by which they could prevent the "leaders" from making speeches in the street, and taking part in strikes and revolts, giving them instead cushioned arm-chairs on their commissions. This is just playing into the hands of the workers, for if the toiler is left to his own impulse he will make short work of the chains that bind him and his family in a perpetual slavery. Let the proletariat by all means get rid of their leaders by shelving them on Commissions; leaders are always in the way. We have seen at the Miners' Congress held in Paris in the first week of this last April that the crowd had to oust the delegates who wanted to muzzle the miners, and who said that the time had not arrived as yet for a General Strike.

Fancy those well-fed, plump representatives declaring that the time had not yet come for the slave to eat! Think of those rascals then going to the Hotel de Ville to drink the champagne of the worker! This conduct nearly cost Deputy Basly his life. Basly was for eighteen years in the mines himself, and now with his 25 francs a day tells his former colleagues to wait and drink water.

Suppose the workers were to turn round and tell their leaders and others who never do one single useful hour's work in their lives, that the times have changed, that we no longer talk of how many hours slaves shall work, and how they shall live, and so on, but propose that every drone, every leader shall get up at five o'clock every morning and work one hour in some useful productive occupation, and in return have good food, good clothing and housing. Suppose this were said I daresay the said leaders would fly at the workers' throats and fight to the bitter end, rather than except these too reasonable terms.

Yet these same squeezers of human blood, these oppressors of individual or collective initiative, say that for us to work eight hours is not near enough, although we declare that it is too much by half.

The idea of the General Strike has left far behind the Eight Hours question. Any rule about the hours man should work must necessarily lead to misrule. Nature has given to every man enough wit for him to live in a free world. For the present we have not to think how many hours one part of mankind ought to work, as it is too well proved to us that the more we work the less we enjoy, and just those who do no work at all enjoy all. There has been too much work done lately, and the General Strike should mean months of rest, and making use of all we have produced, and so accustoming ourselves to have no masters for a long time to come. I am sure this will be so new and so pleasant, the present society will be so dislocated in all its ramifications, the army disbanded, money rendered valueless, that it will be impossible to reconstitute a new slavery when once the peoples have enjoyed true freedom. Let it be repeated far and wide that Anarchy is order!

Let us banish for ever the idea of being ruled when once we are free. Let us think that all is wrong now, that we have nothing to lose and all to win. Let man be swept from the surface of the globe if he is to be a slave for ever. Let him, if he is never to be free, make room for the inferior animals, who live without leaders and without laws. We must admit, at least, that they have no Cleveland Street scandals on their records, but live in much better order and harmony than even our bible-grinders who prop up the present state of things.

Three cheers for three months' General Strike.

A. COULON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "COMMONWEAL."

I share the satisfaction expressed by A. Coulon in your February issue at seeing the 'Weal' move towards Anarchy. At the same time I should be loath to see you abandon the title of "Socialist" to replace it by that of "Anarchist," and would rather see the two designations

combined. It is true that the word "Socialism," while implying common ownership of at least the materials and instruments of labour, covers an indefinite variety of opinions on other points; but "Anarchism" is liable to precisely the same objection, inasmuch as while it denotes repudiation of all authority, and asserts that right is right, whether upheld by unanimity or only by one solitary individual, yet it includes among its advocates men of the most divergent and irreconcilable opinions, such as communists on the one hand and supporters of private property on the other. As an Anarchist-Communist I could no more make common cause with an Anarchist of the mutualist school than I could with the most servile majority-worshipping State Socialist. I favour the retention of the title "Socialist League," with the addition of the explanatory words "Anarchist and Revolutionary."

I send a small sum in aid of your guarantee fund, and hope that you will get the help you need and deserve from all earnest Socialists. We cannot afford to lose a single honest, straightforward paper at a critical time like the present, when there is so much temptation for propagandists to seek the approval of yea-nay Socialists who really don't want the social revolution, but recommend ways and means which they must know will adjourn its attainment *sine die*. HENRY GLASSE.

A BRAINTREE BOSS.—The following notice which has been issued by Mr. Hiller, of Braintree, to his wage-slaves, speaks for itself and needs no comment on our part:—

"Having heard nothing from you respecting the notice I placed before you on Monday, it will appear that you, one and all, are content to work upon the same conditions as hitherto. But I have reasons to believe that there is some dissatisfaction, especially amongst a few. It has therefore become my duty, for the comfort of all, to have a definite understanding with you at once. Therefore, please notice that I am paying very fair prices for my work, and having no desire to do otherwise, I fail to see the necessity of having the Union here. I have therefore decided that those who wish to remain in my employment do so as non-unionists. Those who decline to give up the Union will please finish up their work and come to the office for their money. Those wishing to remain may take out work on signing a paper to the effect that they are and will remain non-unionists whilst in my employ.

April 15th, (Signed) J. HILLER.
Surely this insolent mandate would stimulate even "pigeon-livered" men who "lack gall to make oppression bitter," to revolt. Mr. Hiller's wage slaves feel this, and they are now on strike against his tyrannical despotism. We wish them all success.

COMMERCIAL CHRISTIANITY.—The fact is, wherever we look we find this sin against the Spirit of Truth. It is the blasphemy of our age. Insincerity, or faithlessness to conscience, is the besetting sin of our time. Men profess to believe what they do not really believe. They make believe rather than believe what they profess. They sacrifice conscience to custom, principle to profit, truth to trade,

"The age is dull, and mean. Men creep
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame . . .
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; Keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant."

The first disciples left their nets and followed Jesus; now men take their nets to Church with them to catch customers. The Church is kept up for the sake of the shop, and Religion is a cloak for the schemer for riches. "A speculator was one day honoured with a call from a local clergyman, who stated that he was soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a new church edifice, and added: 'The Lord will surely prosper all who aid us.' 'Do you honestly believe that?' 'Why, certainly I do.' 'Here, then are £100.' The clergyman said 'I have no doubt the Lord will repay you for this inside of six months.' Only six weeks had passed when the liberal-hearted subscriber called upon the clergyman and said: 'You remember I subscribed £100 toward your church building, I now want to go £60 more for the seats and carpets.' 'Has the Lord prospered you, as I predicted?' 'He has: he not only discounted your time one half, but he has permitted me to acquire all the stock in a railroad except about £1,000 held by a widow. I want to subscribe £60 more and have the Lord make her sell out.'

REV. ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

So great has been the persecution of Anarchists in Chicago recently, that any person seen by the police wearing a red tie or wrapper is immediately watched and dogged by these blood hounds. Recently a bull chased a girl in Maine two miles, because she wore a red wrap (at least, so say our friends of the *Knights of Labour Journal*). It is now thought quite within the range of practical politics, that this bull shall become a member of the Chicago police force, the reason, I presume, is that a mad bull is fit company for a mad policeman.

The trades unionists are having a rough time of it in this glorious republic. The Box Sawyers Union have had many of their members discharged by the Truckee box factory for their adherence to Union principles.

The Boot and Shoe Makers Union of San Francisco has decided to accept the invitation of the Socialist Labour party, to listen to Professor De Levi's lecture on Socialism. It is working even in San Francisco.

MAY DAY IN LONDON.

THE Anarchist-Communist groups of London celebrated May Day by two meetings. In the afternoon between seven and eight hundred comrades and friends gathered at the Reformer's Tree, and Nicoll, Parker, Louise Michel, Burnie, Mainwaring, Hunter Watts, Mowbray, Coulon and Harragan addressed the meeting, pointing out the necessity of the workers celebrating May Day, to show their solidarity with the workers of the world. Our comrades also explained the hopelessness of political action, and uselessness of the workers hoping to improve their position by wringing such a paltry reform as an Eight Hour Day from the capitalist classes, and that nothing but the workers taking from the ruling classes the wealth they had stolen from them, and the sweeping away of laws and government could really emancipate the people. Louise Michel, in a much applauded speech said, "Let us salute every act of revolt; salute everyone who smashes windows in shops; salute robbers, because they too are in revolt against society; salute revolt in every form." The audience was full of enthusiasm, and the presence of many English workers there showed plainly that there were some at least in London who were not afraid to celebrate the First of May by taking part in a revolutionary meeting.

In the evening a meeting was held on Mile End Waste. When we arrived there we found the Waste completely surrounded by police, and a patrol of twenty-five was riding up and down the road. The presence of our "friends in blue" had attracted a large crowd to the spot, who doubtless wondered what was the meaning of this imposing display of Bradford's bludgeoners. It appears that the announcement that Anarchists were to hold a torchlight meeting in the East End of London had filled Scotland Yard with terror, and Sir Edward Bradford doubtless expected to see a furious mob with blazing torches advancing to fire the palaces in the West End, hence the guard of honour with which he had provided us. Cantwell, Arnold, Nicoll, Mainwaring, Yanovsky and Mowbray, thanks to the presence of the police, addressed a splendid meeting, largely composed of dockers and other riverside workers, and it is worth noting that the most outspoken revolutionary sentiments were the best received.

A meeting held in the Park on Sunday, largely consisting of Eight Hour demonstrators, was equally successful, and they received with hearty applause what the capitalist press denounces as "most violent speeches." Cantwell, Wess, Mowbray, Louise Michel, Peter Kropotkin, Mainwaring, Nicoll and Yanovsky were the speakers. We feel sure, from our experience during the week, that the workers are getting tired of timid and constitutional agitation, and are ripe for the most uncompromising revolutionary propaganda. Besides holding these meetings the London Anarchist Groups have distributed 100,000 copies of the Anarchist manifesto, "What's to be done?" On the whole we have been very busy, and we anticipate a rapid spread of our principles from the work accomplished. N.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon, assisted by Mrs. Carr, B.A. of the Fabian Society. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Rd. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E." and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

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Anarchist Communism.

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

PRACTICAL ANARCHISM.

It may be well for us to consider whether we can by any means carry our principles into execution in the ordinary course of propaganda. Our opponents are very fond of taunting us with being "unpractical," because we do not believe in Eight Hour Bills, or trust for salvation to Governments or Parliaments. Still, we must remember, that if we confine ourselves purely to abstract propaganda, without attempting in any way to carry our principles into practice, we may countenance this vile slander, and the people may say with our enemies, that Anarchists are excellent people, have splendid ideas, but they are not "practical"; they are content to preach, but not to practise.

Now I, for one, fully acknowledge the importance of educational propaganda; but we must remember that, if all schools of Socialists had confined themselves purely to educational work, Socialism would not now be a common subject of conversation among rich and poor, alike in the street and in the drawing-room, and educational propaganda might still be confined to the study of philosopher or the student's lecture room. Note at once the effect of single acts of revolt. Some starving workmen sack a few shops at the West End of London. London rings with it for a few days. What has caused all this disturbance? Socialism: certain Socialist orators made "violent speeches," result—riot and sack of shops. What dreadful people, says the average man. What can be the ideas that lead them to incite people to violence? and the average man is anxious to find out, and, as the writer of this article well remembers, he was mobbed in Hyde Park, on the Sunday following the February riots, by an excited throng, all anxious to obtain a copy of that wicked publication, the *Commonweal*, who, a week before the riot, would probably not have accepted one as a gift. We can all call to mind similar instances of quickened public curiosity in our agitation arising from various causes, from the historic bomb of Chicago down to an ordinary free-speech fight. And there is one thing specially worth noting, and that is, that action on the part of the people themselves; for instance, a big strike or riot attracts far more attention from even the capitalist press, than the sittings of a labour commission or the return of labour representatives to vestry, County Council, or Parliament. An eternal dullness broods over all that is connected with governments; dull as a Parliamentary speech or a blue book, might pass into a proverb. But how different with spontaneous action on the part of the people. Any man will read an account of a riot or revolt among his own class, though he might shrink from perusing a report of Parliamentary debate or a Government inquiry. Is it not a fact that the more Parliamentary and "constitutional" the "leaders" of the people become, the less influence they have upon them. Bradlaugh, Arch, and Broadhurst to wit. Why is this. Is it not because the people are warned by a just instinct, that as these worthy men grow dull and respectable, so they lose that revolutionary instinct, which once made them fervent in the fight for Freedom?

Therefore, it seems to me, that we Anarchists, have a splendid field for action, far better than that open to any Social Democratic party, and that in future we should teach the people, both by speech and action, to defy the law and to attack in every possible way the monopoly of the capitalist classes in the means of life.

Already, to some extent, this has begun, though hitherto it has been chiefly confined to individual cases. For instance, comrade Barker, of Brighton, has preferred to undergo the risk of fine or imprisonment to answering the inquisitorial questions of government officials in the census paper, and, when he was prosecuted, has seized the opportunity to make propaganda by distributing Anarchist leaflets among the crowd in the Court. Creaghe, of Sheffield, has refused to pay tribute to landlords in the shape of rent, and made it warm for policeman and bailiff with a poker. As it appears that the minions of the law were acting illegally, the magistrate did not fine our comrade heavily for the assault.

A young comrade of ours, in the army, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, for acting up to his principles as an Anarchist-Communist, and is now to be discharged from the army, as of no further use in Her Majesty's Service, which means, of

course, that a man professing Anarchist-Communist principles is not likely to be of much "Service" to Her "Majesty" in the army, though he may be very useful to the people in that position.

Then again, the action of our Leeds' comrades, at Bradford, who, by holding a meeting and distributing revolutionary leaflets, in defiance of a police proclamation, produced a serious outburst of revolt in a town which up till then was certainly not a stronghold of any form of Socialism.

All this work is good, and our friends should be encouraged everywhere to follow the bold example of these brave men. Remember that it was in a year like this when one form of revolutionary agitation—the unemployed movement of '87—was dying out, that Mrs. Besant and a few other comrades started the present labour movement, by the propaganda which led to the strike at Bryant and May's.

To-day the labour movement is in a similar state of decadence to the unemployed agitation of those days. Is it not possible that we Anarchist-Communists, might initiate a new form of revolutionary agitation, by starting a No-Rent Campaign in the slums. We need not begin by action, let us preach the idea first by speech, handbill, and placard; and then, if the people show themselves ready for action, let us throw ourselves into the battle with them, not as "leaders," but as comrades in the fight. I am sure that by it, if we could stir up a revolt on the part of the slum dwellers in a single slum it would do far more to spread our ideas than by any amount of ordinary propaganda. I only make this as one suggestion, many other methods must occur to all our comrades of doing something to reducing Anarchism from theory to practice.

Propaganda in the army, taking part in strikes and riots, in order to guide them in the way of revolution, by pointing out to the people how easy it is in times of riot and tumult to seize the wealth stored up in the shops and warehouses of the middle classes, and individually refusing to pay rent, taxes, or submit to any governmental inquisition, are all equally good. Let each man choose the method best suited to him, there is no need to quarrel as to which is the best. Only it must be our aim, as Anarchists, to stir up revolt on every possible occasion, and to bring the law and its officials into derision and contempt. Individual assaults on the system will lead to riots, riots to revolts, revolts to insurrection, insurrection to revolution.

This has been the course of revolutionary movements in the past, so history teaches us, and I feel convinced that it will be the same in future. Then let every man who strikes a blow for the new ideas, feel that he is following in the steps of the old revolutionary heroes and thousands of others in modern days who have not feared to sacrifice ease and comfort, aye, and life itself for the Cause. D. J. NICOLL.

MASTER AND MAN IN HEAVEN.

EMPLOYER (*Mr. De Tompkins*) and WORKMAN (*Jack Smith*) meet for the first time since shuffling off this mortal coil.

Jack Smith. Hallo, Mr. De Tompkins! Is it Mr. De Tompkins? How are you, sir? You're looking younger and, and, not so proud as when I used to work for you down on earth.

De Tompkins. Mr. Smith, isn't it? (*Reddening and confused.*)

J. S. I'm the man, sir.

De T. Ah, Mr. Smith, I don't feel proud now. We're all equals here as you know. How much stouter and better you're looking!

J. S. Yes, I didn't look as well when I worked for you, because we used to run so short; why some parts o' the year I hadn't enough to eat. It was hard nuts for me and the old woman, I can tell you; we couldn't let the kids go without grub.

De T. No, I suppose not.

J. S. It was very hard that time as your overlooker sacked me 'cos I was thought to be the leader in asking for that advance. I went months without a job; and everything went out o' the house, to the bed as was under us.

De T. O well, let bygones be bygones, my dear fellow. I never expected we were going to pass eternity together, or you shouldn't have had a life of that sort—I'd have looked into the thing.

J. S. You didn't think us hands were goin' to be damned in *this* life as well as upon earth, did you?

De T. No, no; I never thought anything about it at all.

J. S. Ah, if ye only knewed how we hated that overlooker o' yours, and you too for listenin' to him and never listenin' to us! I can't forget it. Of course, I've got no bad feelin' now—I *can't* have in Heaven—but you didn't look on me as a man, now did you, Mr. De Tompkins?

De T. I didn't look on you as an equal, anyhow—but, if you knew all, Mr. Smith, you would not think so hard of me; and if, as I said a minute ago, I'd thought of the fact of us being companions up here, why—well, I'd have gone round to other rich men and entreated them to put their goods along with mine, and to throw the lot into a common fund, and we'd have shared with you, and stopped robbing you. I'd got a hundred—aye, a thousand times more than was good for me.

J. S. And the want of some of that nearly lost me Heaven. Poverty made me sometimes mean and grasping, and sometimes hopeless and careless. I used to doubt whether there *was* a God as made me slave and suffer, while them as never worked could allus enjoy themselves and never had to fret nor trouble about nought. I don't understand it even now!

De T. Ah, well, I went nearer losing Heaven through possessing the money than you did for the want of it. It made me think I must be the favourite of God, because he permitted me to be rich; and I thought I was generous when I built that wing of St. Michael's Church with some of the money made out of the labour of the poor. You've no notion how corrupting riches *are*, how vain, and selfish, and thoughtless they make a man. I don't want to talk about the reason why God took pity on me, but I tell you it was a miracle that I got in here at all.

J. S. Ah, well, it's all over, but it's very funny we should be equals.

De T. I'm not so sure about being equals. I hear that in the third Heaven an agitator has just been making a proposition, that those who served and suffered in the last world should be masters, and the former masters their servants, not for all eternity, of course, but for some years. For my own part I don't deny but that there does need some compensation.

J. S. O, I shan't agree to that. As you said, let bygones be bygones. I shouldn't like anybody to wait on me, I've never been used to it. If there's anything to do let's all take a hand in it. If it wasn't right for us to be under you, neither would it be for you to be under us. Let's go up towards the thrones of the Cherubim and get to know whether the Almighty's likely to favour such a proposal. I don't think He will. I can't bear the notion of anybody polishing my crown; I should fly from it while I'd got a feather left me. If God's pardoned some o' you rich men, I should think we can be as generous as Him. Besides, if he hadn't allowed you to be rich you never could ha' been. I shall be at the next meeting in number three Heaven and have something to say; meanwhile, unsling your harp, old fellow, and let's have a tune.

THOMAS BARCLAY.

THE man who beats the labourer out
Of just one single cent
Need never hope to reach that land
Where good Elijah went.

Except he steals a goodly pile—
Does wholesale over-reaching—
He gravitates the other way,
Or "there's no truth in preachin'."

But if he only steals enough—
And uses part the plunder
To build a church and rent a pew—
He'll find he didn't blunder.

For preachers always can be found
Who'll gloss rich rascals' stealings,
And preach all round the camel's eye
So's not to hurt their feelings.

Only the little thieves are damned—
It's ever the same story—
The big thieves are "respectable,"
And buy their way to "glory."

—Journal of the Knights of Labour.

NOTES.

THE pious Stead is always an interesting study of an original and strenuously individuality, hopelessly perverted by bourgeois education and bourgeois moral standards. Just now he is suffering from an unusually severe attack of Jingoistic Commercialism or Commercialistic Jingoism (one is not quite sure which ought to be the substantive and

which the adjective). He is especially distressed because the glorious Republic of the United States is becoming de-anglicised, and filled with more Italians and Germans who do not even speak English, but only a jargon of their own which Stead cannot understand.

"Language," says Stead, "is the great unifier of peoples. Language is the simplest and most conspicuous indication of nationality. The American commonwealth is possible chiefly because its citizens speak one tongue. Should the day ever dawn when the American people are smitten with the plague of Babel, not all the bloody cement of the suppression of the Great Rebellion will save the Union from disintegration." Exactly so; but from our point of view, the sooner the Union is disintegrated the better. Not even the fraud-created and blood-begotten British Empire itself is a greater bulwark of our hideous "civilisation" than the capitalistic Republic of the West, where the wage-slaves dare not even meet in the open air or flutter a red flag from a window.

This mania for "unification," for the making of big "nations" is, of course, a characteristic of our now putrescent epoch of industrialism. After the great coming Change, those local peculiarities and varieties, which add so much to the enjoyment of life by adding to its interest and its colour, will again re-appear. Travel, free to all who care for it, from one ungoverned Commune to another, will furnish a series of little surprises and pleasant adventures. If the dull bourgeois could only for a moment realise what mere journeying will mean in those days, he would turn with sick horror from his "palace cars" and his monster hotels built to scale from St. Petersburg to Paris, and from Paris to San Francisco. In those days there will be a unification of hearts indeed; but (let us hope) the utmost diversity of manners.

The Pope of Rome, after infinite incubation, has issued what is called an "Encyclical" on the Social Question. This document has been persistently puffed beforehand for months past. It proves to be precisely the piece of vapid reactionary maundering that might have been expected from an old priest who knows courts and libraries well enough, but real life or real science not at all. It is, however, a great relief to find that there is no pretence to Socialism in it; but that the Catholic Church at least (sick, as one would fain hope, unto death) is frankly linked to the already rotting system of private property. There really seemed some danger lest the lazy clerical parasites and thieves who still cast a black shadow over the already wretched lives of millions of poor folk, should retain their hold upon humanity a while longer by posing as Socialists. That danger, so far as the most formidable and alive Christian organisation is concerned has now disappeared, and the priests are where they ought to be, with the oppressors and the robbers. Only we have travelled far from Jesus of Nazareth, the Communist born out of due season, to the "Supreme Pontiff" who claims to be his delegate to us.

What is a "delirious force?" Surely to write of such a thing is not a mere error of phrasing, but is symptomatic of a certain puzzle-headedness on the part of the writer. Our old antagonist, Mr. Auberon Herbert, in *Free Life*, after saying (truly enough), "The brotherhood of a common slavery and the equality of the universal State factory are not the appointed goal of a race that has climbed so high and conquered so many difficulties. Could such a system be established to-day it would be rent asunder to-morrow by the forces of passionate resistance generated under its pressure," adds "Revolutionary Anarchism—the Anarchism of violence and destruction offers no solution and is simply a delirious force reacting against the common and reckless use of power." One would really wish that our middle-class critics would condescend from their high seats to read the literature of "Revolutionary Anarchism" before they criticise. This, however, is, I fear, past praying for. If, indeed, we preached *aimless* violence and destruction and did not "offer" at least a solution (whether or not the true one), we should be worthy of many of the hard things said of us.

One would be sorry, however, to see *Free Life* die out. In its own odd and crooked fashion, it stimulates thought and shows us, moreover, the genesis of many bourgeois objections to Socialism. Many shrewd things are often said in it concerning the State; but when Mr. Auberon Herbert turns to economics he really displays the most astonishing ignorance. He absolutely confuses the heaping up of riches with the making of wealth. I agree with Mr. Herbert that "the making of wealth, speaking generally, is one of the truest and best services that any of us can render to our fellowmen." When, however, he adds:—"When a man builds up a fortune [!] by the fair method of trade [!]" (I am excluding fortunes made on the Stock Exchange, by trusts, or similar methods) he has done a right good deed, and one only wishes that there were twenty such men to-day, when there is but one. Socialists must part company with him. Does Mr. Herbert really believe that wealth is equivalent to money? What, too, is the distinction in *kind* (there may be one in *degree*) between fortunes made on the Stock Exchange or by trusts, and those made in what is comically called the "fair method of trade?" Each means a reaping where one has not sown.

In a local paper I find a curious illustration of the character of "Chief Constable" Withers, of Bradford, which will interest our comrades in that town and Leeds who have lately come into collision

with this policeman. He recently, it seems, attempted to conduct a prosecution before the Stipendiary as an advocate. To his great astonishment the Bench declined to allow him to make speeches and examine witnesses. Upon this he appears to have lost his temper and his head altogether. He blustered about being responsible for the "law and order" of the town, and actually objected to a solicitor being heard for the defence. This apparently was a little too much even for a Stipendiary Magistrate. However, Withers escaped without serious rebuke. Chiefs of police are too necessary to our masters not to be treated tenderly.

Dr. Cesare Lambroso, specialist in "criminal psychology," is occasionally visited by some glimmerings of common sense,—a common sense often sadly obscured by his specialism. He has discovered that true revolutionists are almost always geniuses or saints, and have a marvellously harmonious physiognomy. They have mostly (Lambroso is responsible for these statements, not I) a very large forehead, a very bushy beard, and very large soft eyes. Among the Anarchists there are no true criminals,—i.e., in this signification Lambroso attaches to the word "criminal," no really anti-social and anti-human perversities. The Russian Nihilists, he thinks, represent both psychially and in their physiognomy the early Christian martyrs. He would execute "born criminals" (wherein I should not concur with him), but would never execute political revolutionists. We shall really become too conceited, if we continue long to be thus complimented by bourgeois professors.

Japanese policemen would appear to have become a little touched with the spirit of revolt. One of them has scratched the Czarewitch with a blunt sword, and extremely agitated all the able editors in Europe. The truth of the matter is probably hopelessly buried beneath the deluge of self-contradictory romances with which we have been favoured. According to one story an escaped Nihilist from Saghalien is responsible for the deed; according to another tale, the Imperial cub was returning home late at night from what is euphemistically called a "place of amusement," in company with "Prince" George "of Grece," and got into trouble with a bobby who did not know him.

The Great Strikes in Belgium would appear to be advancing satisfactorily and with some measure of true revolutionary spirit. It is a thousand pities that they have not a better aim than Universal Suffrage—an object not calculated to wake the enthusiasm of the best informed and most enlightened workers. It is not likely that, just at this juncture, these strikes will bring the Revolution which alone can set us free. For all that, the attainment even of such a delusion as Universal Suffrage by *their means* would be a thing to rejoice over,—since it would demonstrate the advantage of a General Strike for more worthy ends. Let us hope that the Belgian workers will not falter. From Bilbao, too, there is good news of a threatened big strike.

In Pennsylvania a true bill for murder has been returned against the scoundrel Laur and his "deputy sheriffs," who (as our readers will remember) slew some of the Morewood strikers under peculiarly atrocious circumstances on the 2nd of April last. It is sufficiently wonderful, of course, that the charge should have even got this length; but it is not at all likely that bourgeois-made and bourgeois-administered law will do more than, at the utmost, slightly reprimand these miscreants. After all, they were only discharging their "duty to their employers" in shooting down revolted wage-slaves. It is those same employers one would like to see dealt with according to their deserts.

There is a wonderful similarity in method between the two great bourgeois republics of France and America. As at Morewood so at Fourmies. It would seem, however, as though Constans had a little overshot the mark by the deeds for which he is responsible at the latter place. The blood of the harmless women and helpless children there slain may choke this monster yet. His latest exploit has been to expel our friend Cunningham Graham from France for characterising his conduct in something approaching to fitting language. Needless to say that the only result of thus silencing a single speaker is the gratification of Constans' personal spite. One is glad to find Graham, despite his strange clinging to parliamentarianism, generally to the front when practical protest is to be made.

One notices that "Labour Electoral Associations," "Labour Representation Leagues," and suchlike bodies are coming again to the front with the old delusive advice to the worker to concentrate his energies upon returning "members" to the capitalist House of Commons. Surely this time vainly will the snare be set in the sight of that extremely foolish bird, the British toiler as he is to-day. Let him look abroad and ask himself once more the use of the Socialist party in the Germany Reichsrath, or of the thirteen or so of Socialists in the French Chamber. He will never (let us never tire of repeating) achieve aught by bourgeois methods and those "constitutional means" which I see a Mr. S. Chambers was lauding down at Woolwich the other day. Let him look rather for salvation to that Universal Strike which more and more opposes itself as the "only thing to be done."

For us Revolutionary Socialists and Anarchist-Communists there is surely vitally important work to be done, and done now,—done in preference to anything else. Let us turn to what here in England at any

rate, is an almost virgin field of propaganda; let us go among the miners and the railway men,—that is among those two categories of toilers who hold the key of the situation, and who could, if they so pleased, stop the whole mechanism of civilisation to-morrow. With no coal got, with no locomotives running, their machine guns, their Lebel rifles, and all their instruments of destruction, would be as useless to our robber-masters as the snows of yester-year. It assuredly only needs a determined effort to capture these workers for the Revolution; but that effort cannot be made without money for the out-of-pocket expenses of propagandists. What comrade will start a Special Fund?

R. W. B.

LESSONS IN ANARCHISM.

III.

THE determination of price by cost of production is not to be understood in the sense of the economists, who declare that the average price of commodities is equal to the cost of production; this, according to them, is a law. The anarchical movement in which the rise is compensated by the fall, and the fall by the rise, they ascribe to chance. With just as good a right as this, which the other economists assume, we might consider the fluctuations as the law, and ascribe the fixing of price by cost of production to chance. But if we look closely, we see that it is precisely these fluctuations, although they being the most terrible desolation in their train and shake the fabric of bourgeois society like earthquakes, it is precisely these fluctuations which in their course determine price by cost of production. In the totality of this disorderly movement is to be found its disorder. Throughout these alternating movements, in the course of this industrial anarchy, competition, as it were, cancels one excess by means of another. We gather, therefore, that the price of a commodity is determined by the cost of its production, in such manner that the periods in which the price of this commodity rises above its cost of production are compensated by the periods in which it sinks below its cost, and conversely, of course, this does not hold good for one single particular product of an industry, but only for that entire branch of industry. So, also, it does not hold good for a particular manufacturer, but only for the entire industrial class.

The determination of price by cost of production is the same thing as its determination by the duration of the labour which is required for the manufacture of a commodity; for cost of production may be divided into (1) raw material and implements, that is products of industry whose manufacture has cost a certain number of days' work and which, therefore, represents a certain duration of labour, and (2) actual labour, which is measured by its duration. Now the same general laws, which universally regulate the price of commodities, regulate, of course, wages, the price of labour. Wages will rise and fall in accordance with the proportion between demand and supply, that is, in accordance with the conditions of the competition between capitalists, as buyers, and labourers, as sellers of labour.

The fluctuations of wages correspond in general with the fluctuations in the price of commodities. Within these fluctuations the price of labour is regulated by its cost of production, that is, by the duration of labour which is required in order to produce this commodity, labour. Now, what is the cost of production of labour itself? It is the cost required for the production of a labourer and for his maintenance as a labourer. The shorter the time requisite for instruction in any labour, the less is the labourer's cost of production, and the lower are his wages, the price of his work.

In those branches of industries which scarcely require any period of apprenticeship, and where the mere bodily existence of the labourer is sufficient, the requisite cost of his production and maintenance are almost limited to the cost of the commodities which are requisite to keep him alive. The price of his labour is, therefore, determined by the price of the bare necessities of his existence. Here, however, another consideration comes in. The manufacturer, who reckons up his expenses of production, and determines accordingly the price of the product, takes into account the wear and tear of the machinery. If a machine costs him £100, and wears itself out in ten years, he adds £10 a year to the price of his goods, in order to replace the worn-out machine by a new one when the ten years are up. In the same way we must reckon in the cost of production of simple labour, the cost of its propagation; so that a race of labourers may be put in a position to multiply or to replace the worn-out workers by new ones. Thus the wear and tear of the labourer must be taken into account just as much as the wear and tear of the machine.

Thus the cost of production of simple labour amounts to the cost of his subsistence and propagation, and the price of this cost determines his wages. When we speak of wages, we mean the minimum of wages. This minimum of wages holds good, just as does the determination by the cost of production of the price of commodities in general, not for the particular individual, but for the species.

Individual labourers, indeed millions of them, do not receive enough to enable them to live, marry, and beget children; but the wages of the whole working class, with all their fluctuations are nicely adjusted to this minimum.

Now that we are grounded on these general laws, which govern wages just as much as the price of any other commodity, we can proceed to examine our subject more exactly, and in our next shall deal with capital.

TRUTHSEEKER.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERTY.

You may call me a fault-finder, a pessimist, perhaps I am, but the faults are easily found. They stare me in the face at every turn. Wherever I go I see useless idlers enjoying the wealth that is stolen from the hands of toil. I see some of our grandest institutions built upon the blood and bones and lives of little children; I see bent, grey-haired farmers turned out of toil-worn homes to wear with wives and children the chains of wage-slavery or pauperism. I see over-burdened, worn-out women on whose faces is written the tragedy of their sad, subjugated lives. I see sickly, puny, half-developed children with no forces of mind or body to meet the struggles that lie before them. I see millions of human beings wandering over a land of plenty without a place to lay their heads. I see good men and women imprisoned and murdered for trying to right these wrongs.

But in spite of the confusion and disorder of our half-civilised condition I believe the world is growing better, the good time coming, is a little nearer; though troublous days may intervene. Liberty is not dead. Even through the long dark ages of cruelty and superstition, of tyrannical priests and kings, the bright light of the torch of liberty can be traced like a silver thread, along the troublous history of man. The dungeon, the stake, the rack, the headsman's axe, prisons, and hangman's ropes have not and cannot darken or extinguish it.

The people have hoisted it aloft that the world may see how brightly they keep it burning. Methink I see its light flicker and grow dim in the hands of the Gays, Benedicts, Fosters, Comstocks, Wanamakers and Villards, but my faith is strong that the growing army of strong hands and earnest hearts will rescue the light of Liberty from her enemies. Liberty in the future will not be represented by a figure of stone and brass, but by the rights of every man, woman and child to live, love and labour free from the dominion of greed, lust and hate. Then will the world be truly enlightened by liberty.

LILLIE D. WHITE, in the Chicago Freedom.

ANARCHISTS AND POLITICIANS.

At Edinburgh, on Wednesday, April 29th, a Tory posing as a Labour Candidate, came to address the electors. Though the audience consisted of Liberals there was a large turn out of Anarchists and Socialists. At the end Comrade Bell, not recognising the existence of a chairman and order, moved an anti-Parliamentary resolution. Amid the greatest uproar Comrade Gilray began to second the motion, and one of the committee knocked him off the platform. The Scottish Socialist Federation took possession of the platform in no time, and Gilray finished his speech. The meeting ended with cheers for the Social Revolution, and for the first time in Edinburgh it has been shown how a dozen Anarchists can carry all before them at a meeting of three thousand politicians.

CYRIL BELL.

PROPAGANDA IN THE PROVINCES.

LEICESTER.—Comrades have by no means been asleep here, though they have published no report since September last. Since that date we have had among us Andrew Hall, John Turner, and H. Snell (Fabian), and several meetings were held weekly, including some at several of the villages around here, at one of which our comrades names were taken by the local defenders of law 'n' order, but no further action was taken by them. November 4th, Graham Wallis lectured in the Co-operative Hall on "The Eight Hours' Movement;" November 9th, Tom Pearson (Anarchist) spoke three times, twice at Radical Club, once at Russell Square. The Sunday following, Pearson still with us, we repeated the number of discourses at same places. The next lecture was by Kropotkin, who had a capital audience; £2 4s. collected, and 5s. 5d. taken for literature. December 2nd, Rev. Joseph Wood of Birmingham, formerly of this town, gave an illustrated lecture in the Co-operative Hall on "Sweating." Mr. Wood created a sensation by exhibiting and explaining the articles made by the sweated. On Sunday, May 10th, John Peacock debated with the Rev. Martin Anstey, M.A., at Gallowtree Gate Chapel, on "Is Collective Ownership of Land and Capital just and practical?" Crowded audience. Splendid advertisement for us from Mr. Anstey's discourses, which have been given now several Sundays, and which, being superficial and full of misrepresentation, we have attacked dutifully and criticised mercilessly.

T. B.

LEEDS.—Although it is some months since we reported our progress in the 'Weal,' we have not by any means been idle. Of course, in common with other groups we have suffered through the severe weather which we experienced during the winter and spring. We have held meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings at the Market Gates, Kirkgate, where the "limbs of the law" unsuccessfully tried to drive us away; on Woodhouse and Hunslet Moors, and near the Leeds Bridge. Comrades Jesse Mitchell of Bradford, Stockton of Manchester, Tom May and Andrew Hall of Sheffield, T. Walker of the London Cabinet Makers' Union, together with George Cores, Sweeny, Roper, Allworthy and Sollit have spoken at the meetings. R. Hicks of London has lately fixed his residence in Leeds and has greatly assisted in the propaganda. Besides our usual meetings we have been busy in other directions. During the severest weather we organised meetings and processions in aid of the Manningham Weavers, and succeeded in adding £24 to their funds. Our Sunday meeting in the Market Place eclipsed that held by the Leeds Trades' Council in support of the Scottish railwaymen the week before, both in numbers and enthusiasm. We turned the tables completely on a couple of vindictive Council members who charged us, through a local paper, with having our printing done at an "unfair house," the local secretary of the Typographical Association publicly exonerating us. Among other things we have given the Tailoresses employed by a "sweating" firm a helping hand.

Our visit to Bradford is notorious, but I may add that in addition to distributing hundreds of *Commonweal* and *Freedom*, new and old, pamphlets, and thousands of leaflets, we held two meetings, the first in "Docker's Square," which lasted for over half an hour, the second at Peckover Walk, large audiences applauding most revolutionary speeches; altogether we did a very good day's work. Two Sheffield comrades also brought some piles of literature. In face of many exceptional difficulties we have kept Socialism well to the front in York-

shire; and although just now we are hard pressed by poverty, (we were unable to organise a May Day demonstration through lack of funds) if comrades put their shoulders to the wheel we shall pull safely through once more. G. C.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—On Saturday, May 9th, Comrade Mowbray paid us a visit and held three successful meetings. There is some excitement in the town at the present time owing to the action of James Fuller, boot manufacturer, who has been teaching his slaves a valuable lesson in Freedom, by locking them out for refusing to leave the Union. I am glad to say the men are firm, and are being well supported by the workers in the district. "James Fuller" has only been able to keep a few girls at work, they being aided by three men, one of whom is a native and a member of the local Liberal club, who will in future be known in the district as, "Please, sir, I can do the clicking, and I'll not go out." The father of this "thing" is ashamed of his offspring, and rightly so. The other two are not natives. I expect they will see the advisability of coming out, and very likely leaving the town, especially after what was said by Mowbray. The workers here are becoming earnest in their enquiries about Socialism, and the meetings were very successful. The collections amounted to 10s. 1d. and 4s. 7d. for literature, making 14s. 8d. for the day. C. W.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Cyril Bell	-	-	-	0	5	6	J. S. S.	-	-	-	0	5	0
W.	-	-	-	0	2	6	Collected in Regent's Park	-	-	-	0	1	1
J. G.	-	-	-	0	2	0	Comrades per R. T.	-	-	-	1	0	0
H. A. Hopkins	-	-	-	0	2	6	H. Glasse	-	-	-	0	10	0
Anarchist Shop Assistants	-	-	-	0	10	0	W. Chapple	-	-	-	1	0	0
G. Poynts	-	-	-	0	2	0							
Collection at Baintree	-	-	-	0	10	1							
XXX	-	-	-	0	10	0					4	0	8

THE "COMMONWEAL."

The Committee of the London Socialist League would remind Comrades and Friends that if we are to continue the weekly issue of the "Commonweal," it is absolutely necessary, not only to settle for the papers promptly, but to subscribe liberally to the Guarantee Fund. If this is not done, we shall be forced to discontinue the weekly issue.

In accordance with a resolution of the Jewish Anarchists of England and America, to hold an International Revolutionary Celebration, on May 30th, the International Working Men's Club, 40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E., have arranged a Public Meeting, Concert, and Ball, on Saturday May 30th, to which all English comrades are invited. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. All particulars will be duly advertised.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon, assisted by Mrs. Carr, B.A. of the Fabian Society. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Rd. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Comrades are requested to attend the Propaganda Meeting of the London Anarchist-Communist Groups, at the Club Autonomie, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E." and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

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Anarchist Communism.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE WORKERS IN THE TAILORING TRADE.

FELLOW WORKERS.—The history of society in the past is the history of class struggles. Masters and slaves, patricians and plebians, nobles and serfs, capitalists and workmen, in short, oppressors and oppressed, have always stood in direct opposition to each other. The struggle between them has sometimes been open, sometimes concealed, but always continuous; a never ceasing struggle which has invariably ended, either in a revolutionary alteration of the social system, or in the common destruction of the contending classes. In earlier historical epochs we find almost everywhere a minute division of society into classes or castes—a variety of grades in social life. This holds good even at the present time, and in no trade are there more divisions or castes than in the Tailoring. The whole of the trade in England, Ireland, and Scotland, has been in a state of anxiety during the last week to see how the Tailors of London would get on this time. Twenty-four years ago an attempt was made to better the condition of the West End Tailors of London; that attempt was a failure owing to the want of an intelligent solidarity amongst those engaged in the trade. No attempt has since been made until the recent strike fever appeared among us, and possibly none would have been made, only that circumstances forced you to take action. You are, however, once more plunged (openly) into the never ending war between masters and men, and for what? (1) Healthy Workshops, (2) Abolition of Partnerships and a Uniform Time Log, the concession of which will not bring you one bit nearer your freedom, and it is very doubtful if it will be of much advantage to you when you have got it. However, let us analyse this demand.

Healthy Workshops. This demand is good, but I am afraid, however, that the result of the strike, so far as this point is concerned, will be—in cases where masters will have to get new or larger premises—to drive the trade into the hands of the outdoor workers and put a premium on sweating, intensifying rather than bettering the conditions of the trade. Better workshops by all means, but this, in order to be a genuine success, ought to apply to the *whole trade*, and there are thousands of employers who have no workshops whatever, the whole of their trade being done outside. This point can only, and I am afraid will only benefit the aristocrats of labour, in other words the first class tailors, leaving the second and third class to look after themselves. This is a line of policy which in the end will react in a serious manner upon the first class hands, and that possibly not before long. The second point, the abolition of partnerships, will, to my mind, prove of the utmost advantage to the outdoor workers, the sweater in particular, especially where work is wanted in a hurry, however, this again only concerns a very small section of the trade, and does not touch the great bulk of the workers at all.

The third point, a uniform time log, is no doubt of the utmost advantage to you as a small conservative body of aristocratic workers, but even if you win this think you that you have weakened the capitalists' power? no, you have simply gained an advantage at the expense of another body of workers. However, all this is simply to draw your attention to the great battle which is forever going on in our midst, and whilst heartily wishing you every success in your struggle, I think it would have been much more to the advantage, not only of the trade, but of the workers in general, if a bolder attitude had been adopted. If a larger demand had been made I feel positive more good would have been done than is at present likely to follow from this strike, even though victory be achieved. I have heard it said over and over again, that no one thought the "foreigners" would turn out as they have done, there is still the impression that the loss of the strike twenty-four years ago was due to the action of the "foreigners;" if this was true—and I know it was not—the action of the foreigners to-day ought to be an example to the British tailors. And why have the "foreigners" turned out in this manner? Do you think it is merely for the three points of your demands? No, it is not, it is to prove that they have a desire for the benefit of the human race, to bring about the Inter-

national Solidarity of Labour. The Jews in the East End, the Germans, French, Swedes, and others in the West-end, are all a proof of the fact that the English, Irish, and Scotch tailors have nothing to fear but everything to gain by making larger demands than those which at present are being made. Depend upon it, fellow-workers, that if this strike is allowed to end without a betterment of the condition of the second and third class tailors, it will not be long before you will have to strike against sweating, and then, perhaps, you may not have that support which you have to-day from all sections of the trade. The feeling twenty-four years ago was against the "foreigner," for not helping you, and the feeling against the "foreigner" to-day is because he *is* helping you, and demanding more than you are prepared to demand. Hitherto, you have put down your present condition to the evil of foreign competition, and when that competition is removed, then you say that the foreigner will frighten the masters by demanding too much; this is the greatest folly imaginable, and shows a great want of knowledge on historical and economical facts.

The reason that the spirit of solidarity is shown as we see it to-day, is owing to the growth of Socialism and Anarchist Communism in our midst, and I cannot understand the feeling of a large section of English tailors who dread the appearance of an Anarchist or Communist among them. However, time is on the side of truth, and truth in the end will prevail, and what is the truth in this case, does it need repeating, if it does, it is this:—That strikes are useless unless for some greater object than a mere betterment of the condition of one body of workmen at the expense of another. *Labour being the source of all wealth*, it stands to reason that the capitalist and landlord will not suffer even if you get all your demands, but will simply give *you* a benefit at the expense of the *other* worker whom they exploit; that this struggle in which you are engaged to-day is simply a passing phase of the labour struggle, and can only end when Labour shall claim its own, and the system of capitalism is for ever abolished. You may say this will take time, well to us that does not matter, it is truth, and whilst we are willing to take every advantage we can of the capitalist to-day, yet we can never lose sight of the main object we have in view, and that is, not merely that we may have healthy workshops so as to be healthier slaves, but that we shall strive to bring about a better life by spreading a knowledge of what might be if the workers would but pay as much attention to their own welfare as to the latest betting, etc. Work for all who can work, leisure for all, food for all, that instead of remaining in classes and sections of workers as we are to-day, breeding and fostering class distinctions and racial hatreds, let us unite for the overthrow of the system which injures us all so much, recognising that our motto should be in the interests of the human race. From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs, that instead of fighting against the natural incapacity of some workmen by abolishing merely working partnerships, we will strive for the abolition of the idlers who live on our labour to-day, i.e., the landlord and capitalist, the middleman and sweater, and all who perform no useful work whatever, by abolishing private property in the means of life and by striving for the union and association of all the workers of all countries. We disdain to conceal our opinions, we are Communists, and we openly declare that our object can only be reached by the forcible overthrow of all existing social arrangements. Away with authority and monopoly, free access to the means of life. But this would mean a complete social revolution, the first step towards which is a General Strike of the trade for better conditions for ALL.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

THE BEAST OF PROPERTY

By JOHN MOST.

"AMONG beasts of prey, man is certainly the worst." This expression, very commonly made now-a-days, is only relatively true. Not man as such, but man in connection with wealth is a beast of prey. The richer a man, the greater his greed for more. We may call this monster the *beast of property*; it now rules the world, makes mankind miserable, and gains in cruelty and voracity with the progress of our so-called

civilisation. This monster we will in the following characterize and recommend to extermination. Look about you! In every so-called *civilised* country there are among every hundred men about ninety-five more or less destitute, and about five money-bags.

It is unnecessary to trace all the sneaking ways by which the latter have gained their possessions. The fact that they own ALL, while the others exist, or rather vegetate merely, admits of no doubt that these few have grown rich at the cost of the many. Either by direct brute force, by cunning, or by fraud, this horde has from time to time seized the soil with all its wealth. The laws of inheritance and entail, and the changing of hands have lent a *venerable* colour to this robbery, and consequently mystified and erased the true character of such actions. For this reason the *beast of property* is not yet fully recognised, but is, on the contrary, worshipped with a holy awe.

And yet, all who do not belong to this class are its victims. Every offspring of a non-possessor (poor man) finds every nook and corner of the earth occupied at his entrance into the world. There is nothing which is *lordless*. Without labour nothing is produced; and in order to labour, there are required not only ability and will, but also room to work, tools, raw materials, and means of sustenance. The poor man must, by force of necessity, apply to those who possess these things in plenty. And, behold! the rich give him permission to continue his existence. But in return for this he must divest himself of his skill and power. These qualities henceforth his pretended *saviours* use for themselves. They place him under the yoke of labour—they force him to the utmost of his mental and physical abilities to produce new treasures, which, however, he is not entitled to own. Should he desire to deliberate long before making so unequal a contract, his growling stomach will soon convince him that the poor man has no time for that, for there are millions in the same position as himself, and if he will risk that, while deliberating, hundreds of others will apply—his chance is gone and he again be at the mercy of the world.

It is the lash of hunger which compels the poor man to submit. In order to live he MUST SELL—"VOLUNTARILY" SELL—HIMSELF every day and hour to the *beast of property*.

The bygone times, when the *ruling* classes, on their slave-hunting raids, threw their victims in chains and forced them to work, of which the rulers had all the benefit—the times when Christian-Germanic robbers stole entire countries, deprived the inhabitants of the soil, and pressed them to feudal service, were indeed terrible enough; but the climax of infamy has been reached by our present *law and order* system, for it has defrauded more than nine-tenths of mankind of their means of existence, reduced them to dependence upon an insignificant minority, and condemned them to self-sacrifice. At the same time it has so disguised this relation with all sorts of jugglery, that the thralls of to-day—the wage slaves—but partially recognise their serfdom and outlawed position, they rather incline to ascribe it to the caprices of fortune.

To perpetuate this state of affairs is the only aim of the propertied classes. Though not always united amongst themselves—one seeking to gain advantage over the other by tricks of trade, cunning in speculation and divers machinations of competition—yet in opposition to the proletariat they stand in one united hostile phalanx. If the poor man, who is momentarily unable to sell himself to an exploiter of labour, or is already flayed to complete helplessness by the *beast of property*, has recourse to begging—then the glutton bourgeois terms it vagrancy, and calls for police; he demands pillory and prison for the poor devil who refuses to starve between mountains of food. Should the unemployed apply a little of the much-vaunted self-help, that is, should he do in a small way what the rich do daily with impunity on a grand scale, should he, in fact, steal, in order to live, the bourgeoisie will heap burning coals of *moral indignation* upon his head, and, with austere visage, hand him over relentlessly in charge of the state, that in its prisons he may be fleeced the more effectively, *i.e.* more cheaply.

When the workers combine in order to obtain better wages, shorten the hours of labour, or similar advantages, the money-bags immediately decry it as *conspiracy*, which must be prevented.

When the workers organise politically, it is denounced as resistance to the *divine* order of things, which must be nullified by laws of exception or discrimination.

Should the people finally contemplate rebellion, an unceasing howl of rage raised by the *gold tigers* will be heard throughout the world—they pant for massacres and their thirst for blood is insatiable. The life of the poor is valued as nothing by the rich man. As the owner of vessels, he places the lives of entire crews in jeopardy, when his object is to fraudulently obtain high insurance for half decayed hulks. Bad ventilation, deep excavation, defective supports, &c., annually bring death to thousands of miners, but this system of operation saves expenses, therefore augments the gains, and gives the mine owner no occasion to be sorry. Neither does the factory pasha care how many of his labourers are torn and rent apart by machinery, poisoned by chemicals, or slowly suffocated by dirt and dust. Profit is the main thing.

Women are cheaper than men: for this reason the capitalistic vampires, with insatiate rapacity, seek their blood. Besides, female labour procures them cheap mistresses.

Child flesh is the cheapest; what wonder, then, that the cannibals of modern society continually feast upon juvenile victims? What care they that the poor little ones are thereby bodily crippled and mentally ruined for life—that thousands of them, miserable and worn out at a tender age, sink into their graves? Stocks rise; that suffices.

As the bourgeoisie, by means of its capital, completely monopolizes all new inventions—every new machine—instead of shortening the

hours of labour and enhancing the prosperity and happiness of ALL, causes, on the contrary, dismissal from employment for some, reduction of wages for others, and an increased and intensified state of misery for the entire proletariat. When increase of production is accompanied by an augmented pauperization of the masses, consumption must simultaneously decrease; stagnation and crisis must ensue. A superabundance of actual wealth in the hands of the few must create hunger, typhus, and other epidemics among the many. The injustice—yea, the idiocy—of this state of affairs is evident. The money-bags, of course, merely shrug their shoulders. This they will continue to do until a rope well tied over their shoulders will prevent all further shrugging.

The worker is not only fleeced in manifold ways as producer, but also as consumer. Numberless parasites seek to despoil him of his paltry income. After products have passed through various exchanges and storage, and their prices been raised by jobbers' and brokers' profits, by taxes and custom house duties, they, finally reach the retailers, whose customers are almost exclusively the proletarians. The wholesalers *make* (that is, fraudulently obtain) perhaps 10 to 20 per cent. profit by their transactions; the retailer is dissatisfied with less than 100 per cent. He makes use of all tricks for securing this result, especially the most shameless adulteration of food. In close relationship to these swindlers are the numberless poisoners and adulterators of beer, liquors, wine, etc., who render the streets in all our great cities and industrial centres unsafe with their nefarious traffic. Then there are the tenement-lords, who ceaselessly seek means to embitter the existence of the poor. The condition of the rooms become steadily worse, the rents higher, and the contracts more galling. The workers are crowded together more and more into rear houses, attics, and cellar-holes full of vermin, damp and musty. Prison cells are frequently far healthier than these pest-holes.

When the worker is out of employment, he is again at the mercy of a horde of speculators in hunger, who are ready to pounce on him in order to complete his ruin. Pawnbrokers and others of similar ilk advance small sums at high interest on the last possessions of the poor. Their contracts are usually so arranged that they can hardly be kept; the pawned objects forfeited, and the poor wretch takes another downward step. The cut-throats, however, amass fortunes in a short time. The beggar is looked upon as quite a well-paying figure by certain sharks. Every copper which he has gathered in his unenviable way arouses the covetousness of the keeper of dirty holes and vile dens. Even thieves are subject to this capitalistic spoilation. They are the slaves of crafty concealers and *fences*, who receive their stolen goods for a song. Yes! even those unfortunate women, whom the present accursed system has driven to prostitution, are shamelessly plundered by keepers of brothels and houses of ill-fame.

This is the lot of the poor from the cradle to the grave. Whether he produces or consumes, whether he exists or merely vegetates, he is always surrounded by ravenous vampires who thirst for his last drop of blood. On the other hand, the rich man never stops his work of exploiting, though he may be utterly unable to assign a reason for his greed. He that has £200,000 would have £1,000,000; he that has £1,000,000 would have 10,000,000. The greed for wealth is closely associated with the greed for power. Wealth is not only a generator of more wealth, it is also a political power. Under the present capitalistic system venality is an all-pervading vice. It is, as a rule, a mere matter of price, which will buy over those who may be of service either by speech or silence, by the pen or by the press, by acts of violence or any other means, to the *beast of property*, which by its golden dictates is the absolute, almighty divinity.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

THE attitude of the police towards the Tailors on strike, proves that the "bullies in blue" do not look with benevolent neutrality upon the later developments of the Labour movement. How different their attitude towards the procession that marched through Oxford Street last week, and which they threatened to break up, because they accused it of obstructing the traffic, compared with the mild amiability with which they saw the traffic obstructed day after day in the busiest streets of the city by the processions of the revolted dockers. But why this change of attitude? Did the presence of a "dangerous Anarchist" in the person of our comrade Mowbray have anything to do with it?

It is also worth noting, that when Mowbray attempted to hold a meeting in Broad Street, Soho, the police at once interfered upon the same stale pretext, and drove our friends by force from the spot. Yet there is less traffic in Broad Street than upon Tower Hill, where immense meetings were held during the Great Strike. Is it therefore clear that the presence of Anarchists in popular movements will always insure plenty of police persecution. Should not this prove plainly to the workers that the Anarchists are the only people whom the authorities really look upon as "dangerous," and that while the ordinary labour reformer, especially if he praises the "good intentions" of the government in granting Royal Commissions to inquire into grievances of Labour, and is a fervent advocate of a "Legal" Eight Hour Day, can always count upon good treatment. We Anarchists who are "dangerous" must be hunted down like wild beasts by hired bullies who administer the "law."

We take the persecution as a compliment. The more we are hunted and harried by the propertied classes and their hirelings, the more certain it is we are on the right path. Persecution is the highest honour that the rich can bestow upon us, and even if we suffer blows, and imprisonment, what is it compared with the tortures inflicted upon those who have fought the battles of the people in all ages, and who yielded willingly their lives for the Cause. We know that to speak the truth will not bring us applause and honours, and that if we seek for justice, we must be prepared to suffer insult and injury from the rich and powerful.

Some of the leaders of the New Unionism have found a fresh remedy for the ills of humanity.—“A State Board of Arbitration should be formed consisting of six members chosen by the workers themselves, and six by the masters, and after all efforts for the termination of the dispute had been unsuccessful, the matter should be referred to the board.” We quote from a recent speech by Mr. Tom Mann, and we suppose from the speeches of other trade unionists that this is the grand result which is to be expected from the labours of the Royal Labour Commission. At present the idea does not seem to be a popular one, even a moderate man like Mr. Pickard, M.P., denouncing it in strong language. It is a further extension of the principal of fixing wages and other conditions of labour by State regulation, and as Anarchists we are bound to protest against it, feeling sure that it would simply mean a fresh extension of the tyranny of the State. Let us give an example. Supposing this State Arbitration Board decides in a certain dispute that men shall agree to certain terms, and the men refuse to accept this decision, as they have done several times recently, for instance, in the Railway Strike in South Wales, and at the colliery disputes in Silkworth and Durham, to agree to the terms accepted by their delegates. Will the State proceed to enforce the decision of their Arbitration Board upon the men by fine or imprisonment? If so, we can understand how this institution would be very useful to the workers by promoting a social revolution, for we believe that such tyranny would provoke even the English wage-slave to revolt. If not we cannot see how the institution would differ from an ordinary Board of Conciliation, and would no doubt enjoy an equal success among decisions favourable to the masters. It being a notorious fact that the leaders of the men on these boards always seem more eager to please the capitalist than the men. Perhaps this is the reason that despite every effort at puffing these institutions by some labour leaders and a section of the capitalist press, which profess to be very friendly to labour, the idea has now been received with much rapture by the workers.

But we can only express our sorrow that Mr. Tom Mann, who knows as well as we do, that the just discontent which now justly fills the heart of the workmen cannot be appeased by such “pills to cure an earthquake,” as Royal Commissions or State Boards of Arbitration, should warmly advocate these miserable shams, as if he had a most fervent belief in them. Cannot he see that these schemes can only succeed by cheating and befooling the workers by making them content with their slavery and misery. Cannot he see that he is playing the game of the capitalists quite as much as the sky pilots, who cry “Peace, peace,” when there is no peace.

It is folly, and worse than folly, to talk of reconciling capital and labour, or to advocate schemes which can only have this for their object. Till the capitalist classes are “reconciled” off the face of the earth, the war between capital and labour must go on, and can only end in either the destruction of capitalism or the extermination of the workers. Then why not speak the truth and tell the people they must trust in themselves, and not in Royal Commissions or State Boards of Arbitration to rid themselves of capitalist tyranny. N.

In dear old grandmother *Reynolds*, W. M. Thompson has been giving his idea of the way in which the Change is to come. I prefer the sketch in “News from Nowhere.” Thompson apparently believes in secret societies, strange oaths, privy committees, implicit obedience to leaders, mandates, and all the worn-out stage-trappings of bygone folly. On the morrow of the Revolution, there is to be a Revolutionary Government which is to “work reforms slowly and cautiously,” and to become the landlord of West End mansions. Money, seemingly, is to continue to exist. Above all, of course, there is to be “discipline;” “pillage” is to be “sternly repressed,” and “wilful damage” “punished.” When the real Revolution comes, it will be needful to “sternly repress” reactionists who attempt to put such notions as these into practice. Not in such fashion will men gain freedom. R. W. B.

THE MASSACRE AT FOURMIES.

THIS is a town near the frontier of Belgium having 15,000 inhabitants and 40 scattered factories for carding and spinning wool. There were several partial strikes going on, and on the eve of May 1st, the Municipality, composed of employers, had made application for troops, and the employers had signed a collective notice in which they set forth their union and declared their intention to discharge all those who did not work on the First of May.

This enraged the workmen. During the morning of Friday some

demonstrators prevented one of the factories from beginning work; a scuffle with the police ensued, in which Lieutenant Julien received a wound in the head which he remembered later. About twenty persons were arrested. Towards noon a battalion of the 145th line regiment arrived from Maubeuge under the command of Major Chapus.

About six o'clock the crowd in the streets gathered round the police station demanding the release of those arrested. The soldiers and police guarded the station approaches. Cries were vociferated, and the demonstrators became excited, stones being thrown. The Sub-Prefect appeared for an instant in consultation with Major Chapus, and then re-joined the Mayor and Public Prosecutor in the municipal building. At this moment a lieutenant forced himself into the crowd to arrest a demonstrator, who was *insulting* the army. The crowd closed on him and threw him down; a sergeant came to his help only to meet with the same treatment, as also with a police-sergeant. Major Chapus (some say it was Cacesier) called out three times “Retire, or you will be fired upon!” and before the crowd could fairly understand the situation, a section of the 145th charged with fixed bayonets, retired at the double, and then opened fire!

More than two hundred shots were fired, and the firing lasted several minutes while the square was emptying. It is certain the crowd had begun to disperse before the first shots, for out of twelve persons killed on the spot several were in the shops at the opposite end of the square. On the next day fourteen were found to have been killed. The list of wounded is frightful. Almost forty persons are maimed for life and will bear love of France's flag imprinted on them all their days. One girl, seventeen years of age, had six bullets in her thighs. Those slightly wounded are innumerable. Both killed and wounded show a minority of grown-up-men; a great number are under twenty. The above details of the fusillade are absolutely correct. Probably, after the fusillade, the officers wished to be certain that all the soldiers had fired by inspecting their cartridge-boxes. A soldier named Lebon who was found not to have fired, had to explain that his mother was in the crowd. The newspapers are full of pity for this case; for our part, it fills us with indignation that a man should have to justify himself for not firing on that heap of fugitives. By the Fourth of May troops from all quarters were poured by the governing classes into Fourmies, to the number of 3,000 men.

La Révolte.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AMERICA.

The *Labour World*, Boston, says,—“His eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the distinguished Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, discourses thus in an article in the *North American Review* for April:—

“The economic conditions in the United States are fast approaching those of England. The homes of the poor are more marked by destitution and squalor; the light of heaven is being closed out from miserable tenement, room, and attic; flesh and blood are becoming more cheap, and bread more dear; the well-being of the car horse is more solicitously watched than that of the driver. Small wonder that strong men, maddened by the tears of wife and cries of starving children, band themselves together, and sometimes resort to deeds of violence.

What have Emigration mongers to say to this? Hurry up and let us have your answer.

The daily press of the land, with few exceptions, denies wholesale the claims made by the labour press and the representatives of workingmen's organisations. But occasionally a capitalistic editor makes a slip of the pen and admits the truth unintentionally. No statements of the labour men have been more emphatically denied and ridiculed than that the vast army of enforced idlers is being enlarged, and the downward tendency of wages becoming more and more marked.

In a recent editorial opposing the “great influx of foreign paupers” the *New York Herald* thoughtlessly made use of the following language:—

“But things have changed during the last twenty years. There is now on the average a round million men, a vast army, constantly out of work. Competition has cut down the wages of the labourer and employment is uncertain.”

A million wage-slaves with a vote and unable to get bread. It will not be long before they cast the vote away and determine that it is better to fight than starve.

Bricklayers Union, No. 1, of Milwaukee, having 425 members, has withdrawn from the American Federation of Labour. The men now think they are able to take care of themselves and their affairs, and say that they do not propose to be told when to strike and when not by a lot of men who are simply interested in bolstering up the present system by playing only too often into the hands of the bosses. The spirit of Anarchism is abroad even here, and we may safely say we believe the workers have acted wisely in refusing to be wirepulled by a lot of boodle hunters. Our Trade Unionists in England would do well to teach their so-called leaders a lesson of the same kind. Shoe trade, please note.

The strike of the Union Marble Cutters in Chicago has become general. Over 400 are out. The men object to setting marble cut by convict labour. Funny, isn't it, that they cannot grasp the idea of striking against the system which makes convicts? It is foolish in the extreme to strike against an effect and allow the cause to remain.

Chicago *Freedom* says:—“The recent election did not result as our State Socialist friends hoped. The pre-election enthusiasm was great; they imported speakers, ran their speculative figures up into tens of thousands, reproached the Anarchists, and appealed to every radically disposed man to vote. Their vote was 2,352. Perhaps the quiet Anarchist thought insensibly pervading all reform ideas had something to do with it. The corruption and insufficiency of the ballot is too apparent. To vote ourselves rulers is to lovers of freedom too absurd to put any faith in. There was little or no Anarchistic thought when the Socialist vote was 12,000 in this city (Chicago), and for that reason we suppose they—the State Socialists—feel bitter towards us, believing themselves wilfully thwarted in saving the world. Not so, Anarchists are working for Universal equal rights, but they do not believe that to pander to the powers that make people slaves is the way to

free them." Perhaps this accounts for the bitterness of our own State Socialist friends in England towards the Anarchists who slowly but surely are destroying the voting idea in this country also.

Our comrade Lucy Parsons, in *Chicago Freedom*, May 1st, says,—

"About thirty years ago there were eleven millionaires in New York, and twenty in the whole country; to-day we have over a thousand millionaires in that city and over five millions in the United States. But then the number of paupers and one-dollar-day men has increased to over 12,000,000." So says the *New York Evening World*. Some reformers lift their hands in assumed holy horror, if a revolutionist says, "this system must be got rid of, even if it must be by forcible revolution." Why? Because of the destruction to life and property.

The life of the average wealth-producer has been reduced to such a level of misery that it is not worth having, and the best thing they can do with it is to sacrifice it on the altar of Social Revolution and prepare the way for liberty for future generations.

We can but reiterate her sentiments, and shout with one voice—Hurrah for Anarchy!

AUSTRALIA.

Among the scores of wires relating to strike matters in Queensland and other Australian colonies, I note the following, as showing how the revolutionary fire is burning in this quarter of the globe.

Blackall, March 31st. Mounted infantry here, howling drunk last night. Our men quiet but firm.—W. Kewley, Sec. G. S. U.

Strange, isn't it, that "our noble defenders," are generally made drunk for the purpose of carrying out their "bloody" work. They may get drunk shortly with a wine they will not relish.

Barcaldine, March 25th.—Strike Committee and Blackwell arrested this morning; places filled immediately. Everything quiet.—J. MOORE.

The hirelings of the propertied classes will stop at nothing to attain their object, i.e., defeating the workers, and other means than passive resistance must be used in order to persuade capitalists that workmen are in earnest. However, though they may be quiet, once let the above howling drunken mob of "our noble defenders," fire a shot, and we may safely trust to the manhood of the strikers asserting itself in their own defence.

Maryborough.—The District Council advises all Trades Unionists and sympathisers to resign from the Defence Force.

Signed, EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Good! We wonder, however, when the Trades Unionists of England will lose their flunkeyism and advise the resignation of all their members from the Volunteers.

Listen to this!

"Unfortunately the papers lie so consumedly about these strikes that unless you are in the thick of them, you do not know what to believe."

The above is not a quotation from last week's *Worker*, but from the *Courier's* London correspondent. And they lie harder in Brisbane than they ever did in the old country.

Something strange for the capitalist press to lie, isn't it? It is time workmen swore off reading capitalist papers and took more to supporting their own journals. Workmen's papers have no need to lie on the Labour Question.

The Brisbane *Worker* says:—"Delegate Jack Meehan, of the Central District, writes from Wagga, N.S.W., where he had just had a most enthusiastic meeting re the bush trouble: "I see that George is snapped with thirteen more, and later that the Strike Committee are also visiting the Queen's Hotel. Not too bad in our free and glorious Australia! I am sure that such a just and paternal Government have also arrested the employers' secretary and committee, as what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander. But I had better not say any more, or if any of our capitalist governmental toadies read this they will cry out about sedition, or another important seizure of valuable information of a horrible outrage to be committed—a man talking about geese. . . . I will come back soon if things do not alter. If all the chaps are going to be locked up, I am not going to be out of it."

M'Ilwraith talks about "big, hot words." The following are some of those that exude from a single *Telegraph* leader:—

"Disorder, insurrection, criminal outrages, culprits, conclave, usurp, junto, agitators, organisers, crusade, robbery, confiscation, sedition, disloyalty, incendiarism, spoliation, propagandism of blackmail, plunder, rapine, vapouring, blustering, effrontery, audacity, contumacy, treason, agitators-cum-organisers, delegates-cum-secretaries, socialistic plunderers, baneful, malign, revolt, violence, rowdies, wreck, ruin, campaign of compulsion, coercion, defiance, socialistic unionism, ignorant zeal, inflamed communism and revolutionism, dupes, criminals, disorder, devastation, discontent, envy, malice, revenge, angry, resentful, railing injustice, threadbare lies, malign sentiment, mendacity, shameless misrepresentation, unblinking incitement to disaffection and revolution, sophistry, cajolery, Ishmaelite, seditious libels, stirring prejudices, inflaming passions, imaginative grievances, fictitious wrongs, inflated sophistry." Whirro-o-o!!!

It is evident from the above that ex-parson Brentnall is serving his Lord and Master again—according to his lights. They are the identical words which the chief-priests used when they soothed the multitude on to prefer Barrabas.

Those who think of emigrating to Australia had better pause. For here is the truth, a truth which no persecution can suppress and no combination of Capitalism overthrow, that those who control the means of living control those others who must live. No man is free excepting the man who has the power to work without asking leave of another; no man but the citizen of the community which insures work to its citizens as a right.

We take the following from an interview with a correspondent of the *Australian Workman* with Jack Meehan:—

"The majority, then, of the workers in Queensland are Socialists?"

"Yes, the bushmen especially, are all Socialists, and if only the whole of us had votes, and a general election took place shortly, you would find a great change in the composition of Parliament."

The workers here want a good Anarchist or two and the voting idea will soon disappear, especially as those who control the means of life control those others who must live; property votes, poverty cannot vote except on capitalist questions and under capitalist conditions. C. W. M.

BELGIUM.

As might have been expected, the Belgian partial strikes—betrayed as the strikers were at every step by the leaders, and the so-called "workmen's party"—have not brought on the Revolution. Nevertheless, even these partial strikes have thoroughly frightened the possessing classes, and caused them to make political concessions, which capitalists and proletarian

alike regard (mistakenly enough) as important. What then would not a real General Strike achieve? A General Strike which should not end until the Social Revolution was accomplished?

Of course the police in Belgium, as elsewhere, are behaving with their accustomed high-handed scorn for the rights of others—especially of Revolutionists. Belgium, as everyone knows, is a happy land of refuge for bankrupts, swindlers, even for murderers, but the line is drawn at Anarchists. Merlino, as we know, was expelled; Weill was expelled; and now our comrade Levezan has been expelled. Persons who cast aside patriotic prejudices, class interests and family affections to devote themselves absolutely to the workers cause are "not wanted" by the Flemish bourgeois.

FRANCE.

Elsewhere we give a detailed account of the Fourmies crime. A very well-known Marxist comrade, J. R. Clément, has been treated at Charleville by the "law-and-order" brigade in a manner which must excite the indignation of every honest man,—little as we sympathise with Marxist "leaders." He was returning with two or three hundred comrades in procession from the civil funeral of a child when the mourners were ordered to disperse by the police. Clément, with the extraordinary respect for authority characteristic of State Socialists, advised the others to obey this order,—advice which was immediately acted upon by the well-drilled Marxists. Thereupon, without more ado, the police captain at once arrested Clément! Troops were soon after marched into the town and encamped in the streets, to guard against a possible rescue. Next day, Clément (with a rapidly suggestive rather of a drumhead court-martial than of a serious trial) was brought before the local tribunal and sentenced to two years imprisonment and five years banishment from the department, upon a trumped-up charge of "insulting the magistracy!" Clément has since appealed and his sentence has been reduced to two months—it being doubtless felt that the Charleville judges had gone just a little too far. It seems, however, that when things come to the pinch, the capitalist cut-throats draw no fine distinctions between Parliamentarians and Revolutionists pure and simple. For the rest, sentences of imprisonment have rained upon comrades all over France.

POLAND.

The Socialist movement here is triumphing altogether (one is glad to hear) over the nationalist and patriotic crazes. Despite the "state of siege," Warsaw was loaded with Socialist proclamations on the First of May, and there were serious outbreaks in various parts of the city. There were over a hundred arrests. R. W. B.

— IMPORTANT NOTICE. —

We have had to struggle against exceptional difficulties since we started the weekly issue, and having had a succession of wet Sundays, during which, outdoor propaganda, for which we largely depend for the sale of our paper, has been impossible. The position is now so desperate that, unless we receive considerable subscriptions to the *Guarantee Fund* the "Commonweal" must cease with the present issue. If our friends will help us over the present crisis we believe that we may be able to carry on the "Commonweal" throughout the summer, if not the disappearance of the paper as a weekly is certain.

A SOCIAL GATHERING will be held at the *Commonweal* Club, 273, Hackney Road, on Thursday, June 4th, to welcome our young comrade, Charles Mowbray, on his release from the military prison at Colchester. Collection for propaganda.

In accordance with a resolution of the Jewish Anarchists of England and America, to hold an International Revolutionary Celebration, on May 30th, the International Working Men's Club, 40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E., have arranged a Public Meeting, Concert, and Ball, on Saturday May 30th, to which all English comrades are invited. Admission by Ticket, Sixpence. All particulars will be duly advertised.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon, assisted by Mrs. Carr, B.A. of the Fabian Society. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Rd. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MASS MEETING

WILL BE HELD AT THE

REFORMER'S TREE, HYDE PARK,

ON

Sunday, June 14th, at 3 p.m.,

WHEN SPEECHES WILL BE DELIVERED UPON

STRIKES, Their Cause & Cure

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WILL BE THE FOLLOWING—

D. J. NICOLL, London Socialist League, P. KROPOTKINE, LOUISE MICHEL, R. GUNDERSON, International Society of Tailors, S. MAINWARING, Amalgamated Society of Engineers, C. W. MOWBRAY, Amalgamated Society of Tailors, W. WESS, International Workmen's Party, R. W. BURNIE, Editor of the *Commonweal*, W. LEGGATT, Carmen's Union, J. TURNER, President Shop Assistants' Union, W. B. PARKER and W. CHAPPLE, London Society of Compositors, Y. YANOVSKY, Editor of *Workers' Friend*, J. BLACKWELL, Editor of *Freedom*, and other well-known Anarchists.

For further Arrangements see next week's "*Commonweal*."

"DOWN WITH THE SWEATERS!"

THIS is the battle cry of the East End Tailors, and it is a cry which is being heard louder than ever before. The horrible conditions of the workshops and sweating dens have been pointed out often, in both Capitalist and Socialist newspapers, but they can never be spoken of too often. Weary of making petitions to the employers, the sweaters' victims of East London have at last, and none too soon, struck against the horrible tyranny under which they exist, and the demand put forth is—as in the case of the West End Tailors—*too moderate*: Healthy workshops, increased pay, shorter hours.

Anyone who has ever had the misfortune to go into one of the dens in which clothing is being made in this part of London could never forget the sickening feeling which overcomes you on entering. In rooms scarcely fit to live in, men and women—young and old—are crowded in every available corner, making up clothing. No pretensions to cleanliness or ventilation is ever thought of. Consumption and Asthma Dens would be their proper name. In scarcely any other trade are there so many victims to these dread diseases as in the tailoring. Leprosy is *not* unknown, also, among the tailors and tailoresses of this quarter. It has come to our knowledge that work-people have been allowed to work whilst having members of their families suffering from *small pox*; and *itch* is common in many of the lower dens in which the police and military clothing is made. Samuel Brothers, Dolan, Pearse and Co., Compton and Co., Hobson and Son, Gardiner and Co., Hibbert and Co., and many others, are all more or less employers of the sweater, and, in many cases, they knowingly *wink* at the conditions of the sweating dens, solely on account of being enabled to get their work done cheaply. These firms are, among many others, mainly responsible for the spread of *Zymotic* diseases. Is it any wonder that the victims of the sweater should rebel. The great wonder to us is the calmness that exists among them, though that calmness will not, and cannot last. The result of

the conditions under which the great bulk of the workers live, especially in the tailoring trade, may be seen in the physical deterioration of the great masses of the workers in all our large towns, especially in London and Leeds. If there is any truth in the scientific doctrine that people are made what they are, both physically and morally, by their environment, what can be the effect of such an environment as that of the East and West End sweating dens? What kind of race can that be whose mothers live and work under such conditions. On the faces of the young men and women who come tumbling out of these dens at the close of every day, filling the streets with tumult and rough horse-play, is set the seal of the sordid conditions under which they live. The results of this accursed system have been plainly demonstrated to the sweater and capitalist over and over again—and with what result? They have received the truth with absolute indifference, not unmingled with brutal jests, believing that they could continue on in their course, seeing they had little to fear as long as the people were quiet. Before the Riots of 1886, in the West End, the capitalist employers of the sweaters would not admit that there was any exceptional distress. Are we to have another *Black Monday* before the sweater and his employer will listen to the appeal for more air and better living on the part of the victims? We believe we shall, and call, therefore, to those on strike, not to hesitate, if needs be, to use any and every means to sweep away the accursed dens in which they exist. This may be considered very strong language; but we consider that the evil renders strong language necessary, and the end will justify the means. A celebrated French gentleman—M. Foulon—during the early days of the French Revolution, when appealed to on behalf of the people who were starving, replied, "Let them eat grass!" Soon after, his body ornamented a lamp-post, and in his mouth was stuffed a tuft of grass. It might yet be necessary to make a like example of some of the sweaters and their employers before they will listen to the voice of reason; and who could regret it, if the result was beneficial to the human race. We would, however, caution the workers not to forget that the sweater has an employer who is alike responsible for the evils under which, not only tailors, but *all workers* exist, and which must continue until the capitalist system gives place to a system in which the people will own all the means of life. The workers who strike for a better workshop in order to be better slaves, will have to learn that they are no nearer their freedom, even though they win their present struggle and gain what they may consider a complete victory. We are, however, afraid they are doomed to a bitter disappointment, *unless* an example or two be taken from the *Paris' Bus Strike*. Here victory was won in three days. How much better than the chicken-hearted policy adopted by certain strike leaders, who are continually advising the people to remain passive and quiet, even under such hellish conditions as those which have rendered this strike necessary. Those unconnected with the tailoring trade may pass this over thinking it does not concern them. We ask you to consider again. Do you wear ready-made clothes? Do you get your clothes at a cheap shop, made to order; or are you a policeman or volunteer. If you are either, this concerns you, and that very greatly. Many of you wonder how you have contracted certain diseases. You need wonder no longer. But how can you help it? you may ask. Well, if you buy ready-made clothes, you had better have them disinfected before wearing them; and if you are a Trades Unionist, and still wear them, you are not only inconsistent, but you become a party to the encouragement of "scabbing" by your action. If you are a policeman, it is your own fault largely, and matters little to the workers—whose enemies you are—whether you contract disease or not. If you are a volunteer and a Trades Unionist, you are worse than either case before-mentioned, as you *voluntarily* encourage sweating and "scabbing," and are traitors to the cause of Labour if you remain a volunteer. To you, especially, we say your duty is to resign from your various regiments unless your garments are made in healthy workshops and by better-paid labour than that which obtains to-day. You who are Trades Unionists, and are fighting for better conditions for yourselves, must see that your conduct is treacherous in the extreme to the Labour cause when you volunteer

—as you do—to assist in suppressing by armed force any outbreak on the part of your sweated co-workers. Let all who have the cause of Labour at heart resign AT ONCE from all regiments as a protest against sweating, and further, in order to assist your struggling fellow workers to obtain better conditions, not only for themselves, but for all. To the sweated, I would say, a peaceful attitude is of no use. Revolt, and revolt only, will quicken the senses of those people who fatten upon our blood and sweat. Let our watchword be Revolt, and let it be not merely for the abolition of the sweater, but for the overthrow of capitalism—the parent of sweating and misery—and the establishment of a system of society based upon Justice, Liberty, and Brotherhood. Each one working to the best of his ability, and each one consuming according to his desires; and, in order to obtain this, we call on you to prepare for the Social Revolution, which alone can make this possible.

THE BEAST OF PROPERTY

By JOHN MOST.

(Continued from page 50.)

IN Europe and America there are several hundred thousand priests and ministers, specially provided for to poison the common sense of the masses. Numberless missionaries wander from house to house spreading senseless tracts, or committing other *spiritual mischief*. In the schools strenuous attempts are made to nullify what little good the training in reading, writing and ciphering may bring with it. Idiotic maltreatment of *history* excites that blatant prejudice which divides peoples, and prevents them from recognising the fact that their oppressors have long ago leagued together against them, and that all political trickery, past and present, has the only one object in view, that of firmly establishing the power of the rulers, and thereby ensuring the exploitation of the poor by the rich.

The hawking trade in *loyalty and order intoxicants* is attended to by the inklingers of the daily press, numerous literary perverters of history, by political heelers of the various predominating cliques, rings, combinations and organisations, by parliamentary windbags with seductive smiles, pledges on their lips and treason in their hearts, and hundreds of other politicians of all degrees and shades of villany.

Whole squads of bushwhackers are specially employed in mystifying the social question. The professors of political economy for instance, play the part of lackeys to the bourgeoisie, extolling the golden calf as the true sun of life, and using falsehood and knavery so *scientifically*, that they make the tanning of workmen's hides appear as a benefaction to mankind. Some of those charlatans recommend social reform, or in other words, processes, based on the maxim of washing without wetting; not to mention their celebrated recipes for economising and educating. While thus bamboozling the masses the capitalistic knights of plunder continue to perfect their mechanism of power. New offices are created. High positions in these are filled in Europe by the progeny of the former highwayman (now a *nobleman*), in America by the most crafty office hunters and the most wily thieves, who combine with their original purpose of authoritatively gagging the proletariat, the very pleasant business of till-tapping and forgery on a grand scale. They command armies of soldiers, gendarmes, policemen, spies, judges, prison-keepers, tax collectors, executioners, etc. The lower class of this beadlehood are almost wholly recruited from the ranks of the non-possessors, and are only exceptionally better paid. For all that they display great zeal as spies, eaves-droppers, and pokenoses, as claws, teeth and suckers of the state, which institution is evidently nothing more nor less than the political organisation of a horde of swindlers and spoliators, who without the tyrannising machinery could not exist for one day before the just wrath and condemnation of the oppressed and plundered people.

In most of the old countries this system has naturally reached its point of culmination in the outer form. The entire disciplinary apparatus of the state concentrates in a monarchic power. Its representatives *by the grace of God* are, in accordance, the very quintessence of villany. In them all vice and crime common to the ruling classes is developed to a monstrous degree. Their most agreeable occupation is wholesale murder (war); when they rob, and they do it often, they always rob entire countries, and hundreds, even thousands of millions. Incendiarism on a colossal scale serves to illuminate their atrocities. They adhere to the notion that mankind exists for them to kick, cuff, and spit upon. At the best they make it worth their while to select the most attractive women and girls from among their *subjects* to satiate their beastly lusts. The others have the right to *most obediently* die like dogs. By direct blackmail these crowned murderers of Europe annually pocket £10,000,000. Militarism, their pet progeny, annually costs £200,000,000, not taking into consideration the loss of life and labour. An equal sum is paid as interest on £4,000,000,000 of state-debts, which these scoundrels have incurred in a comparatively short time. Monarchism in Europe then costs annually £410,000,000, that is to say, more than 10,000,000 of workers, the supporters of 50,000,000 of people, earn as wages in the same time.

In America the place of the monarchs is filled by monopolists. Should monopolism in the alleged *free* United States of America develop at the rate it has in the last quarter of a century, there will remain free from monopolisation only daylight and air. Five hundred million acres of land in the United States, about six times the area of Great Britain and Ireland, have been divided within a generation

among the railway companies and the great landlords of European aristocratic origin. Within a few decades Vanderbilt alone amassed £40,000,000; several dozen of his competitors in robbery bid fair to outdo him. San Francisco was settled hardly thirty years ago, to-day it harbours eighty-five millionaires! All the wealth of this great republic, although established but a century, its mines, its coal-fields its oil-wells, etc., have been *taken* from the people and are the property of a handful of daring adventurers and cunning schemers.

The *sovereignty of the people* falls prostrate into the dust before the influence of these money kings, railroad magnates, coal barons and factory lords. These fellows carry the whole United States in their pockets, and that which is vaunted as untrammelled legislation and free ballot is a farce, a delusion, and a snare.

If this be the condition of the green wood, what may we not expect of the decayed timber? If this young American republic, with its nearly boundless territory and its almost inexhaustible natural resources, has been so fatally corrupted and ruined in such a short time by the capitalistic system, why be surprised at the results of long continued abuses of similar nature in servile, rotten Europe.

Indeed it seems as though this young American republic had for the present but one historical mission, of demonstrating beyond controversy to the people on this side of the Atlantic, as to those on the other, by the presentation of bare, tangible facts, what an outrageous monster the *beast of property* really is, and that neither the condition of the soil, nor the vastness of domain, nor the political forms of society can ever alter the viciousness of this beast of prey; but to the contrary, it proves, that the less a necessity naturally exists for individual greed and rapacity, the more dangerous to, and obtrusive upon society it becomes. It is not voracious to satisfy its wants—it devours for the sake of devouring only!

Let those who labour to live understand that this monster cannot be tamed, nor be made harmless or useful to man; let them learn to know that there is but one means of safety: an unrelenting, pitiless, thorough war of extermination! Gentle overtures go for naught; scorn and derision will be the result, if by petitions, elections, and like silly attempts the proletariat hopes to command the respect of its sworn enemies.

Some say general education will bring about a change; but this advice is, as a rule, an idle phrase. Education of the people will only then be possible, when the obstructions thereto have been removed. And that will not take place until the entire present system has been destroyed.

But let it not be understood that nothing could or should be done by education. Far from it. Whoever has recognized the villainy of the present conditions, is in duty bound to raise his voice, in order to expose them, and thereby open the eyes of the people. Only avoid to reach this result by super-scientific reflections. Let us leave this to those well-meaning scientists, who in this manner tear the mask of humanity from the *better class* and disclose the hideous countenance of the beast of prey. The language of and to the proletariat must be clear and forcible.

Whoever thus uses speech will be accused of inciting disturbance by the governing rabble; he will be bitterly hated and persecuted. This shows, that the only possible and practical enlightenment must be of an inciting nature. Then let us incite!

Let us show the people how it is swindled out of its labour force by country and city capitalists; how it is euchered out of its meagre wages by the store, house, and other lords; how priests of pulpit, press, and party seek to destroy its intellect; how a brutal police is ever ready to maltreat and tyrannise it, and with a soldiery to spill its blood. Patience at last must forsake it! The people will rebel and crush its foes.

The revolution of the proletariat—the war of the poor against the rich—is the only way from oppression to deliverance.

But, some interpose, revolutions can not be made! Certainly not, but they can be prepared for by directing the people's attention to the fact, that such events are imminent, and calling upon them to be ready for all emergencies.

Capitalistic development, of which many theorists assert, that it must proceed to the total extinction of the middle class, before the conditions favourable to a social revolution are at hand, has reached such a point of perfection, that its farther progress is almost impossible. Universal production (in civilized countries) can only be carried on, industrially as well as agriculturally, on a grand scale, when society is organized on a Communistic basis, and when (which will then be a truism) the reduction of the hours of labour keeps pace with the development of technical facilities, and augmented consumption with production.

This is easily comprehended. By wholesale production from 10 to 100 times more is produced than the producers need in goods of equivalent value, and there lies the rub. Until lately, this entire surplus value has been but little noticed, because by far the greater portion of this so-called profit has been in turn capitalized, that is, used for new capitalistic enterprises, and because the industrially most advanced countries (the *beast of property* in those countries) export enormous quantities of merchandise. Now, however, the thing is beginning to weaken mightily. Industrialism has made great progress the world over, balancing exports and imports more and more, and for that reason new investments of capital become less profitable, and must, under such circumstances, prove entirely unremunerative. Universal crises must ensue and will expose these glaring incongruities.

Everything, therefore, is ripe for Communism; it is only neces-

nary to remove its interested inveterate enemies, the capitalists and their abettors. During these crises the people will become sufficiently prepared for the struggle. Everything will then depend on the presence of a well trained revolutionary nucleus at all points, which is fit and able to crystallize around itself the masses of the people, driven to rebellion by misery and want of work, and which can then apply the mighty forces so formed to the destruction of all existing hostile institutions.

Therefore, organize and enlarge everywhere the Socialistic revolutionary party, before it be too late. The victory of the people over its tyrants and vampires will then be certain.

Instead of here developing a programme, it is, under present conditions, of far greater importance to sketch what the proletariat must probably do immediately after the victorious battle, to maintain its supremacy.

Most likely the following must be done:—In every local community where the people have gained a victory, revolutionary committees must be constituted. These execute the decrees of the revolutionary army, which, reinforced by the armed workingmen, now rules like a new conqueror of the world.

The former (present) system will be abolished in the most rapid and thorough manner, if its supports—the *beasts of property* and horde of adherents—are annihilated. The case standing thus:—If the people do not crush them, they will crush the people, drown the revolution in the blood of the best, and rivet the chains of slavery more firmly than ever. Kill or be killed is the alternative. Therefore, massacres of the people's enemies must be instituted. All free communities enter into an offensive and defensive alliance during the continuance of the combat. The revolutionary communes must incite rebellion in the adjacent districts. The war cannot terminate until the enemy (the *beast of property*) has been pursued to its last lurking place, and totally destroyed.

(To be concluded.)

NOTES.

THE *Echo*, the other day, gave its readers a not altogether unappreciative sketch of our comrade Elisée Reclus, who assuredly deserves all the good which can be said of him. The writer, however, was so hopelessly at sea as to our comrade's real views as to repeat more than once that he is "not a Socialist." Reclus, of course, detests the State, and therefore necessarily repudiates the hideous abortion known as State Socialism, as we also repudiate it. Like us, however, he is not only an Anarchist but also a Communist. His and our contention is that Anarchist Communism is the only true and workable Socialism.

The *Daily Chronicle* announced the other day that the Kaweah Community in California had collapsed, an announcement promptly denied. On which side the truth lies I cannot pretend to determine, but as Revolutionists and Anarchist-Communists we should not, I imagine, specially regret the failure of what we can only regard as an altogether mistaken attempt. As we have repeatedly said, the place of real Socialists is in the midst of our vile civilisation, that we may the sooner destroy it, and not in selfish isolation in the wilderness. Moreover, Kaweah, where Anarchists are expressly warned that they are not wanted, would seem hopelessly given over to Government and Collectivism. The *Chronicle*, by the way, ought to know that a colony wherein a system of "time-checks" and "giving to each according to his works" is in full swing is not a "Communist experiment," whatever else it may be.

Our good comrade, Belfort Bax, has been expressing in *Justice* the sense of infinite superiority over the rest of mankind of the Social Democrat who has read Karl Marx in the original. "Anarchism still flourishes in some quarters," we are told, "as the necessary complement of Social Democracy when new and improperly organised." It is a pity that a man of our comrade's ability should have so impregnated himself with the dogmatism of the orthodox German Socialism that he is as one stubbornly closing his eyes to Anarchist Communism and to what its exponents mean by it. Surely even the Bebelites must recognise that the constantly growing Anarchist drift of contemporary Socialist thought is a matter with which sooner or later they will have to deal in some way, and no great current of thought can be successfully dealt with by sneering from imaginary altitudes at the thinkers as "fools and dreamers," and unscientific persons.

No one will be surprised to learn that Bax, from that fancied platform of his, gazes down with equal sense of higher culture, of power of "looking before and after" alike upon the machine-made Utopia of "Looking Backward," and the beautiful visions of "News from Nowhere." Our Comrade Morris, it seems, has merely "transferred mediæval society purified of its coarsenesses and cruelties into the conditions of a Socialistic society at [qu. 'in'] another phase." This is an example, of course, of a kind of criticism which is easy enough, but (Bax will I know forgive me for saying) by no means helpful. Naturally, however, even a literary-minded Bebelite could not be expected to appreciate so thoroughly Anarchist a production as Morris' lovely and convincing dream, wherein politics and government have no place.

Ibsen, too, is a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to Bax. He, it seems, belongs to a "species of Utopian Anarchists," and has "one infallible and non-economic panacea for all social ills." This will be news indeed to those of us who have been content to approach the Norse dramatist without pre-conceived prejudices. We had thought, I fancy, that Ibsen had hitherto confined himself to searching and cruel criticism and dissection of the vile and false society of to-day without setting forth any remedy of his own, therefrom; although it is indeed plain to one reading between the lines that the writer's sympathies lie in an Anarchist direction, and however, Ibsen certainly does proclaim the right of women to live their own lives, and this would alone suffice to alienate all the sympathies of our comrade, who has never made a secret of his misogynist leanings.

Bax winds up his article by declaring that "Socialism, in this its third period, awaits its consolidation and completion as a party with a coherent doctrine and a united front." This sentence, with its peculiar use of "Socialism" for "Socialists" is hardly of idiomatic construction; but the meaning is clear enough, and, for my part, I entirely dissent from it. We shall never be "consolidated and completed" into "a party with a coherent doctrine and a united front" this side of the Revolution. Moreover, it would be a great misfortune if we could be so "consolidated and completed;" inasmuch as we should then become a mere church and sect and go the way of other churches and sects. It is far better to play our individual parts in the greatest movement of the human mind the world has seen—the movement towards Freedom.

In *Murray's Magazine*, of all places, I find a bourgeois view of the situation in Paris which is worth noting. "The spirit now fermenting among the lower classes, and constantly increasing in power," says the middle-class writer, quoting a "celebrated General," "must end in some terrible social explosion, which will come with unexpected force and carry all before it." "Les voleurs" (the robbers), as they are called, would fare badly in any Socialist commotion. The Anarchists have openly declared their determination to blow up the great banks, . . . the Opera House, and the private dwellings of well-known capitalists."

It is a thoroughly logical deed, as things are, to make what is called a "peer" of Sam Lister—the pitiless oppressor of the Manningham silk-weavers—as a kind of reward for his victory the other day over his revolted wage-slaves. The conquering bourgeois has dressed himself in the worn-out finery of the feudal thieves who preceeded him, and the modern capitalist dearly loves to be styled "baron" like one of the fabulous paladins of Charlemagne, and to take his seat in the "House of Lords" with ceremonies yet redolent of the Middle Ages. Yet one prefers, somehow, the bold and warlike robber of old to the crafty liver on others' toil who now disports himself in the halls of his erst-while masters. Surely, however, the kingdom of the Listers shall pass as has passed the kingdom of those former masters of us and them.

R. W. B.

Attention! Mr. Macdonald. Is it true that you stated, whilst giving evidence before the Contract Committee of the L. C. C., that the foreigners of London had no backbone in them? How does this assertion of yours coincide with the attitude of the International Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors during the present strike? They not only showed they had backbone, but they showed that the leaders had none.

The Jewish Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors are now plunged into the struggle against sweating, and are decrying against the English section of the Amalgamated Society for not sending speakers &c. to aid them. It is very discouraging to see the British workman standing aloof from his foreign comrades in this struggle. How is the International Solidarity of Labour to be brought about if this attitude continues? Yet it is all one might expect from such chicken-hearted leaders as those who have conducted the present struggle. The East will have no reason to thank the West if they win this struggle, and if it reacts on them they ought not to grumble, seeing they refused to aid the East in its struggle against sweating. And so the battle goes on, and must go on until the Revolution comes, and when it comes it shall sweep away not only sweating but those who cause it.

C. W. M.

PROPAGANDA IN THE PROVINCES.

SHEFFIELD.—We have taken advantage of the presence here of that vile hypocrite and murderer, Stanley, who gave a lecture on Friday night at the Albert Hall, to do some good propaganda and to sell Comrade Nicoll's pamphlet on a grand scale, as well as to protest against the wretched creature and his "Mission." If he were treated as he deserves by the Anarchists in every town he pollutes with his presence, he would soon have little stomach for showing himself round as he does. Of course we did not do one-half we ought to have done, but it has been better than nothing, and has drawn our enemies of the Press, whose posters on Saturday displayed in large letters—

"Stanley's lecture last night. Extraordinary conduct of the Sheffield Socialists."

We were there in force some time before the hour fixed for the lecture (8 p.m.) with a large supply of Nicoll's pamphlet, but people going in knew us and rejected our offers, and one comrade who advanced as far as

the ticket office was threatened with removal by the officers of law and order.

At Comrade J. Bingham's suggestion, we determined then to take gallery tickets, and he and I went in and began to offer the pamphlet for sale. To our great delight and amusement they were greedily bought up, until there was hardly a person in that gallery but was the proud possessor of one.

Fired with our success, I then determined to invade the body of the hall, at the sacrifice of another "bob," and leaving Bingham—who is just the man for it—to face some of the disappointed purchasers, who began to feel sold and reclaim their money, I went down to the body of the hall, which was stuffed with parsons. I had a hand-bag nearly full, and was doing a roaring trade, for which some of the dear creatures, to encourage me, (poor man!) smiled sweetly at me and exclaimed, "You are making your fortune," and such like, and they felt the happiness of doing good by buying from me; but presently there were shouts from the gallery, "Turn him out!" "It's a fraud!" and there was a regular hullabaloo, so the doorkeeper came, and taking me by the sleeve suggested I should leave, but with all the indignation of a Briton who has paid his money, I shook him off, telling him that if there was a disturbance it was not of my making, and that he should not prevent my turning an honest penny as I had the ambition some day to be a capitalist. He retired, but returned with a policeman as large as life. The "bobby" remonstrated with me, but on my taking a seat in order to hear the pious and blood-thirsty lecturer, he retired, and I then continued to sell my stock at the other side of the hall, and the demand, strange to say, never slackened until I had not one and they were asking for more.

In the meantime, some comrades had stationed themselves at the side entrance, and when Stanley drove up they began to hiss and hoot him, and the crowd standing round unexpectedly joined in and did the same! (Some of them asked afterwards "Why did we hoot him?")

When he came on the platform, he was received with great applause by the "tub-thumpers" and other pious Pecksniffs; but when they ceased, I began to hiss and continued until they howled me down and again threatened expulsion.

Again at the door, on his departure, we waited for him in a body and hooted him and shouted murderer, blood-thirsty scoundrel, etc. I got round to the off-side of the cab, and before his companion could pull up the window I told him what I thought of him. Away went the cab, and alongside of it the stalwart form of our sprightly comrade of French extraction, Parfremont, "transfigured with rage," as he said, shaking his stick in the faces of the occupants as he ran, and hurling at Stanley the choicest epithets in his vocabulary. He followed the cab for a considerable distance.

On counting up we found we had sold nearly a sovereign's worth of the pamphlet—19s. 7d.—and but that it was a very cold and wet day to-day (Sunday) we could have sold much more than we did, for there is quite a demand for them established by the newspapers, one of which reproduced the first paragraphs of it.

Hoping that in some other town the pious buccaneer may meet his deserts, I remain, your comrade in the Revolution.—J. CREAGHE.

YARMOUTH.—Although no reports have appeared in the *Weal* for some time past, we have not been asleep during the winter, as some of our enemies might think. Ten lectures have been given in the Gladstone Hall on various dates by Comrades Dell, Bernard Shaw, Oakeshott, Clarke, M.A., and De Mattos of the Fabian Society, including a course on the "Distribution of Wealth." We have also had Comrades Mowbray, Pontyz, Darley, and several other Norwich comrades with us, but the largest and most interesting meeting was held on the morning of Sunday, May 17th, on the Priory Plain, when addresses were delivered by Shaw Maxwell, of the Glasgow Branch of the Socialist League, late editor of the *People's Press*; Pontyz, of Norwich, and Headley. Whilst Headley was speaking, several police rushed in the ring and tried to upset the meeting, but, seeing that we were determined to meet force by force, the crowd being with us, contented themselves by taking the names of Shaw Maxwell, Saunders, and Headley, after using a lot of threats about what they would do. This resulted in our already large meeting considerably increasing, nearly 1,000 people being present, and our comrades have since received summonses. A large meeting was also held in the afternoon by the same speakers. Owing to rain we had to adjourn to the new Club Rooms in Howard Street, where another large meeting was held in the evening. On Tuesday, social gatherings of Norwich and Yarmouth Anarchists in the Club Rooms, also a grand tea on Tuesday afternoon in the Club; the Norwich comrades lost the train, and had to stay all night. Success to the Revolution.—J. HEADLEY.

GLASGOW.—Recently, on the occasion of a visit from Comrade Andreas Scheu, of London, an effort was made to revive the old vigorous propaganda spirit of the Branch. Comrade Charles F. Freer was appointed Secretary in place of Bruce Glasier, who desired that someone with fresh initiative should take a turn at the wheel. Comrade Robb was appointed Treasurer, and a new Committee was formed. We are hopeful that with the hearty support of our old comrades the League will now do well. We have opened a new open-air meeting at St. George's Cross on Sunday evenings at five o'clock, which Joe and Tim Burgoyne take charge of, while Glasier still holds the fort at Paisley Road Toll, also at five o'clock. We have also opened an indoor meeting on Friday evenings for lectures and discussions. During the last two or three months, propaganda has been steadily maintained. Besides the usual routine of open-air lectures, Leo Meilliet gave a lecture, under our auspices, on "Socialism in Schools." Glasier held a two nights' debate with Mr. Bowman, President of the Land Restoration Federation on "Socialism and the Single Tax." He also addressed a number of Irish National League meetings on "Socialism and Irish Nationalism"; while Joe Burgoyne lectured to the Springburn Land and Labour Society on "The Eight Hours' Question."—C. F. F.

REVIEWS.

"NEWS FROM NOWHERE."—The publication of our Comrade Morris' "News from Nowhere" in book form at 1s. should do much to dispel many erroneous notions regarding the ideal of society which Socialists seek to realize.

Its appearance is especially opportune, in view of the wide circulation

which Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has obtained in this country and America.

Bellamy's book has no doubt done much service by interesting thousands of people in Socialism who might not have been reached by direct propaganda for years; and it has certainly shown how social equality might be realized and how the production and distribution of wealth and other social functions might be carried on under a system of State-Communism; but as an ideal of full, and fresh social life, it is far from attractive. The stove-dried, highly respectable and imaginative character of its people, and their formal, mechanical, and inartistic way of doing everything savours rather of a sublimation of the weary and flabby middle-class American Society of our day, than of the free, lithesome life which we hope for in the future.

It is well, therefore, that such a conception of life under Socialism should not pass as the ideal of modern Socialists amongst those outside the usual channels of Socialist teaching; and thanks to Comrade Morris' delightful romance, which bids fair to become very popular, there is less likelihood of that misapprehension occurring.

But it is not alone in regard to Bellamy's imperfect ideal that "News from Nowhere" may have an immediate beneficial influence, but in regard to all provisions of Socialism that drag with them the wretched habiliments of present commercial habits and anti-social superstition. For in it we have a glimpse of life so full of promise of completely satisfying all our physical and mental desires and yet so free from any taint of unreality, or trace of artificial method or restriction, that it cannot fail to draw men and women away from the narrower and more tentative Socialist schemes which current political agitation is apt to make at first sight more acceptable to them.

There are many of us who have been so much kept to the treadmill of wage-earning, and who have had no little opportunity of knowing what life under greater leisure and associated with natural beauty and art, might be, that the scenes presented to us in Comrade Morris' book—the strong and graceful men and women—the beautiful woods and meadow lands, the spacious and pretty dwellings—the heartsome labour—the feasting and merry-making—while bringing us delight, bring us also sorrow and anger; for we cannot but think how our lives and the lives of those who are dear to us, are being woefully wasted to-day, and how happy they might be, if the Social Revolution was behind us and not before us.

It may be that not only to others but to ourselves, this vision of an epoch of rest which our comrade has given us, may prove an incentive to more earnest—more unflinching effort—to hastening the advent of the time; so that it may come, not in a hundred or more years, but, if possible, inside the span of our own days.—BRUCE GLASIER.

"THE CHRONICLE OF ST. GEORGE."—We have had forwarded to us the first number of yet another new periodical, apparently of "Christian Socialist" tendencies—the "Chronicle of St. George"—to be published quarterly at Chichester. It is prettily printed on satisfactory paper, but its contents make up a curious farrago of inconsistent fads. "B. R." apparently believes in the mystic properties of the number seven. Colonel Ingersoll discourses upon the iniquity of vivisection, with an anti-scientific bias worthy of some Christian bigot. Mr. Conrad Noel waxes maudlin over the interior of St. Alban's, Holborn. However, one is disposed to forgive much to the Editor, for he is reprinting our Comrade Morris' "Monopoly." The large spacious sanity of that admirable little treatise contrasts oddly enough with the crankiness of the other articles. By the way, have not we heard quite enough of the Cappadocian pork-butcher who by an odd freak of fortune became the "patron saint" of England? Still, with all deductions made, a publication of this kind is symptomatic of the spread of Socialism in the most unlikely quarters.

R. W. B.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[Vol. 7.—No. 267.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MASS MEETING

WILL BE HELD AT THE

REFORMER'S TREE, HYDE PARK,

ON

Sunday, June 14th, at 3 p.m.,

WHEN SPEECHES WILL BE DELIVERED UPON

STRIKES, Their Cause & Cure

AMONG THE SPEAKERS WILL BE THE FOLLOWING—

D. J. NICOLL, Editor of the *Commonweal*, P. KROPOTKINE, LOUISE MICHEL, R. GUNDERSON, International Society of Tailors, S. MAINWARING, Amalgamated Society of Engineers, C. W. MOWBRAY, Amalgamated Society of Tailors, W. WESS, International Workmen's Party, R. W. BURNIE, London Socialist League, W. LEGGATT, Carmen's Union, J. TURNER, President Shop Assistants' Union, W. B. PARKER and W. CHAPPLE, London Society of Compositors, Y. YANOVSKY, Editor of *Workers' Friend*, J. BLACKWELL, Editor of *Freedom*, and other well-known Anarchists.

THE GREAT 'BUS STRIKE.

THE Great 'Bus Strike is a grand lesson to the English workers. It shows what men can do if they are but courageous and determined. It has proved that a section of English workers, who one would have thought were the most imbued with Jingoism and that class pride which has been the curse of the aristocrats of labour, have not scorned to follow the example of the despised "foreigners" in acting with revolutionary vigour for themselves. The courage displayed by the brave Paris 'busmen has stirred the hearts of their English brethren with the same spirit of revolt, and we have seen here in Jingo Tory London, a grand outburst of revolutionary boldness that has startled and amazed the world. Yes, we have seen within the last few days a realization of the International Solidarity of Labour. This solidarity is no longer a matter of words but of deeds. The "howling mobs" of London and the Paris *canaille* have shaken hands across the Channel. These mobs, this rabble that has overturned and smashed omnibuses, these "roughs" on whom the middle classes shower their hardest epithets, and whom Radical prints warn in solemn language against resorting to "violence," it is to these whom credit is really due for the victories in London and Paris.

We have this upon the best authority, the blacklegs themselves. A deputation of these miserable creatures waited upon the Directors on Monday to protest their "loyalty" to the Company, to denounce the "agitators" and to show what wretched and servile hounds they were. One, a creature named Bristow, was asked by one of the Directors, if he and the rest of the despicable gang of crawlers had police protection, would they take the 'busses out, to which he replied, we quote from the *Echo* report of Monday, June 8th, "I don't think it would be safe." The gentleman who wrote that moral sermon to the men in the leading article in the *Star* might ponder upon their words, and bear in mind that there is a large number of craven wretches in the world of the Bristow type. These people have no fine feelings, they love dirty actions almost because they are dirty, and especially would they rush to do any mean and cowardly work to gratify their superiors, by blacklegging to their heart's content, but when they "don't think it would be safe," then they are restrained

from rolling in the mire of infamy, and their natural cowardice becomes a negative kind of virtue.

The busmen's strike, thanks to "roughs" and "howling mobs" who convinced these gentlemen that it was not "safe" to turn blacklegs has been a success. But no thanks is due for this to the "leaders" who were very careful to tell the men how to lose the strike by issuing the following "orders." "Do not do anything unlawful. Do not use threats, intimidation, or violence to any man. Do not injure any property. Keep strictly within the law." These "orders" do justice to Mr. Sutherst's legal training, but not to his common sense. Unless they were meant "ironical" like the famous speech of a Yankee orator, who in addressing an audience concerning a political opponent, said, "Don't put him under the pump. Don't duck him in the horse pond. Don't ride him on a rail. Don't tar and feather him. It is fortunate that the busmen and the 'roughs' understood Mr. Sutherst's orders in the same sense as the Yankee orator's audience understood his language, for they immediately proceeded to do all these things to the gentleman of whom he was speaking; and if the "howling mobs" had not understood Mr. Sutherst's orders in a similar sense, creatures of the Bristow type would have felt safe, and the supply of blacklegs might have been unlimited.

We hail the 'busmen's strike as a popular victory, a victory of the rabble, a triumph gained by the spontaneous action of the people themselves, a truly Anarchist outburst against "law and order" and "property." All honour then to the "howling mobs" who besieged the gates of the yards and drove the blackleg 'busmen back again by sheer terror, when they saw 'busses overturned and smashed by a crowd savage with fury. The deeds of these "ruffians" who did not mind risking their limbs if not their lives to help their brethren, are worth all the sentiment of newspaper scribes, and fine gentlemen who talk philanthropic Socialism and preach against "violence" in middle class drawing rooms. We don't believe in this cant. We know that it is only through "violence" that the people can gain any victory, and till the blackleg and sweater dangle from the same lamp post, the masses will still remain in misery and destitution.

Still, we admit that the "leaders," inspired by the dauntless spirit of the men, have shown more pluck and determination up to the present than some strike "leaders" have done. John Burns especially has been all over the shop, like an incarnation of the spirit of the revolt drawing out blacklegs by the hundred and proving plainly to all, that he is at his best in the midst of the rush and excitement of a great strike. Although Anarchists are not great man worshippers, we cannot help regretting that Burns, with his tremendous power of awakening the masses from their apathy into active rebellion against capitalist tyranny, should even dream of wasting his time upon the dullards, asses, and thieves who fill our House of Commons.

Still we have hopes that after a little experience of that place, Burns will agree with us, and at any rate a labour leader who is still looked upon by the police as "dangerous" enough to arrest for "intimidation," can be admired by revolutionists without any sacrifice of their principles.

On the whole we are delighted with the 'Bus Strike, and the most valuable lesson to gain from it is, what can be accomplished by workmen if they are but united and determined. If a general strike of 'Busmen can win a twelve hours day, what could not be gained by a Universal Strike of all workers in every trade and industry. Why they could win not only a twelve or eight hours day, but the creation of their labour, all the wealth which they have made. Is this impossible? well, many of us thought that a general strike of London dockers or 'busmen was "impossible," but both have occurred, and at the rate we are moving we may see events more strange and startling than these great strikes before very long.

D. J. NICOLL.

AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

On Wednesday last we paid a visit to the quaint old garrison town of Colchester, to welcome our comrade, C. W. Mowbray, junr., on his release from the military prison, where he had been confined for two months for desertion, and for which he was discharged from the

army, his services being no longer required! Our first point of attraction after leaving the railway station, was of course the camp, in order to have a talk with the soldiers, and to circulate among them the ideas which we held, and to find out what was the feeling of the men towards the workers who revolt against the tyranny of the capitalist. We first visited the lines and had a chat with some soldiers, after which we adjourned to the garrison canteen, where we found the greatest point of attraction existed; here amid the fumes of tobacco and beer were heard the rough jokes intermingled with foul language, which goes to make up the amusement of the men. We wondered for the moment if it was any use trying to impress such people with the sentiments and aspirations of Socialism, and whether our money had not been wasted; but a beginning had to be made. Though it was dangerous in the extreme to make that beginning amidst a mixed audience of Dragoons, Artillery, Munster Fusiliers, Royal Irish, Suffolk Militia, and Norfolk Regiment, with a sprinkling of Army Ordnance men and Hospital Corps, whose minds were all more or less fixed upon a song which was being sung by a lady, the title of the song being "Brave Sir Colin Campbell," being a tribute I suppose to the memory of one of "Britain's murderers." Imagine our feelings when this was sung, it was like madness to think of beginning to do propaganda among men who cheered such a song as this, yet, as I said, a beginning had to be made, and so in we plunged. We asked a soldier if he knew Sir Colin Campbell, and without troubling our readers with questions and answers, we will briefly state what followed closely after. We were not long in getting a group around us eager to listen to a discussion, though it had to be carried on in an undertone, the word was eagerly passed from one to another that we were Socialists, and that we had come to welcome young Mowbray on his release. Many were the enquiries regarding why he had been discharged, and oftentimes we had to repeat the answer that it was owing to his being connected with the Revolutionary Anarchists; we found few among the soldiers who understood what Anarchy meant, but Revolution, they all knew the meaning of. "That's just what we want, mate," it's time we did have a revolution to clear out some of the bosses, "I wish it was here to-morrow," and so forth, was heard from several. We then passed a few papers among them, and order being called again we had to listen to another song, after which "God save the Queen" was played by the orchestra. What startled us for a moment, for we were totally unprepared for this, a few began singing, but the majority by far began howling and hissing; this gave us hope, after the canteen was closed we went with a group of soldiers into the rooms they occupied and there again we had a further talk, staying among them for the night.

We got away early the next morning, soon after the first bugle sounded, in order to wait at the prison gate for our comrade who was released at 7 a.m., and escorted outside the camp, we of course having to follow, as our presence was just beginning to make itself known and felt. We desired to again re-enter the camp but were denied admission; however, we were equal to the occasion, and were not to be balked in this way by a provost-sergeant, so we separated, and one of our comrades gained re-entry with a parcel of papers, whilst we were outside doing the same among the civilians from house to house.

On again meeting our comrade we were immediately assured that more literature was wanted in the camp, so again our comrade went in and circulated amidst much danger from the provost police and the jingo soldier, who is always to be found. We circulated about 500 special numbers of the *Commonweal* and two thousand leaflets, and we may rest assured that this will bear good fruit in the near future. And now for a reason why the soldiers need not be feared so very much; the majority of those who enlist do so merely through lack of work and not from patriotism, and from the time they enter until the time they are discharged, the private soldier is shown his inferiority by every Jack-in-office, from the Colonel to the Lance-corporal, all of whom seem to think that it is their special function to make the life of Tommy Atkins a burden to him. For us this is good; we could do nothing but regret it were it otherwise, and the private soldier will not forget it when called upon to crush a popular revolt, if only in the meantime we are active in showing him his true position as well as ours. To see the face of the soldier when he is first told he is a hired murderer, is indeed a study; a feeling of indignation and a desire to resent the insulting accusation at first seizes him, but what is truly significant the reverse follows, then a feeling of disgust takes the place of the hitherto jingo spirit, and as he thinks perhaps of an old man eking out a bare existence by hard toil in some factory or by some stone heap on the roadside, or perhaps on some farm land, a sickening feeling takes possession of his breast as he silently murmurs to himself the one word "father." Perhaps he may see a lonely cottage in some remote village or a garret in some large centre of industry, where an aged woman is struggling to earn a crust by needlework or doing a little washing, or perhaps working in the fields in all kinds of weather for just enough to obtain the poorest kind of existence, whilst her son is away serving the class who are making her life such a burden. Then he inwardly curses the day which saw him enlist and leave his home, and he longs once again to embrace that being which gave him birth, and which in childhood's days he called by the endearing term of "mother;" perhaps he remembers some poor factory girl, who, oppressed by the accursed conditions of factory life is driven to seek a livelihood on the streets by prostituting her beauty and her person, rather than submit to be slowly murdered by impure air or starved for want of food, and this in order that some painted doll shall all she wants to enable her to please some capitalist robber

murderer, and the soldier slowly wipes his cheek and wonders why the tear silently mounts to his eye as he thinks of his sister or sweetheart. When this occurs, and we have seen it, then there is hope that a little manly feeling still exists in that breast beneath the soldier's coat. Is it any wonder that the days of hard toil and scant pay flashes across his own mind when he thinks, especially of some poor consumptive or perhaps a crippled brother or chum, and wonders how they are getting on.

Strict care is taken to drill the soldier into obedience and servility, and to keep from his reach all books or papers which would make him discontented and spoil him as a fighting machine, therefore it is not to be wondered at, that he knows so little of the real meaning of the labour struggle, and amid the strikes and labour riots which are bedoming almost of daily occurrence, it is more important than ever that the soldier should be urged to pause and think, before he allows himself to be used to coerce (and if needs be to kill) his father, mother, sister, brother, or fellow-workers, who are struggling to obtain a decent life.

We feel confident that with the growth of the present feeling among the soldiery, aided by our persistent propaganda in their midst, that the hopes of the capitalist will not be realised when he calls for the help of these men to crush the unwilling slaves of factory, field or workshop. We congratulate our comrades who are in the ranks upon the good work they have done, and we promise them another reassuring visit before long; and in the meantime let them remember that when the time comes, the rallying cry is *Revolt*, and the object Freedom and Happiness to the human race, and when the people, tired of misery, do rise with that battle-cry. Who doubt but that a great number if not all of the soldiers, will re-echo it.

We who have been among them do not, and anyone who does, blindly shut his eyes to the work which has been done, and is being done, in the ranks; 2,500 papers and pamphlets were circulated this time, and the cost of railway fares, etc., did not exceed 30s. Truly this work was among some of the best and cheapest yet done. We can only conclude with the hope that Rochester and Chatham will see us next. Who will help?

Yours for the Revolution,

CHAPPLE & MOWBRAY.

NOTES.

For the last few weeks certain reactionary newspapers, headed by the *Evening News*, have been making a hideous outcry concerning what they are pleased to call the "Immigration of Foreign Paupers." To read these papers one would imagine that starvation wages and the slavery of long hours were unknown in England till the "wicked foreign pauper" came and brought these evils with him. We have even had questions asked in parliament as to an impending invasion of 60,000 "aliens," for the imagination of Harry Marks' young men is not limited, and like their worthy proprietor, they can evolve miracles out of it, such as "gold mines," where the purblind vision of ordinary humanity would see nothing. And if we look into this "patriotic" agitation, we shall see that there is almost as much humbug about it as there was about the Great Rae Mine.

The *Evening News* would have us believe that low wages, long hours, blacklegs, and shoddy goods, are entirely of foreign invention. For instance, the bus and tram-slaves, agricultural labourers, the dockers, and the chain-makers of Cradley Heath, all get so little or work such long hours, because foreign paupers are over-running the fair fields of England and taking the bread out of their mouths. Unfortunately for this argument there is very little foreign labour engaged in these occupations, and yet wages are as a rule lower than among the bakers, cabinet-makers, tailors, and shoemakers, with whom foreigners compete, and it is a still more curious fact, that in some of these latter occupations, the "wicked foreigner" earns higher wages than the Englishman, but how this tends to reduce the Englishman's wages we have yet to learn.

Take again the great blackleg question. Were those men foreigners who worked into the places of the South Metropolitan gas-stokers, the Scottish Railway Strikers, or the striking sailors and dockers? No, these blacklegs were all "free born" Englishmen, and it is a fact that the men who were most active in providing blacklegs for the Dock Company and the shipowners, were Captain Armit, and Messrs. Lemon, Peters, and Kelly, and are the same men who used to head anti-foreign agitations in days gone by, and who, even now, write indignant letters to the *Evening News* about "foreign paupers" taking out their work. Our readers may judge how anxious are these double-dyed traitors, who would sell their own mother for a pot of beer, to really improve the conditions of English working-people. We may depend upon it, that if prohibition of foreign immigration or the expulsion of all the foreigners in England would do this, we should not find these people advocating these measures.

When I listen to the indignant voices of Messrs. Marks, Lemon, Peters, and Kelly, denouncing foreigners for taking the bread out of their mouths, I am reminded of a certain incident that happened a year or two ago. One of our comrades, at a demonstration in Hyde Park, came upon a gang of roughs maltreating a foreign comrade. He remonstrated, and was met with the cry: "This is one of them b—— foreigners, who's a-working under price and lowering our wages."

"Why," said our friend, thinking the accusers were unskilled labourers, "there is no foreign competition in your work, surely?" "Don't do no work, aint such b—— fools," was the unexpected reply. These roughs remind one of Harry Marks & Co.

We should imagine that the great genius Marks, having found out that swindling confiding widows and persuading credulous investors to put their savings in phantom gold mines, is a business that brings little credit, though it may be profitable, has embarked his fortune in some sweating dens, and finding the foreigners rather rebellious, on account of the prevalence of Anarchism and Socialism among them, has determined to frighten them into submission by threats of expulsion. It is a strange thing, surely, that this agitation should be at its loudest at the very time when the foreigners have been fighting bravely against the slavery of the sweater. We have noted also that in some articles in the *Anti Jacobin*, in which we fancy we recognise the hand of our old friend (?) Maltman Barry, the preaching of Socialist and Anarchist doctrines by our Berner Street comrades, in their paper the *Workers' Friend*, from which extracts are given, is made one of the counts of the indictment against the Russian Jews. It is therefore evident that this outcry against the "foreigner" is based upon the fact that he is not obedient enough to the sweaters, and not because he takes lower wages or works longer hours than the Englishman. If this is not the case, how is it that the blackleg, if he is only a "free-born Briton," can always find friends and patrons in Harry Marks and his comrades in the Anti-Foreign Crusade. When we hear Harry Marks talking of his "patriotism," after his adventures in New York and the Stock Exchange, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's famous sentence, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Of "scoundrels," we may say, for the whole gang engaged in howling against the "foreigner" certainly belong to that variety of the human race.

We can only warn the English workers not to be gulled by these shallow knaves, who are trying to divert their attention from their real enemies, the capitalist classes, by stirring up hatred between them and their foreign comrades, who are fighting side by side with them for the freedom and happiness of the human race. N.

THE Marquis of Ripon seems to smell revolution in the air. He admitted at the annual dinner of the Palmerston Club, Oxford University, on Saturday last, that the great question of the day was the Labour Question, and it will not wait long for solution, according to his idea. He advises the "payment of members!" in order that more working-men may go to parliament, so that the classes may have a chance of hearing of the conditions of the working classes from workmen themselves. We earnestly hope working-men will not be fools enough to take this advice, as it can only end in compromise or failure. We have forced the attention to the Labour Question upon the classes outside of parliament, our most important work now is to force the attention of the workers themselves to their condition, and this also can be done better outside than in. Workers awake from your apathy.

It is not surprising to us to see the *Standard* of last Monday's issue commenting on the 'busmen's strike, and urging the free use of the policeman's baton. This beats the *Times* into fits, for that journal only urges the use of that weapon in Ireland. The *Evening News*, however, thinks that the "ruffians" who overturned an omnibus ought to have had their heads broke, and they would cry more power to the policeman's elbow who did it. We are only sorry that more have not been overturned, for nothing touches a capitalist's heart quicker than destroying his means of plunder, in other words, his property. We hope working men will make a mental note of whose heads will have to be broken when the struggle begins in real earnest. Look out, Marks, Lawson, & Co., remember Foulon.

Bravo, Wilson! At the Cardiff police court on Monday last, Mr. J. H. Wilson, General Secretary of the Seamen and Firemen's Union, attended to prefer his charges of perjury against the witnesses who were instrumental in getting him three months imprisonment. He could not be present last week at the hearing, so the stipendiary made some insulting remarks about him. On Monday when Wilson turned up he wanted to explain, but the Stipendiary refused to listen to him, thereupon he challenged the Stipendiary to repeat his remarks outside, and when he declined, he called him a coward. The Stipendiary wants him to apologise, but Wilson will see him d——d first. We again say, Bravo! it is about the first case on record, and we hope others will follow suit as a protest against such mockery as Courts of Law.

Bravo! Rotherham (Sheffield). This is good news indeed; the Trades Unionists of that town refuse to take part in the Demonstration to welcome Albert Edward, the Gambler and Christian Prince, who is to visit the town on the 25th. We congratulate them on their good sense, and trust their example will be followed by other bodies of trades unionists. We should, however, trust they will not stop at the "Prince," but show their hatred and contempt for every capitalist thief in the same manner.

Let the working men lay this to heart. About forty-five per cent. of the working population who reach the age of sixty become paupers. Every young workman who is not a fool ought to ask himself if he is

likely to be one of this number, for if he reaches this age he is almost sure to be; and if this does not spur him to action he is fit to be nothing but a slave as long as he can work, and to die a miserable pauper when he is no longer fit to labour for the benefit of the capitalist.

Gibbon it was, I believe, who said, "A nation of slaves is always prepared to applaud the clemency of their master, who in the abuse of absolute power, does not proceed to the last extremes of injustice and oppression." Some of the workers on strike at present might read this and learn something from it. * C. W. M.

THE BEAST OF PROPERTY

BY JOHN MOST.

(Continued from page 55.)

In order to proceed thoroughly in the economic sense, all lands and so-called real estate, with everything upon it, as well as all moveable capital, will be declared the property of the respective communes. Until the thorough harmonious reorganisation of society can be effected, the proclamation of the following principles and measures might render satisfaction:—

Every pending debt is liquidated. Objects of personal use which were pawned or mortgaged will be returned free. No rent will be paid. District committees on habitation, which will sit in permanence, allot shelter to those who are homeless or who have inadequate or unhealthy quarters; after the great purification there will be no want for desirable homes.

Until everyone can obtain suitable employment, the Commune must guarantee to all the necessities of life. Committees on supplies will regulate the distribution of confiscated goods. Should there be lack of anything, which might be the case in respect to articles of food, these must be obtained by proper agents. Taking such things from neighbouring great estates by armed columns of foragers would be a most expeditious way of furnishing them.

The preparation of provisions will be done effectively by communal associations of workmen, organised for that purpose.

The immediate organisation of the workers according to the different branches of trade, and of placing at their disposal the factories, mines, machines, raw materials, &c., for co-operative production, will form the basis of the new society.

The Commune will—at least for the present—be supposed to mediate and regulate consumption. It, therefore, enters into contracts with the individual workers' associations, makes periodical advances to them, which may consist in drafts upon the communal wares collected and stored, and thereby gives the death-stroke to the old monetary system.

Good schools, kindergartens, and other institutions for education must be founded without delay. The education of adults, which will then be possible, must not be neglected or postponed. Truth and knowledge must be taught in all churches, where no priestly cant will be tolerated. All printing presses must be put into operation to produce books, papers, and pamphlets of educational value by the million, to be distributed everywhere, particularly in regions not yet liberated from thralldom.

All law books, court and police records, registers of mortgages, deeds, bonds, and all so-called valuable documents must be burned.

These indications only serve to show that the period of transition, which generally dismays those who otherwise energetically advocate a reorganisation of society, because it appears difficult and arduous to them, need not be of such difficult nature.

And now let us take a look at the ideal of our aspirations.

Free society consists of autonomous, i.e., independent Communes. A net-work of federations, the result of freely-made social contracts, and not of authoritative government or guardianship, surrounds them all. Common affairs are attended to in accordance with free deliberation and judgment by the interested Communes or associations. The people, without distinction of sex, meet frequently in parks or suitable halls, not, indeed, to make laws or to bind their own hands, but in order to decide from case to case in all matters touching public affairs, or for appointing individuals to execute their resolves, and hear their reports.

The exterior appearances of these Communes will be entirely different from that of the present cities and villages. Narrow streets will have vanished, tenement prisons will be torn down, and spacious, well-fitted palaces, surrounded by gardens and parks, erected in their places, giving accommodation to larger or smaller associations brought together by identical interests, increasing comforts to a degree which no individual or family arrangement could reach.

In the country the people will be more concentrated. One agricultural Commune, with city conveniences, will take the place of several villages. The uniting farms hitherto separated, the general application and constant improvement of agricultural implements and chemical fertilisers, the growing perfection of the means of communication and transportation have simplified this process of concentration. The former contrast between city and country disappears, and the principle of equality gains one of its most important triumphs.

Private property exists no more. All wealth belongs to the Commune, & the communal leagues. Everybody, whether able to work or not, can obtain from them such articles of necessity as he may desire.

The sum total of necessities and comforts demanded regulates the quantity of production.

The time of labour for the individual is limited to a few hours a day, because all those able to work, regardless of sex, take part in production, because useless, injurious, or similar work will not be done, and because technical, chemical, and other auxiliary means of production are highly developed and universally applied. By far the greater part of the day can be spent in the enjoyment of life. The highest gratification will be found in freely chosen intellectual employment. Some spend their leisure time in the service of their fellow-men, and are busy for the common weal. Others can be found in the libraries, where they apply themselves to literary pursuits, or to gathering material for educational lectures, or simply for private studies. Others again hasten to the lyceums, open to all, and there hear science lectures. Academies of painting, sculpture, and music, offer chances of education for such as follow the fine arts.

Friends of childhood, especially those of the female sex, centre about the places of education, where, under the directions of the real teachers of youth, they aid in the rearing and culture of the rising generation. Teaching will be done only in well-ventilated, light rooms, and, during fine weather, in the open air. And in order to secure the equal development of mind and body, merry play, gymnastics, and work will alternate with the close application of the mind.

Theatres and concert halls will offer free seats to all.

Forced or procured marriages are unknown; mankind has returned to the natural state, and love rules unconstrained.

Vice and crime have disappeared with their original causes: private property and general misery.

Diseases to a great extent cease to appear, because bad lodging, murderous workshops, impure food and drink, over-exertion, &c., have become things unknown.

Man at last can and does enjoy life—THE "BEAST OF PROPERTY" IS NO MORE!

REVIEWS.

"IN DARKEST LONDON," a new and popular edition of Captain Lobe, a story of the Salvation Army, by JOHN LAW, with an introduction by General Booth. William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street. Price 1s.

We have found this little book full of interest, not so much for the story, which is very slight, serving but to link together a series of pictures of East End life whose truth is apparent to all who have given any attention to its various phases. "John Law" (Miss Margaret Harkness) has evidently not been content only to study the subject from books, but speaks from experience and observation. Much of the book is devoted to the work of the Salvation Army, all the members of which according to our author must be angels, and they are contrasted with the Socialists very much to the disadvantage of the latter. "John Law" accuses Socialists of being "jealous" and "quarrelsome." Possibly if "John Law" had been behind the scenes of the Salvation Army she would have found that many members of that body are not entirely destitute of these amiable qualities, to say nothing of petty scandalmongering and backbiting so common in most religious organisations. We admit that there has never been a serious split in that body, but this is not because General Booth "works with such good will," or is so "facetious," but to the more obvious fact that he owns all property and has a despotic control over the purse strings of the Army. We are sorry to see the book is being used to puff Booth's scheme,—the great "General" seizing the opportunity in his preface, soliciting contributions—for in our opinion this plan will do nothing to alleviate but will rather intensify the misery existing in East London. The hopelessness of all attempts to tinker with the pressing problem of what to do with East London, is perhaps best shown in a few words of one of the finest characters in "Captain Lobe," a doctor of great scientific attainments, who devotes his life to work among the poor. "The whole of the East End is starving. What the people want is food, not physic. . . . If I could do anything I would not grumble, but here I fight day after day against an overwhelming mass of misery. Here I have been for ten years knowing all the time that people had better die than live on in this state of semi-starvation. I am at it still, I bring into the world scrofulous children; I bolster up diseased patients; I let people down easily into the grave; I do no good but I cannot get away, the misery I see binds me here as a parish doctor." Let us ask the thoughtful reader if Booth's scheme, which after all is only the old emigration panacea, is likely to carry off all this mass of poverty. What is really wanted is not a plan for throwing the starving poor upon the shores of other countries, but that a complete change in their social condition, that will give to workers the wealth they produce by their labour, and until this is accomplished, all the "schemes" of Booth and Co. will still leave the East End desolate and starving.

"SCOTIA REDVIVA." Home Rule for Scotland, with lives of William Wallace, George Buchanan, Fletcher o' Saltoun, and Thomas Spence, by J. Morrison Davidson. Price 1s. William Reeves.

Morrison Davidson has produced a very readable book upon a question which is generally supposed to be only of interest to Scotsmen. The author succeeds in demonstrating that not only was the "Union" the result of the bribery by the English middle classes of what Carlyle called, "a selfish, ferocious, famishing, unprincipled set of hyenas," i.e., the nobles of Scotland, but that it has been used ever since as a means of stifling the democratic aspirations of the Scottish people, and of plundering the country for the benefit of wealthy Englishmen. Mr. Davidson points particularly to the cruel treatment of the Highlanders by the middle class legislature of Westminster, which has reduced them from being owners of the land in common to mere tenants at will, and he tells with deep feeling the pitiful story of how they have been evicted by thousands from the land which was once their own. At the same time the men who have endured all these ills at the hands of the commercial classes have shed their blood in many wars for the benefit of these thieves, who, in their greed for gain drove them from their homesteads to make way for sheep or deer. Thus do the commercial classes trample down the people to increase their riches and pleasures. Mr. Davidson's short lives of Wallace, Fletcher, Buchanan, and Spence are excellent. We are unable to agree with him, however,

approbation of Fletcher of Saltoun's proposal to enslave the vagabonds in Scotland, who the writer admits were driven to beg or steal by "landlordism and usury." Surely the victims of an unjust system of society should not be treated in this fashion. Surely if anyone was to be punished it ought to be the statesmen and rich men who had made them what they were. If Fletcher of Saltoun's proposal can be justified, then the bloody legislation of our early "Protestant" sovereigns might also be defended; but Mr. Davidson in his zeal for State Socialistic remedies and love for the stern old Scottish Republican would surely not go as far as this.

"THE NEW STATE, OR, UNORTHODOX SOCIALISM," by J. Stirling. William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Stirling has endeavoured in this work to bring to birth a new school of Socialism. There is, however, but little that is new or strange about Mr. Stirling's book, which simply belongs to the school of Socialism which is represented by such books as Bellamy's "Looking Backward" or "Gronlund's Co-operative Commonwealth." Mr. Stirling is however in some cases even more daring than these authors in describing these details of what he thinks will be the future society, for instance we are informed that all "land and houses, except those devoted to public purposes are rented from the local corporation, all rents paid quarterly in advance. Occupiers of private houses or lands failing to pay the rents as they become due will be liable to eviction and imprisonment." This is frank at least, and as there is a good deal of fine and imprisonment under Mr. Stirling's system, the proletarian who declares in its favour may certainly know what to expect. We are also to be blessed with a police force! these considerations may perhaps overcloud the bright prospect of a "minimum salary of fully eight shillings" and a "six hours working day." Mr. Stirling's scheme is we fear not likely to excite much enthusiasm: it is too honest. State Socialists should always show the advantages and not the disadvantages of their system, and it is a mistake to let us see that a police force for the purpose of evicting and imprisoning the workers is an absolute necessity in a Social Democratic State.

The Sheffield Group of Anarchist-Communists will hold a Conference on Sunday, June 28th, at 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield. Comrades from other Groups are invited to attend.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 1st, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each. Further particulars next week.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. The Committee have now secured large and commodious premises in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Funds however are urgently needed, and subscriptions should be sent to A. Coulon, Secretary, 6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS. A new propaganda group has recently been formed to spread our principles among the young. The group meets every Wednesday at 8.30, at the Club Autonomie. All young men anxious to work for the Cause are invited to attend.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE "BACCARAT CASE."

IN the days of our children's children, when the evil times before the Revolution have begun to be forgotten, the records of the Tranby Croft trial will constitute a really precious document for the use of any eccentric delver into the past who may wish to re-construct the story of the cruel years preceding the Great Change. The tale will seem incredible enough at first, and it will only be by strenuous exertion of the imagination that one living in an age when "money" and all that "money" implies have long ceased to exist, will be able to realise something of what the old society must have meant when such was the fruit thereof. It may not be unprofitable for us to attempt to look at the Wilsonian "amusements" in something like the fashion in which they will be regarded, "when the strife of toil and battle overthrows the curse of gold."

In the first place, we need not in the least trouble ourselves to consider whether Gordon Cumming was or was not "guilty" of what is called "cheating." Not there lies the moral of the drama,—the point of the history. From our platform, from the platform of our enquiring grandchildren, it is quite as anti-social, quite as "immoral," to play baccarat at all as to cheat,—indeed it might reasonably be argued that the cheat is preferable to the "fair" player, since the latter is both a thief and an imbecile, while the former, although also a thief, is at least a thief of some intelligence. The real interest of the Baccarat Case lies quite in another direction,—in the light shed by it upon the vacuity and noisomeness of the lives our masters, the big bourgeois, lead,—they and the sham aristocrats and spurious "princes" who are in truth only bourgeois under another name.

Let us strive to understand what this baccarat playing for sums of money, representing far more than the annual income of the highest paid worker really implies. I have heard Socialists say sometimes that gambling of this kind is no worse than gambling on the Stock Exchange, or even than the constant robbery of the workers by the idlers which is involved in the carrying on of what is humourously styled "legitimate trade." In truth, as it seems to me, there is a very vital distinction between these different methods of thieving. A man who is "on the Stock Exchange" may be only there because, under present social arrangements, he sees no other way open to him of gaining access to the means of life,—nay (since, until the Revolution comes, Stock Exchange there must be) he may be doing less harm there than if he were depriving some wage-slave of his last hope of existence by competing with him in the "labour market." The evening gambler who, in his playtime, with his livelihood and far more than his livelihood assured to him, must still be grasping after the riches of his own chosen friends, surely occupies a very different ethical position. Baccarat "played" as an "amusement," means that the players have ceased to be human beings, loving honest joys and pastimes, and have become mere beasts of prey, worse than other known beasts of prey, who, even when their appetites have been satiated, yet out of mere wickedness continue to devour, not strange and hostile enemies, but each other.

"These be thy gods, oh Israel!" For this it is, that seamen on the Wilson Line brave perils like heroes and live lives no dog would live; for this it is, that firemen labour for hours in the stoke-hole hell and die of that hell in seven years at the most. Thousands of workers toil all their lives in utmost wretchedness, not for themselves or their class, but in order that Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her sons and her daughters may guzzle and gormandise with "princes" and "generals" through autumn afternoons and evenings, and join with them in cutting cards for hundreds afterwards,—what time the champagne circulates and the havannah smoke curls upward. It would be well, perhaps, if "poor Jack" were to think a little on these things when he eats his filthy food or inhales the shag from his black pipe. A little musing on such contrasts as these would be by no means wasted expenditure of energy on Jack's part. Jack can put an end to such deeds as these whenever he chooses; let him never forget that. He has only to make up his mind—he and his fellows—to work no more for masters but only for himself and his mates, and that time of which we spoke just now shall surely come, when Tranby Croft shall seem like an incom-

prehensible nightmare. For Baccarat, as for other things, the General Strike is the sovereign remedy.

It is, for all that, a strange and fascinating portent that these over-fed swine, with everything that heart of man can desire within their reach, should yet resort for distraction to the methods of poor devils struggling together for bare life. No one would expect Mr. Lycett Green, "M.F.H.," or that young Wilson, who once spent a whole month (probably the most noxious period of his life) in his father's office, or any other of the party, to care for literature or art or conversation. Yet surely a game of billiards or a dance, according to age and sex, would have been more alluring than this undisguised taking of current coin from the pockets of one another. Not so; the pursuit of gain has become so much a part of the bourgeois nature that it is the only amusement really cared for. Even the fetish of family duty and that natural respect for the dead which surely is not merely fetishism, go down before the great god Baccarat. One had thought that the *bourgeoise* was at least tenacious upon the formalities of mourning for relatives; but the death of Mrs. Arthur Wilson's brother and her consequent "domestic affliction" are not allowed to interfere with the customary orgies for a moment.

How shall we describe this "society" and with what phrase shall we characterise it? Surely that adjective which "high-sniffing" Matthew Arnold most foolishly and unjustly applied to Shelley's circle is most appropriate here. It is *sale*,—dirty, nasty, and foul. The bourgeois is already putrescent; he has outlived his function and his use, just as his predecessor the feudal lord outlived *his* use. Yet these particular bourgeois whom we have been considering hurtful vermin as they are still economically considered, have in a certain sense a use of their own. They should teach the wage-slaves who read their story to be ashamed of their masters. From such shame the step to determination to work no longer for masters of any sort is surely easy. We have only to resolve, all of us together, to take that step and the glad sun will soon look down upon a fair world of joyful workers who will take their pleasures in far different fashion from that of the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of Tranby Croft.

R. W. BURNIE.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

THESE two words, Evolution and Revolution, closely resemble one another, and yet they are constantly used in their social and political sense as though their meaning were absolutely antagonistic. The word Evolution, synonymous with gradual and continuous development in morals and ideas, is brought forward in certain circles as though it were the antithesis of that terrible word Revolution, which implies changes more or less sudden in their action, and entailing some sort of catastrophe. And yet is it possible that a transformation can take place in ideas without bringing about some abrupt displacements in the equilibrium of life? Must not revolution necessarily follow evolution, as action follows the desire to act? They are fundamentally one and the same thing, differing only according to the time of their appearance. If, on the one hand, we believe in the normal progress of ideas, and, on the other, expect opposition, then, of necessity, we believe in external shocks which change the form of society.

It is this which I am about to try to explain, not availing myself of abstract terms, but appealing to the observation and experience of every one, and employing only such arguments as are in common use. No doubt I am one of the persons known as "dreadful revolutionists;" for long years I have belonged to the legally infamous society which calls itself "The International Working Men's Association," whose very name entails upon all whom assume membership the treatment of malefactors; finally, I am amongst those who served that "execrable" Commune, the "detestation of all respectable men." But however ferocious I may be, I shall know how to place myself outside, or rather above my faults, and to study the present evolution and approaching revolution of the human race without passion or personal

bias. As we are amongst those whom the world attacks, we have a right to demand to be amongst those whom it hears.

To begin with, we must clearly establish the fact, that if the word evolution is willingly accepted by the very persons who look upon revolutionists with horror, it is because they do not fully realise what the term implies, for they would not have the thing at any price. They speak well of progress in general, but they resent progress in any particular direction. They consider that existing society, bad as it is, and they themselves acknowledge it to be, is worth preserving; it is enough for them that it realises their own ideal of wealth, power, or comfort. As there are rich and poor, rulers and subjects, masters and servants, Cæsars to command the combat, and gladiators to go forth and die, prudent men have only to place themselves on the side of the rich and powerful, and to pay court to Cæsar. Our beautiful society affords them bread, money, place, and honour; what have they to complain of? They persuade themselves without any difficulty that every one is as well satisfied as they. In the eyes of a man who has just dined all the world is well fed. Toying with his tooth-pick, he contemplates placidly the miseries of the "vile multitude" of slaves. All is well; perdition to the starveling whose moans disturb his digestion! If society has from his cradle provided for the wants and whims of the egotist, he can at least hope to win a place there by intrigue or flattery, by hard work, or the favour of destiny. What does moral evolution mean to him? To evolve a fortune is his one ambition!

But if the word evolution serves but to conceal a lie in the mouths of those who most willingly pronounce it, it is a reality for revolutionists; it is they who are the true evolutionists.

Escaping from all formulas, which for them have lost their meaning, they seek for truth outside the teaching of the schools; they criticise all that rulers call order, all that teachers call morality; they grow, they develope, they live, and seek to communicate their life. What they have learned they proclaim; what they know they desire to practise. The existing state of things seem to them iniquitous, and they wish to modify it in accordance with a new ideal of justice. It does not suffice them to have freed their own minds, they wish to emancipate those of others also, to liberate society from all servitude. Logical in their evolution, they desire what their mind has conceived, and act upon their desire.

Some years ago the official and courtly world of Europe was much in the habit of repeating that Socialism had quite died out. A man who was extremely capable in little matters and incapable in great ones, an absurdly vain *parvenu*, who hated the people because he had risen from amongst them, officially boasted that he had given Socialism its death-blow. He believed that he had exterminated it in Paris, buried it in the graves of Père La Chaise. It is in New Caledonia, at the Antipodes, thought he, that the miserable remnant of what was once the Socialist party is to be found. All his worthy friends in Europe hastened to repeat the words of Monsieur Thiers, and everywhere they were a song of triumph. As for the German Socialists, have we not the Master of Masters to keep an eye upon them, the man at whose frown Europe trembles? And the Russian Nihilists! Who and what are these wretches? Strange monsters, savages sprung from Huns and Bashkirs, about whom the men of the civilised West have no need to concern themselves!

Nevertheless the joy caused by the disappearance of Socialism was of short duration. I do not know what unpleasant consciousness first revealed to the Conservatives that some Socialists remained, and that they were not so dead as the sinister old man had pretended. But now no one can have any doubts as to their resurrection. Do not French workmen at every meeting pronounce unanimously in favour of that appropriation of the land and factories, which is already regarded as the point of departure for the new economic era? Is not England ringing with the cry, "Nationalisation of the Land," and do not the great landowners expect expropriation at the hands of the people? Do not political parties seek to court Irish votes by promises of the confiscation of the soil, by pledging themselves beforehand to an outrage upon the thrice sacred rights of property? And in the United States have we not seen workers masters for a week of all the rail-ways of Indiana, and of part of those on the Atlantic sea-board? If they had understood the situation, might not a great revolution have been accomplished without a blow? And do not men, who are acquainted with Russia, know that the peasants, one and all, claim the soil, the whole of the soil, and wish to expel their lords? Thus the evolution is taking place. Socialism, or in other words, the army of individuals who desire to change social conditions, has resumed its march. The moving mass rushes onward, and now no government dare ignore its serried ranks. On the contrary, the powers that be exaggerate its numbers, and attempt to contend with it by absurd legislation and irritating interfering. Fear is an evil councillor.

No doubt it may sometimes happen that all is perfectly quiet. On the morrow of a massacre few men dare put themselves in the way of the bullets. When a word, a gesture are punished with imprisonment, the men who have courage to expose themselves to the danger are few and far between. Those are rare who quietly accept the part of victim in a cause, the triumph of which is as yet distant and even doubtful. Everyone is not so heroic as the Russian Nihilists, who compose manifestoes in the very lair of their foes and paste them on a wall between two sentries. One should be very devoted one's self to find fault with those who do not declare themselves Socialists, when their work, that is to say the life of those dear to them, depends on the avowal. But if all the oppressed have not the temperament of heroes, they feel their sufferings none the less, and large numbers amongst them

are taking their own interests into serious consideration. In many a town where there is not one organised Socialist group, all the workers without exception are already more or less consciously Socialists; instinctively they applaud a comrade who speaks to them of a social state in which all the products of labour shall be in the hands of the labourer. This instinct contains the germ of the future Revolution; for from day to day it becomes more precise and transformed into a more distinct consciousness. What the worker vaguely felt yesterday, he knows to-day, and each new experience teaches him to know it better. And are not the peasants, who cannot raise enough to keep body and soul together from their morsel of ground, and the yet more numerous class who do not possess a clod of their own, are not all these beginning to comprehend that the soil ought to belong to the men who cultivate it? They have always instinctively felt this, now they know it, and are preparing to assert their claim in plain language.

This is the state of things; what will be the issue? Will not the evolution which is taking place in the minds of the workers, *i.e.*, of the great masses, necessarily bring about a revolution; unless, indeed, the defenders of privilege yield with a good grace to the pressure from below? But history teaches us that they will do nothing of the sort. At first sight it would appear so natural that a good understanding should be established amongst them without a struggle. There is room for us all on the broad bosom of the earth; it is rich enough to enable us all to live in comfort. It can yield sufficient harvests to provide all with food; it produces enough fibrous plants to supply all with clothing; it contains enough stone and clay for all to have houses. There is a place for each of the brethren at the banquet of life. Such is the simple economic fact.

"What does it matter," say some. The rich will squander at their pleasure as much of their wealth as suits them; the middle-men, speculators and brokers of every description will manipulate the rest; the armies will destroy a great deal, and the mass of the people will have the scraps that remain. "The poor we shall have always with us," say the contented, quoting a remark which, according to them, fell from the lips of a God. We do not care whether their God wished some to be miserable or not. We will re-create the world on a different pattern! "No, there shall be no more poor! As all men need to be housed and clothed and warmed and fed, let all have what is necessary, and none be cold or hungry!" The terrible Socialists have no need for a God to inspire these words; they are human, that is enough.

Thus two opposing societies exist amongst men. They are intermingled, variously allied here and there by the people who do not know their own minds, and advance only to retreat; but viewed from above, and taking no account of uncertain and indifferent individuals who are swayed hither and thither by fate like waves of the sea, it is certain that the actual world is divided into two camps, those who desire to maintain poverty, *i.e.*, hunger for others, and those who demand comforts for all. The forces in these two camps seem at first sight very unequal. The supporters of existing society have boundless estates, incomes counted by hundreds of thousands, all the powers of the state, with its armies of officials, soldiers, policemen, magistrates, and a whole arsenal of laws and ordinances. And what can the Socialists, the artificers of the new society, oppose to all this force? Without money or troops they would indeed succumb, if they did not represent the evolution of ideas and of morality. They are nothing, but they have the progress of human thought on their side. They are borne along on the stream of the times.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

WE are sorry to see the 'Bus Strike, begun with such courage and vigour by the men, should terminate in such an inglorious compromise. When last week we gave the leaders credit for showing more pluck and determination than some strike leaders, we did not think that in a few days' time they would advise the men to return to work on a compromise suggested by Lord Mayor Savory, of sermon stealing notoriety. This compromise, as might be expected, is very much like the terms previously unanimously rejected at a meeting of the men. The only thing the 'busmen have really gained being the concession of a "working day of twelve consecutive hours as nearly as possible," and a good deal depends upon the interpretation placed by the directors upon the words "as nearly as possible." The drivers have to take sixpence a day less than was offered to them by the company at the beginning of the strike. We should imagine that those drivers of the L. G. O. who invited Lord Mayor Savory's interference must be very sorry for what they have done.

We are getting sick, and we should think most workmen are as well, of the policy of eternal compromise pursued by their "leaders." It is not as if the workers as a rule make exorbitant demands, that from the nature of the case is impossible, and even an ordinary middle-class man must admit that in this case of the 'busmen the demands were moderate enough. Then why did not the leaders state firmly that they had made these demands and would take nothing less.

But no, the firmness is all on the side of the 'bus directors; they can draw up an ultimatum, and say they will give no more to their men if they keep their 'busses in their yards for a year; but the "leaders,"

with all the winning cards in their hands, with the sympathy of the working-class entirely with the strikers, subscriptions flowing in, the 'bus-yards completely blocked, blacklegs afraid for their lives to venture out, can only capitulate on terms proposed by a gentleman belonging to the same class as the 'bus directors, and whose first thought is not for the men, but for the City gentlemen and the "vast and important companies" on whom the strike entails "inconvenience" and "annoyance."

Nothing, however, will alter our opinion of the heroism displayed by the workers in the early part of the struggle. The only pity is that they should consent to be led by the people who show such a pitiful want of firmness and resolution. It may be truly said that all that is admirable about the battle has been the spontaneous enthusiasm and the courage shown by the men. And if they had trusted entirely to themselves, not only to block the yards, but for the whole conduct of the strike, we are sure they would have done better. Sooner or later the people will get tired of their present leaders, unless they show a little more determination, and less eagerness for that middle-class patronage which many of them seem to make the whole business of their lives to obtain.

The same lesson may be learnt from the 'Bus Strike as from most labour struggles. The salvation of the people lies in their own hands. Let them trust in themselves, and not simply throw off their old chains to make themselves new fetters. All recent strikes have been successful when the people have trusted to their own courage, their own enthusiasm, and their own common sense, as they did on Sunday, June 7th, when the 'Bus Strike broke out, as even the *Star* admits; but directly they have ceased to rely on their own good qualities, and allowed "leaders" and "committees" to boss and "discipline" them, so surely have they invited defeat or surrender. At the present time most of the "leaders" of the labour movement do not lead, they are useful only to the capitalist, for their words and their deeds (!) are like so much cold water damping down the fire of enthusiasm which glows in the breasts of the people.

We note that the *Evening News* is very pleased at the close of the 'Bus Strike. It says that if the men had been so "badly advised" as to reject the Company's terms, the Directors would have employed "blacklegs," busses would have been brought out manned by these gentlemen, and this would be followed by serious rioting in which the police would be helpless. Therefore the troops would be called out, and "the State would have had no alternative but to force even at the bayonet's point the right of Companies to employ whomsoever they liked." We can conceive that it would have been very awkward for the present Government, to show their love of the sacred blackleg by murdering the people, but why the labour leaders should endeavour to rescue the ministers from this embarrassing position we cannot understand. At any rate they must feel pleased at the gratitude of the *Evening News*.

Our comrade who was recently sentenced to two month's imprisonment at the Thames Police Court has shown that he has the courage of his convictions. He told the magistrate that he was a Socialist, and that therefore being out of work and starving, he helped himself to some of the surplus wealth of the nation. When arrested and charged with the "crime," he declared that he had done this as a Socialist, and he considered it no theft for a starving man to take what he wanted, but that it was robbery for rich men who had plenty to take from the poor. The magistrate said these ideas could never be allowed in England, and gave our comrade two months. Of course if such dangerous notions were not put down by the strong arm of the law, every starving man might imitate our comrade, and the capitalist thieves would see their ill-gotten wealth melting away like snow before the heat of the sun. All who are in want of food should imitate this bold example. If generally followed it would quickly lead to that final movement of universal expropriation, when the workers will take from the rich robbers not only the wealth which they have stolen, but all means of producing wealth by which they are enabled to steal. N.

It is really difficult—even for those of us who see something of bourgeois society behind the scenes—to gauge the depths of brutal anti-human selfishness to which the middle-classes and their parasites of the "learned professions" can descend. Lately the Middle Temple Benchers (moved perhaps by some vague sense of the storm coming) opened their gardens for a couple of evening hours to the children of the workers upon whose toil they live in luxury. It would seem incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the insolent young loafers of the "junior bar," who amuse themselves the live-long summer afternoon by playing what is called "lawn-tennis" in these gardens, are moving heaven and earth to get the Benchers' order revoked, because the little children of the toilers come between the wind and their nobility, and force them to curtail their game by an hour or so. I wish one could be sure that they also would have their reward; but probably, when the Revolution comes, these miserable hounds will skulk away somewhere, leaving better men than they to pay the penalty. R. W. B.

COMRADES who were in Hyde Park on Sunday the 14th, must have been pleased to see such a splendid audience as the one our comrades had the pleasure of addressing on that day. The subject was one, the

importance of which can never be overrated, i.e., "The General Strike." The idea was carefully handled by our comrades Tochatti, Turner, and Nicoll, who left no point unexplained to the satisfaction of a very large and attentive audience.

We must not forget our comrade Yanovsky, who I am sure imparted some very important information to the audience, regarding the "foreigner," question, and I am sure what he said will not be forgotten if ever an attempt is made to fan into a flame any anti-foreign feeling that may exist; he strongly advised English workmen to consider this question fairly on its merits, and he felt certain they would hear very little of the subject in future.

The greatest silence and attention was given to our comrade Louise Michel whilst speaking; she dwelt extensively on the new idea, "The General Strike." Our Comrade explained that in all past revolutions the people flew to arms and the barricades, but ignorance of economics and a true solution of the labour problem caused the failure of their efforts; now the workers were organising with a determination to alter their conditions of life and work. It was for us the Anarchist-Communists to inspire the workers with the new idea, in order to end for ever this accursed struggle, her concluding words being "Revolt, and by the General Strike realise the Social Revolution." Comrade Coulon acted as translator.

We feel sure comrades everywhere will be pleased to hear that Louise Michel is engaged in mastering the English language, and will in another fortnight we hope, be able to address English audiences in their own tongue. This will be a very valuable aid to the movement, for we shall be able to hear from her own lips the story of her life without the help of interpreters, who, however good they may be, seldom translate verbally what is said. We thank Coulon for what he has done in this way in the past, but hope, so far as Louise Michel is concerned, his services will not be needed in future.

The Demonstration, though unaided by brass bands and banners, was a real success so far as we were concerned. Our literature was eagerly sought after, a sure sign that the efforts of our comrades will bear fruit a hundredfold. Comrades Mowbray, Cooke, Cantwell and others took part also in contributing to the success of the meeting.

Are there no women in the ranks who will start a Women's Anarchist-Communist Group? We feel sure it would be productive of much good for the movement. There are great numbers of women who object to be forced to associate with the male sex; surely if our female comrades could do something to reach the women workers by having at our various meeting places, women's social and educational meetings. Perhaps our comrades Mrs. Tochatti, Louise Michel, and others will take the matter up. Why not a women's Anarchist paper also? Hurry up comrades, there is no time to lose when tailoresses, laundresses, and others are waking up. C. W. M.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

THE classes that most threaten the peace and welfare of the great mass of human beings in the world are at the present time not only using incendiary language, holding riotous meetings (which they call conventions and legislatures), breathing forth threats of violence, and declaring they will accomplish their objects by physical force, but they are actually using force and violence on all sides. A peaceable, industrious working-man or woman is no longer safe, either in their home, in the workshop, or on the street. The unjustifiable violence of these "dangerous classes" is becoming something appalling. If the great body of the people do not soon make up their minds that something must be done to check the forcible encroachments of these pestilential marauders they may as well give them the earth and lay down and die. The records of their evil doings for only one month are enough to daunt the bravest citizen living in fancied security and peace.

In the first place, they have stolen the land which belongs to all the people of earth and thus gained a great advantage over the landless many; and there seems to be no way of making them disgorge, so brawling and impudent are they in their show of force and readiness to take human life. In Pennsylvania they broke into people's homes, and while some held guns to frighten the owners, others grabbed the furniture and threw it into the street. They shot a young girl who was protecting a sick woman; they clubbed and beat many more, and drove innocent children out from their shelter into the rain; many other depredations and murders have they committed in the same region in the last month. In the same State they are forcibly detaining three working-men who had been so badly used by some of their dangerous set that in self defence they injured a man who afterwards died. They threaten these three men with death—they are even deliberately planning their assassination, and keep men armed with guns walking about the place in which they are confined. At the Clark Thread Mills armed men were hired to stand around and intimidate some working people that were trying to treat for a little more

favourable terms of slavery; and these hired incendiaries liked their job so well that when they were finally called off they objected. They liked drawing pay from two corporations at the rate of ten dollars a day, and nothing to do but strut about and overawe other people. In Detroit they tried to call in a large body of drilled men with guns to frighten the street-car men who were protesting against some of their encroachments, when it was discovered that the armed men were hardly in sympathy with the dangerous classes who wanted to use them, and they were not entrusted with the detestable work. In Chicago, a class of desperadoes who have obtained possession of all the tracts, rolling-stock called the North Western Ry., and of all the strength of thousands of working-men, took it upon themselves to "discipline" some of the men whose daily strength they were using. The way they did it was to forbid their working at all or drawing anything to live upon from the wealth that their years of labour had created; and at every switch they placed six or seven men wearing blue coats, with big clubs in their belts, and concealed pistols on their persons.

Wherever there is any difference of opinion as to the amount of work to be done in a day, or what fraction of that which they produce shall be given them, between employers and the employed, the employers—the dangerous classes—immediately bring into the field armed men with no other purpose than to threaten, intimidate, club, and shoot their victims. Their deeds of violence in the older countries of recent date cannot be enumerated in a short article like this. In their scientific records, they give accounts of the newest improved instruments for murdering human beings, such as great iron cannon on wheels, dynamite guns and electrical machines for killing one at a time at the rate of twenty-five an hour. They are improving all sorts of devices for depriving people of their liberty, and now, those who do not think, or write, or speak, in a manner to suit them, are shut up behind invincible walls. All their methods and arrangements for living in luxury and idleness from the toil of others are enforced and carried on by the most violent means, and a constant aggressive show of force. All useful, busy people wish to pursue their way in peace unmolested; but until they learn who really are the dangerous classes, and decide to wipe them out of existence, they will not be allowed to do so.

—From Chicago *Freedom*.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

For what justice is this, that a rich goldsmith or an usurer, or to be short, any of them, which either do nothing at all or else that which they do is such that it is not very necessary to the commonwealth, should have a pleasant and wealthy living, either by idleness or by unnecessary business, when in the meantime poor labourers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters, and ploughmen, by a great and continual toil, as drawing and bearing beasts, be scant able to sustain, and again so necessary toil, that without it no commonwealth were able to continue and endure one year, should get so hard and poor a living, and live so wretched and miserable a life, that the state and condition of the labouring beasts may seem much better and wealthier. . . And yet besides this the rich men, not only by private fraud, but also by common laws, do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living. They invent and devise all means and manner of crafts; first, how to keep safely without fear of losing that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labour of the poor for as little money as may be. . . . Therefore, when I consider and weigh in my mind all these commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish, so, God help me, I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

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NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Sunday evenings at 6.30. Singing practice, etc., Mondays at 8 p.m.

Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.

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Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—*International Educational Club*, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

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Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grovesnor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Branch weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

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Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

THE ANNUAL EXCURSION of the United Anarchist Societies of London will take place on Sunday next, June 21st, to Epping Forest, by way of Liverpool Street, G.E.R., to Loughton. Processions, with Full Brass Band and Banners, will march from the Club Autonomie at 9, and from the International Club, 40, Berner Street, at 9.30

The Sheffield Group of Anarchist-Communists will hold a Conference on Sunday, June 28th, at 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield. Comrades from other Groups are invited to attend.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 8th, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each, to be had at all Anarchist and Socialist Clubs and meeting places.

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WEEKLY.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

"RESPECTABLE" SOCIALISM.

THE influences against which Socialism has to contend to-day, are more insidious than those which it has had to combat at any previous period of its history. Formerly the only idea conveyed to the minds of the unthinking multitude by the name which could only be spoken with bated breath, was the picture of some social Ishmael, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, whose slouched hat formed a convenient shelter for his sinister features, and beneath the ample folds of whose flowing garment lay concealed the weapon which was to deal indiscriminate destruction to all around. To-day all that is changed, we are no longer the Pariahs of the community, ostracised from respectable society because we bear the once hated name; on the contrary, we have heard Sir W. Harcourt declare "We are all Socialists," and Lord Randolph Churchill confess he was not afraid of the name. Yes, we are now essentially and eminently respectable, and some Socialists do not scruple to herd with the swine of iniquity, clad in the tall hat and kid gloves common to the masher fraternity. Of course there can be no manner of complaining to any man adopting that style of raiment which seemeth to him best, if it were not for (if I may be permitted to use the language of my childhood's innocence) "the inward and spiritual grace signified." Already the effect is only too apparent, and professedly Socialistic organisations do not hesitate to give, both by voice and pen, lessons on constitutionalism and moderation; distinctions are drawn between evolution and revolution, and one at least of these superfine individuals has had the timidity to assert that Socialism is not incompatible with a Monarchy, and in the columns of the capitalist press describe the Anarchists "Socialists of the bloody shirt."

Now, though no one who was not either criminal or lunatic would desire to see the amelioration of communal existence brought about by riot and bloodshed, still, if it is not presumptuous, I should like to ask these too, too, awfully sensitive young gentlemen if it is not foolish to bury one's head ostrich-like in the sands of commercial and political chicanery, rather than fearlessly face probabilities, unpleasant though they may be, and so boldly do what you can to smooth the way of the coming revolution, and so help it to a speedy and successful termination.

That there are catastrophic incidents in evolution cannot be denied by any person with any knowledge of nature, and to attempt to draw any line of demarcation between these and the immutable laws of nature themselves savours of the veriest ignorance, and cannot be defended by one shred of evidence. That one of these catastrophic incidents is at hand must be patent I think to every impartial student of Sociology. Every such cataclysm, whether happening in the physical or social organism, is invariably preceded by a refusal of some member or members to reform their ordinary functions, and is not this strikingly the case with communal existence to-day. Men starving for food and clothing, willing to work if they were allowed. Nature's gifts—the raw material—laying abundantly in all directions, waiting for the fructifying labours of the worker, yet the one is unreasonably separated from the other, by the workings of an obsolete system which having answered its purpose in the past now only remains to be swept away.

But, say our cultured friends, would it not be better to oblige our condescending friend the capitalist—whom they assure is not such a bad fellow after all—by prolonging the death agony of commercialism and putting off the evil day by the introduction of what is vaguely described as reformatory and ameliorative legislation. But the very remedies which are proposed, are a more damning indictment against the present chaotic condition than could be formulated by the most extravagant revolutionist, for whether you go to the ultra-conservative with his theory of protection from the unfair competition of the foreigner, the radical with his protection of the farmer from the ravages of the landlord, or the state socialist with his governmental machinery permeating every crevice and detail of social existence, and regulating our every movement like the drill of an army, all are founded on the one fatal admission, that the interests of the various classes of society are not identical—that on the contrary they are extremely inimical—and that existence to-day is neither more nor less than a state of continued and remorseless warfare.

This then is the basis of our object to reform, and our demand for an entire re-construction of society on the basis of love, liberty, and happiness. A condition where freed from the worry, turmoil, and uncertainty of commercialism, man shall have time and opportunity to develop those powers of the mind which the Roman historian Sallust declared were "common with us and the Gods."

Under such conditions life would not only be pleasurable to everyone but would greatly exceed the present allotted span; for medical men all agree that the anxiety and uncertainty of commercial operations play a most desperate havoc in the prolongation of life; and I came the other day across a paragraph in one of our periodicals entitled "Curiosities of the Last American Census," where we are informed of a family of five generations, the eldest of which credited her longevity to the fact of her primitive mode of existence, freed from the worry and high pressure of the outer world.

Now if it be true that the next step in the social evolution is to be catastrophic, it follows as clearly as light follows night that the coming condition must be one of less complex organism, else nature would not be true to herself, consequently the State Socialists must be on the wrong track entirely, for instead of lessening the complexity of the commercial organism, they would increase it to such an alarming extent as would render it "fearful and wonderful to contemplate."

The great danger then to Socialism is that so many of its professed adherents become intoxicated with the plaudits of the outer world, and thus have their attention diverted from the real points at issue, and are content to become mere political hacks in the interests of one or other of the parties, in return for some questionable piece of reform, which, as soon as it is granted, becomes evident was not intended for use, but merely as a piece of electioneering chicanery.

Nothing but the entire re-construction of society can in any way benefit either the worker or the unwilling creature of circumstances, who is driven into the ranks of useless toil or enforced idleness. To further that end then must be the duty of every true Socialist, and this he can best do by keeping himself untainted with political jerryandering which can only serve to direct his attention from the real object at issue, viz., the complete social emancipation of the workers and the down-trodden.

The croaking of our pessimistic friends may be disregarded where they dilate on the viciousness of humanity, and deplore the prospect of an untrammelled people. Man is acknowledged to be a gregarious animal, which is simply an acknowledgement that he, like the rest of the universe, is governed by the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and recognises the desirability, nay, the necessity, for communal existence. That the utmost either pro or con, which we as individuals can exercise in shaping the onward course of development is but small goes without saying, it is for us to see that influence, infinitesimal though it may be, is cast on the side of justice, humanity, and nature.

CATILINE.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

(Continued from page 62.)

THE external form of society must alter in correspondence with the impelling force within; there is no better established historical fact. The sap makes the tree and gives it leaves and flowers; the blood makes the man; the ideas make the society. And yet there is not a conservative who does not lament that ideas and morality, and all that goes to make up the deeper life of man, have been modified since the "good old times." Is it not a necessary result of the inner working of men's minds that social forms must change and a proportionate revolution takes place?

Let each ascertain from his own recollections the changes in the methods of thought and action which have happened since the middle of this century. Let us take, for example, the one capital fact of the diminution of observance and respect. Go amongst great personages: what have they to complain of? That they are treated like other men.

They no longer take precedence; people neglect to salute them; less distinguished persons permit themselves to possess handsomer furniture or finer houses; the wives of less wealthy men go more sumptuously attired. And what is the complaint of the ordinary man or woman of the middle-class? There are no more servants to be had, the spirit of obedience is lost. Now the maid pretends to understand cooking better than her mistress; she does not piously remain in one situation, but too grateful for the hospitality accorded her, she changes her place in consequence of the smallest disagreeable observation, or to gain two shillings more wages. There are even countries where she asks her mistress for a character in exchange for her own.

It is true respect is departing; not the just respect which attaches to an upright and devoted man, but that despicable and shameful respect which follows wealth and office; that slavish respect which gathers a crowd of loafers when a king passes, and makes the lackeys and horses of a great man objects of admiration. And not only is respect departing, but those who laid most claim to the consideration of the rest, are the first to compromise their superhuman character. In former days Asiatic sovereigns understood the art of causing themselves to be adored. Their palaces were seen from afar; their statues were erected everywhere; their edicts were read; but they never showed themselves. The most familiar never addressed them but upon their knees; from time to time a half-lifted wall parted to disclose them as if by a lightning flash, and then as suddenly enfolded them once more, leaving consternation in the hearts of all beholders. In those days respect was profound enough to result in stupefaction: a dumb messenger brought a silken cord to the condemned, and that sufficed, even a gesture would have been superfluous. And now we see sovereigns taking boxes by telegraph at the theatre to witness the performance of *Orphée aux Enfers* or *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, that is to say, taking part in the derision of all which used to be held most worthy of respect—divinity and royalty! Which is the true regicide, the man who kills a sovereign, doing him the honour to take him as the representative of a whole society, or the monarch, who mocks at himself by laughing at the Grand Duchess or General Boum? He teaches us at least that political power is a worm-eaten institution. It has retained its power, but the universal respect which gave it worth has disappeared. It is nothing but an external scaffolding, the edifice itself has ceased to exist.

Does not the spread of an education, which gives the same conception of things to all, contribute to our progress towards equality? If instruction were only to be obtained at school, governments might still hope to hold the minds of men enslaved; but it is outside the school that most knowledge is gained. It is picked up in the street, in the workshop, before the booths of a fair, at the theatre, in railway carriages, on steam boats, by gazing at new landscapes, by visiting foreign towns. Almost everyone travels now, either as a luxury or a necessity. Not a meeting but people who have seen Russia, Australia, or America may be found in it, and if travellers who have changed continents are so frequently met with, there is, one may say, no one who has not moved about sufficiently to have observed the contrast between town and country, mountain and plain, earth and sea. The rich travel more than the poor, it is true; but they generally travel aimlessly; when they change countries they do not change surroundings, they are always in a sense at home; the luxuries and enjoyments of hotel life do not permit them to appreciate the essential differences between country and country, people and people. The poor man, who comes into collision with the difficulties of life without guide or *cicerone*, is best qualified to observe and remember. And does not the great school of the outer world exhibit the prodigies of human industries equally to rich and poor, to those who have called these marvels into existence and those who profit by them? The poverty-stricken outcast can see railways, telegraphs, hydraulic rams, perforators, self-lighting matches, as well as the man of power, and he is no less impressed by them. Privilege has disappeared in the enjoyment of some of these grand conquests of science. When he is conducting his locomotive through space, doubling or slackening speed at his pleasure, does the engine-driver believe himself the inferior of the sovereign shut up behind him in a gilded railway-carriage, and trembling from the knowledge that his life depends on a jet of steam, the shifting of a lever, or a bomb of dynamite?

The sight of nature and the works of man, and practical life, these form the college in which the true education of contemporary society is obtained. Schools, properly so called, are relatively much less important; yet they, too, have undergone their evolution in the direction of equality. There was a time, and that not very far distant, when the whole of education consisted in mere formulas, mystic phrases, and texts from sacred books. Go into the Mussulman school opened beside the mosque. There you will see children spending whole hours in spelling or reciting verses from the Koran. Go into a school kept by Christian priests, Protestant or Catholic, and you will hear silly hymns and absurd recitations (in Latin or incomprehensible French). But even in these schools the pressure from below has caused this dull routine to be varied with a new sort of instruction; instead of nothing but formulas the teachers now explain facts, point out analogies and trace the action of laws. Whatever the commentaries with which the instructor accompanies his lessons, the figures remain none the less incorruptible. Which education will prevail? That according to which two and two make four, and nothing is created out of nothing; or the old education according to which everything comes from nothing, and three persons make only one?

The elementary school, it is true, is not everything; it is not enough to catch a glimpse of science, one should be able to apply it in every direction. Therefore Socialistic evolution renders it necessary that

school should be a permanent institution for all men. After receiving "general enlightenment" in a primary school, each ought to be able to develop to the full such intellectual capacity as he may possess, in a life which he has freely chosen. Meanwhile let not the worker despair. Every great conquest of science ends by becoming public property. Professional scientists are obliged to go through long ages of research and hypothesis, they are obliged to struggle in the midst of error and falsehood; but when the truth is gained at length, often in spite of them, thanks to some despised revolutionists, it shines forth clear and simple in all its brilliance. All understand it without an effort; it seems as if it had always been known. Formerly learned men fancied that the sky was a round dome, a metal roof—or better still—a series of vaults, three, seven, nine, even thirteen, each with its procession of stars, its distinct laws, its special *regime*, and its troops of angels and archangels to guard it! But since these tiers of heavens, piled one upon the other, mentioned in the Bible and Talmud, have been demolished, there is not a child that does not know that round the earth is infinite and unconfined space. He can be hardly said to learn this. It is a truth which henceforward proves a part of the universal inheritance.

It is the same with all great acquisitions, especially in morals and political economy. There was a time when the great majority of men were born and lived as slaves, and had no other ideal than a change of servitude. It never entered their heads that "one man is as good as another." Now they have learned it, and understand that the virtual equality bestowed by evolution must be changed into real equality, thanks to a revolution. Instructed by life, the workers comprehend certain economic laws much better than even professional economists. Is there a single workman who remains indifferent to the question of progressive or proportional taxation, and who does not know that all taxes fall on the poorest in the long run? Is there a single workman who does not know the terrible fatality of the "iron law," which condemns him to receive nothing but a miserable pittance, just the wages that will prevent his dying of hunger during his work? Bitter experience has caused him to know quite enough of this inevitable law of political economy.

Thus, whatever be the source of information, all profit by it, and not the worker less than the rest. Whether a discovery is made by a bourgeois, a noble, or a plebian, whether the learned man is Bernard Palissy, Lord Bacon, or Baron Humboldt, the whole world will turn his researches to account. Certainly the privileged classes would have liked to retain the benefits of science for themselves, and leave ignorance to the people, but henceforth their selfish desire cannot be fulfilled. They find themselves in the case of the magician in "The Thousand and One Nights," who unsealed a vase in which a genius had been shut up asleep for ten thousand years. They would like to drive him back into his retreat, to fasten him down under a triple seal, but they have lost the words of the charm, and the genius is free for ever.

This freedom of the human will is now asserting itself in every direction; it is preparing no small and partial revolutions, but one universal revolution. It is throughout society as a whole, and every branch of its activity, that changes are making ready. Conservatives are not in the least mistaken when they speak in general terms of Revolutionists as enemies of religion, the family and property. Yes, Socialists do reject the authority of dogma and the intervention of the supernatural of nature, and, in this sense, however earnest their striving for the realisation of their ideal, they are the enemies of religion. Yes, they do desire the suppression of the marriage laws; they desire that unions should be free, depending on mutual affection and respect for self and for the dignity of others, and, in this sense, however loving and devoted to those whose lives are associated with theirs, they are certainly the enemies of the legal family. Yes, they do desire to put an end to the monopoly of land and capital, and to restore them to all, and in this sense, however glad they may be to secure to every one the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, they are the enemies of property.

Thus the current of evolution, the incoming tide, is bearing us onward towards a future radically different from existing conditions, and it is vain to attempt to oppose obstacles to destiny. Religion, by far the most solid of all dikes, has lost its strength; cracking on every side, it leaks and totters, and cannot fail to be sooner or later overthrown.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

THE orthodox middle-class world is still greatly horrified by the last great scandal. We hear of clergymen uplifting their voices denouncing the wickedness of a royal prince who not only plays at cards, but introduces the game he loves into every country house that he visits, and carries gambling counters about with him. Religious associations pass resolutions regretting that "gambling is directly supported and encouraged by those whose wealth and station should lift them above its temptations and make them guides and guardians of the moral sense of the nation!" Surely it is enough to remark that a nation which could find no better "guides and guardians" for its "moral sense" than people like the Prince of Wales would be in a rather bad way.

The middle-class press also joins in the outcry, and his Royal Highness has been warned, that his fondness for the gaming table may have as evil influence upon his fate as the affair of the Diamond Necklace had upon that of Marie Antoinette in the last century. As the affair of

the Diamond Necklace had much to do with bringing about the French Revolution by convincing the people of the inherent rottenness and corruption of the court; and as in that revolution Marie Antoinette's head fell beneath the guillotine, this is therefore pretty strong language for the middle-class press to use, and we know that there is a general feeling that these journals have not greatly exaggerated the situation.

For a long time these highly respectable people, who are now so indignant, must have known that his "Royal Highness" was not the sort of model whom they would recommend for the imitation of their sons. They knew well enough that he was not only a gamester but a selfish voluptuary, who cared for nothing in life but the grossest sensual pleasures. But there is not one of them who would not have felt proud and honoured, if his "Royal Highness" had deigned to visit their houses. Would they not have been as eager as the Wilson's to please his "Royal Highness," and if he had pleased to introduce other "amusements" to which he is addicted as well as gambling, great would have been the gratification of these flunkies. Therefore it is not because the "Prince of Wales" does these things, but because he has been found out, that their "moral indignation" is so greatly stirred.

Since Sir William Gordon Cumming's conviction on evidence upon which no honest man would have hung a dog, he has been expelled from the army; but the Prince of Wales and other army officers who did their best to hush up the "foul play," and were therefore accomplices after the fact, are to retain their positions. Sir William Gordon Cumming is therefore the scapegoat for the sins of the heir apparent, and he is to be hunted from society, as too base to associate with worn out roués, debauchees, gamblers, and sodomites, of which it is composed, for it would be awkward for his "Royal Highness" to admit he had condemned an innocent man, his own intimate friend, to a living death on the evidence of cringing creatures like the Wilsons.

We ask our readers to think on the spectacle presented at Tranby Croft. At a time when the cry of the poor grows louder, while thousands are starving for lack of bread, while others are slaving long hours upon a scanty pittance, and life is indeed bitter to the people, the idlers who live upon their labour meet together, in richly furnished rooms after passing the day among blacklegs and bookmakers upon a race course, and being flushed with wine and gorged with dainties, they join in a friendly game at baccarat, at which one of them wins £225 in a single evening's play.

Suppose now the 'bus men had demanded wages that would have amounted to this sum in the course of the year. What a outcry would have arisen from the middle-class press and the 'bus directors, and the men would have been overwhelmed beneath an unanimous howl. Yet judge, jury, all society in fact, seems to look upon £225 as a moderate sum for a "young gentleman" to win or lose at cards. No wonder when thousands are won and lost nightly in the gambling hells of the West End of London. And yet workmen are fools enough to let a system continue which allows brainless idiots like Jack Wilson and Lycett Green, not only to live in idle luxury, but to squander in gaming the wealth that has been created by their labour.

The Monarchy is doomed, that is certain. The race of swine, who have defiled even the palaces of England with their presence, since George I. was brought to rule this great and happy country in the interests of the rising middle class, will have to go. If the "manhood of England," could bear to be ruled by a Prince, who would spend his time between a harem of women and the baccarat table, it would never be able to remain quiet during the reign of the young gentleman who left the country for the benefit of his health during the exposure of the Cleveland Street Scandals. The Guelphs will have to go, and with them the class of whom they are fit representatives, that class which can also boast of the vilest and most hoggish vices, and which also like the Guelphs is not able to throw around its crimes the glamour of the intellectual and artistic cultivation, as could the Stuarts or the French aristocrats of the last century. The war cry of the Anarchist and Socialist, "Down with the middle classes" means also "Down with Monarchy;" and both will fall with a crash together. N.

Sheil, the Westminster magistrate, makes no disguise of his sympathy with the Rich. There is a frank brutality about him which in its way is really refreshing. Occasionally he speaks out in a fashion which must make the hypocritical bourgeois wince a bit. In sentencing a 'bus striker to a term of imprisonment the other day, he declared that he should not take into consideration the fact that the Strike was over:—"No one knew how far this illegal violence, intimidation and coercion conduced to make the strike over." Sheil, it will be seen, agrees that the policy of energetic resistance and revolt, the policy of terror ("illegal violence, intimidation and coercion," as he styles it), is likely to terminate strikes in favour of the strikers. That is precisely the doctrine which is preached in these columns.

There was much talk in such organs of bourgeois-dom as the *Star*, of the sympathy of the "public" (i.e., the middle-classes) with the 'busmen during the Strike. It now appears (according to Shipton's report to the London Trades Council) that "in spite of the publicity given to the Strike by the press for six successive days, only £263 9s.

6d. was contributed by the public, although earnest appeals were made for funds." It would be strange indeed if the idle thieves who live on others' toil were to help revolted wage-slaves to any appreciable extent. Their help and their sympathy, even if tendered, are only delusions and snares. The proletarian will never win freedom by sneaking to the rich for a pitiful alms; he must take it for himself. Paunchy Albert Edward Guelph loses or wins more than this £263 in a half-hour's "play" at Sir Charles Russell's "capital round game."

Colman's Mustard *Star*, by the way, did not fancy our Sunday demonstration in the Park on behalf of the General Strike. It is dreadful to talk of "blood and barricades" (although in point of fact quite other things were talked of) when one might be holding up one's hand in favour of some Act of Parliament or other which, even if passed, will leave Colman's Mustard exactly where it is. The *Star* young man (since "French of Paris is to him unknown") is annoyed too, with our comrade Louise Michel for speaking in that "dreadful sing-song" Gallic tongue, instead of in the "truly elegant" Cockney lingo preferred by him. It is, of course, foolish indeed of our Parisian friends to give full force to their vowels and to roll their r's, when they might so easily soften and clip their a's and e's, drop their h's, and hiss—hiss—hiss in our London fashion.

Another Radical newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, took opportunity from that same demonstration to repeat the thousand-times exploded lie that our Chicago comrades were done to death because they threw or were party to the throwing of bombs among policemen. I state again here, for the benefit of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the simple facts as they appear in every report of the trial,—although these facts are by this time pretty well known to the workers of the world. In the result, it was not even contended by prosecuting counsel or judge that our comrades knew aught about the one bomb thrown, or had more to do with it than the *Pall Mall Gazette* Editor. They were convicted of what (in the State of Illinois) is seemingly known as "constructive murder," because in the opinion of a packed jury, phrases used by them at different times in speeches and articles might, apart from their context, have operated upon the mind of the bomb-thrower, whoever he was.

Our comrades were convicted upon this wide-drawn legal theory. They were executed because of their Anarchist opinions; for their lives would (as they were told) have been spared if they would have eaten their words and repudiated their beliefs. Are we Anarchist-Communists not right in calling these noble comrades of ours, martyrs? I may add that the person who did throw the bomb threw it at policemen armed with deadly weapons who were advancing to disperse a lawful and peaceable meeting (lawful and peaceable in the judgment of the hostile Mayor of Chicago himself.) If I were to say that in my opinion the bomb-thrower may have been justified, and some lunatic or provocative agent were hereafter to throw a bomb at the police—say in Trafalgar Square—I might, on the Illinois doctrine, be convicted of murder. I hasten to declare that I am saying nothing of the kind.

I predicted that, although the Labour Commission would of course be absolutely powerless to heal our moribund society, it would yet not be altogether useless, since it would collect a great mass of facts valuable for propaganda which otherwise would not have been generally known, even by workers. Already it would seem, the prediction is coming true. The docker, for example, has been represented to us as (since the Strike) a sort of Jeshurun's ass who has waxed fat and kicks. In reality, as has been proved, he is a poor wretch who receives, if he is lucky, a pittance of 13s. a week on the average, week in and week out (before the Strike it was 9s.) Out of the 13s. he has to pay mayhap 4s. 6d. a week in rent. He is often driven to live in a single room, and sometimes (if he has a large family) there are ten or a dozen males or females in that one room. For his Sunday joint his wife buys him a threepenny "piece" from a barrow. His work is done under sanitary conditions which the modesty of the capitalist press will not put into print. Some day surely these men will say that it is better to die fighting than to live such lives longer.

Various well-meaning people were at the tenth annual meeting of the Land Nationalisation Society at the National Liberal Club,—amongst them Herbert Burrows, who should surely have known better. Dr. Russell Wallace presided and made pathetic appeals to Socialists to rally to the Society. He was "in principle a thorough Socialist himself." "The whole fabric of society rested upon a rotten foundation, and the only way to get rid of present horrors of starvation, misery, and vice everywhere around, was a radical reform which would destroy the regime of individualism and competition which had so miserably failed to secure the general well being, and replace it by a complete system of co-operative Socialism. If they could once get the land into the hands of the people the capital of the country would soon follow it" (Cheers). That last sentence is the kind of thing people always cheer at public meetings because it sounds as if it meant a great deal, while in fact it means nothing. Only by seizing "capital" as well as land—seizing it by force from the holders of it—can capitalism be destroyed.

A certain Miss Jessie Fothergill, in the course of a story which is given honourable place in the *Weekly Dispatch*, draws a portrait of a Socialist lecturer in a manner which is creditable to her imagination at least. It appears we are disreputable and sinister persons who make a practice of stealing surgical knives and stabbing Irish landlords with them. This is really instructive, but Miss Fothergill's "Socialist

lecturer" is rather vague. Our friends the Fabians call themselves Socialists and lecture a good deal; surely this charitable lady cannot suspect such respectable people? Why not identify the villain as a wicked Anarchist at once? Miss Fothergill should really accept this suggestion of mine if she should ever republish this amazing tale of hers.

R. W. B.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

ONCE a master and his slaves,
Had cause for disputation,
And took their case to a pack of knaves,
Called a board of arbitration;
"Tis plain," said they,
"Your master pay
A 'fair' wage for your labour;
Your heads have got
Some Tommy rot,
From a Socialist agitator."

A few months passed, and then the men
Were wanting shorter hours;
They sent their case to parliament
(The self-styled higher powers).
The premier thought
That this was nought,
And formed a Royal Commission,
Which used red tape
And sealing-wax,
And came to no decision!

A few more years and then there came,
The glorious unexpected;
As a General Strike in all the land,
Unplanned and undirected.
"All tricks we've tried,"
The people cried,
"There's left but one solution;
And all can see
That's Anarchy—
The Social Revolution."—CYRIL BELL.

THE PROPAGANDA.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday, 14th June, Joe Burgoyne, D. McNaughton, of the Social Democratic Federation, and Cyril Bell, of Edinburgh, addressed a meeting numbering over 300, on the Jail Square, during which a good amount of literature was sold. In the evening at St. George's Cross, Comrade Bell delivered an excellent address on the "Distribution of Wealth," during which we had displayed a large diagram of "Our National Cake," who makes it and who eats it, which immediately caught the fancy of the people, and caused them to crowd pretty closely and to form the largest meeting we ever held at the Cross. Joe Burgoyne and McNaughton also spoke strongly against the existing system of monopoly, after which Comrade Anderson (in his maiden speech) soundly rated the working men for their apathy, and urged them to bestir themselves in the cause of the workers. At this meeting a quire of 'Weals' were sold, "Facts for Socialists," "Socialist Catechism," and Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young," being sold out; there was also a number of the "Anarchist Labour Leaf" sold. We have now a splendid medium for disposing of advanced literature in the Labour Literature Society, Limited, situated at 105, London Street, which was started by a few Socialists and Trade Unionists, and is now increasing its membership every day despite the fact that the Society pays no interest on Shares, the profits accruing from it being devoted to the interests of Labour generally. Another feature of the Society is that it keeps no literature printed in rat shops, all the goods being got at recognised fair houses.

C. F. F.

ABERDEEN.—A split in the ranks of the Aberdeen Socialist Society a few months ago, gave birth to a Revolutionary Socialist and Anarchist organisation called the Aberdeen Revolutionary Socialist Federation. The Federation has had a fair amount of success, large crowds assembling in Castle Street on Sunday evening to hear Comrades Addie and Duncan, to whom they give an attentive hearing. At the start of the Federation Duncan was the only outdoor speaker, but Addie has dared and done great things—his manipulation of figures being a source of great information to his listeners. The Propaganda of the Revolution has, it would appear, something in it that the "canny" Aberdonians like. Perhaps politicians have so often cheated him that he will turn to Revolution for his salvation at last. The Federation is slowly but steadily increasing its membership, and though we have not got a long list of members the energy and activity of those who are members is steadily increasing. We went to Stonehaven last Saturday, a small town about fourteen miles south of Aberdeen, to see if we could spread the light any more, and we got a surprise instead, and after we had sung the "Marseillaise" and two other songs, and Duncan speaking to an audience of about fifty children, one fisherman, and two swells from Aberdeen, for about five minutes, a crowd began to gather, and inside of a quarter of an hour, we had what an old man said was the biggest crowd he had ever seen in the square. The crowd appeared to appreciate Duncan's heavy blows at the landlords, capitalists, and sky pilots, and when he finished he was loudly applauded. We have promised to go back in three weeks and carry on the work now begun. This run into the country has given us hope that there is life amongst the agricultural labourers yet, and it only requires a little hard work on the part of Socialists and Anarchists to make them really alive to their position. Aberdeen is now about half mad concerning Champion, and in Labour circles the question, being discussed with a vigour worthy of a better subject, is whether Champion is a fit representative for South Aberdeen or not. The Federation has done its level best to show Champion in his true colours, and to keep the workers from putting their trust in him or any other would be politician.

E. S.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Wednesday evenings at 8.
Glasgow.—Lectures and Discussions every Sunday evening, at 7, in the Hall, Antiqua Place, Nelson Street, City.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 8.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 63 Blonk Street. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

The Sheffield Group of Anarchist-Communists will hold a Conference on Sunday, June 28th, at 47, Westbar Green, Sheffield. Comrades from other Groups are invited to attend.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 8th, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets 'Sixpence each, to be had at all Anarchist and Socialist Clubs and meeting places.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

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WEEKLY.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

"NO RENT" IN SHEFFIELD.

WE refer elsewhere to Comrade Creaghe's plucky assault upon the landlord robbers. As some of our readers may like to know what he has to say for himself, we quote the following from the first issue of our bright little contemporary, the *Sheffield Anarchist*, to which we wish all success.

"Comrades,—

As I find we are now boycotted by the *Sheffield Telegraph*, which, no doubt, while it silences us, will continue, with its usual sense of fair play, to attack us in its columns, I write to you for the satisfaction of the only public we respect, namely, the workers.

I have been held up to the reprobation of the rich thieves as a man who acts dishonourably by breaking what they call his "contracts." I shall now show, for the satisfaction and education of the workers, too long accustomed to take their morality from their masters, how little these so-called contracts should bind the poor. As everyone knows there are certain conditions under which a contract is binding, and there are others under which the contract, however binding when made, cannot be fulfilled by one of the parties to it, who is then blameless owing to these new conditions.

That a contract should be binding, it is necessary before all things that both parties should be free; at least one of them should not be limited in his freedom by the other. This is clear to everyone, or ought to be, and is clear enough to any one of our pastors or masters when compelled by a brave burglar or highwayman to make a contract of transference of his goods with a pistol to his ear. He breaks this contract as soon as he can, not admitting for a moment that it is valid; and the poor man ought to do exactly the same in his contracts with the rich plunderer. Not alone that, but the poor man has much greater reason for breaking his contract with the rich than the man has in breaking it with the highwayman; for when a poor man takes a house or gets goods on credit, he only enters into a contract to pay for that which has been stolen from him, that which he has already paid for with the only coin that pays for anything in truth and justice—his services to the community in the form of labour, it matters not what form of labour it may be. He has paid for his share of the wealth of the community, not once but a thousand times over, if he be a working man.

But this is not all. It is well understood by the rent-monger that when he lets a house to a poor working man, that he cannot possibly pay rent when he is out of work and gets no wages; so that in justice, even if you admit the right to plunder in the form of rent, it is really one of the conditions of the contract, though unexpressed, that the poor worker shall not be bound by it when he no longer receives wages. Let it be remembered at the same time that the causes which leave men out of employment are, in the great majority of cases, quite out of the control of the workers.

In my case, comrades, as well as in that of the productive worker, the house was taken on the condition, though unexpressed, that if I succeeded in my practice I would pay. And this I certainly would have done before being obliged to break up my establishment. I would have paid for my own sake, because I knew they had the power to injure me for not so doing, as they have done; but let me be understood, that I would not pay in the belief that any contract to pay rent was binding, but on the contrary, if I could have avoided payment I would have done so though I had abundant means—for my morality teaches me that I ought to give the money to the Revolutionary propaganda, and only in so doing would I be true to myself.

See then how this present hateful system presses on the poor man. He has to pay rent for that which is his own, after having paid for it a thousand times, and not alone that, but when he is suffering from want of food and clothes for his family, while out of work through no fault of his own, then, to overwhelm him in his misery, the atrocious Law, which he is fool enough to respect, sends its bloodhounds in the hated, the abominable bums, and tears from his house the poor

furniture necessary for his comfort and that of his poor wife and children.

O vile Law! oh hateful authority! oh disgusting bum-bailiffs and policemen. Oh woe and destruction to the rich devourers of the poor.

Comrades. I have made this letter too long already, and did not intend when I began to make it so serious. Let us, however, to get up our spirits, turn to the gay and festive proceedings in the Town Hall on Thursday last, when I had the honour to be accused of stealing. I shall consider it an honour whenever I am brought up for some big stealing or plundering of the rich, but, Holy Moses! stealing my own furniture!

Law, like Theology, comrades, is full of subtle, deep, unfathomable fictions which are the delight of the legal or theological mind, and only the eye of chicane or faith can penetrate the mysteries. "I love it, I believe it, just because it is absurd," says the legal sophist or the saint.

Now, as we never know anything about these matters, it might very well be, and some awfully solemn booby of a judge may yet pronounce it to be good law that the owner of my house, having had the first grab at my goods and chattels, has the right to keep them all. I am safe that I don't belong to her myself, as in ancient times; and if it were still the Law, fools would still respect it. But I have other creditors; therefore it seems to me that, even on legal grounds, I am bound not to abandon them, and, really, if my goods were fairly divided, the landlady has already got more than her share, for she took my hair-brushes and combs, besides a table, a chair, and a bench, my cups and saucers, and all my handsome knives, forks, and spoons—and still she is not happy!

Well, as you know, the matter was brought forward for the landlady by the practised and practising thief of an attorney, A. Muir Wilson, who, I am proud to say, found my conduct very reprehensible. When such wretches, or any of their class, abuse us, we may be certain we are in the true path of virtue. He was very angry with me, for he quite counted on my falling into the trap he had laid for me. Having tried to get a warrant and failed, he said to his client, "We will summon him, and if he is fool enough to come on a summons we will have him safe." This is the beauty of the Law: it is all traps and pitfalls for the poor man, while it is a rope of sand when it tries to bind the rich.

But the exhibition of rage on the part of this pettyfogging thief—this vendor of chicane, fraud, and lies—was delightful to behold, and so satisfactory also, showing, as it did, the fix the property owners had got into in the matter.

How finely indignant the creature was about Creaghe's infamous conduct! "These men are all cowards," says the brave little Wilson. Cowards, eh? wily Wilson! "Will you walk into my parlour," says the spider to the fly. "Thank you kindly for your attention," says the fly, "but I really think you ought to send a blue-bottle to escort me there in proper state worthy of the dignity due to my action." "Coward," says the little spider, "you are afraid." "If I only had a golden bag," says the fly, "I would have weight enough to break your web and defy it," and the poor little hungry spider prances around with baffled rage. "Hear him squeal," he shouts. Naturalists tell us that there exists a race of spiders, the males of which are so wretched and contemptible, that the females, who are much braver and stronger, frequently devour them for breakfast. They have to be very careful, when approaching their better halves on amorous joys intent, not to get within reach of their jaws—the ladies make a poor mouthful of them and ask for more. Such a spider, it appears to me, the brave Muir Wilson, pettifogger-at-Law, is. Enough of the little licensed thief!

The *Telegraph*, comrades, has dubbed me "citizen." I protest it is too respectable a name. A citizen is a man with rights, "equal rights before the Law." Now, we claim no rights but only Freedom, and that we will have in spite of the Law, which is the only barrier that keeps us from the attainment of it.

Yours in the Revolution,

'The Lair,'

Sheffield, June 23, 1891.

J. CREAGHE.

THOUGHTS OF AN OUT-OF-WORK.

I am not one whose mind's being out-of-work, but what I do mind is being out of "siller," and in this organised and well-governed society the two are synonymous. Being a "schule-taycher" I can only get work by advertising and by answering advertisements, and as that takes me but an hour or so in the morning I decide to go on the tramp a wee bittie. Being a "mountain devil" from Mid-Wales and often praising the beauties of my (!) own Gwlad (I wish I did have a share in Wales), I am often told that the Lothians take the cake for beauty in Bonnie Scotland, and hearing that the beauties of nature are to be found outside Auld Churchie Reekie, I start along a road to the South.

The first place I arrive at is a fashionable suburb; the guide book says the artistic classes live here, and they are artistic. Fine rows of palings, evidently meant to stop the gaze of the unartistic out-of-works, like myself, upon the artistic class. Behind the palings I see through a gate, which a careless butcher boy has left open, a garden, laid out in squares and circles (the very imitation of nature), an ugly girl, an uglier fountain, and an uglier pug dog. The artistic class so aid nature that they even help the fittest to survive, the fittest ugly poodle (all cropped) is helped to survive the unfittest, (i.e., usefulest) sheep-dog, whose young are drowned in the rain water tub outside the drawing-room—no of course not—kitchen. Then I admire the artistic houses, with all their variety (two varieties one of £70 the other £50); then, like nature, I notice the houses are placed in geometric figures, and the trees planted in rows and clipped (like the poodle) to imitate the barn door fowls found in nature.

From one of the houses marked with a large, artistic, brass plate, which has the words "School for young ladies" inlaid in verdigris, I see emerge a line of girls (!), they walk two and two. Just like nature! Are we not told that the animals walked in two by two? Their upholstery—beg pardon—dresses, were quite natural too, marking quite plainly the prominence of eight inches behind the last lumbar vertebra; and true to nature the Eifel towers on the shoulders were well marked; in short their dress was as graceful and easy as a factory chimney. I was already impressed with the natural beauties of Bonnie Scotland (or Bonneted ?), so I determined to explore further.

Next I came to a village inhabited by the strapping agricultural lads and lassies as I was told. I, by mistake, insulted one of the natives by mistaking either a pig-stye for a house, or a house for a pig-stye, I forget which, there being very little difference, except that the inhabitants of the styes were fat, the others thin. Why the latter did not eat the former I found out was because they were both owned by a man in the artistic suburb I had just left. There was a fine natural aroma all over this place, which reminded me of our city drains, though I may have been mistaken. The natives wore clothes suitable to the hot work they had, with plenty of holes (for ventilation?) and dirt to match the soil. The only strapping peasant I saw was one drunk, trying to strap himself to a sign-post, but failed, sir, failed enthoirely.

I tramped on, and seeing a hill I determined to have a good view of the valley of the Esk. The sight of nature was gorgeous, in front tall chimneys, to the right tall chimneys, to the left tall chimneys, but between the tall chimneys I could see—tall chimneys. The air was lovely, the colour of smoke; the water was lovely, the colour of mud, dye-stuffs, and drains; the trees were lovely, covered with quaint words of nature, "Trespassers will be"—God knows what, poor devils; "Beware of man-traps," and other machinations of the devil; "No thoroughfare" though there was one staring me in the face. Well, Mr. Editor, what do you think I exclaimed in my ecstatic delight? Was it "Allah be praised!" in broad Scotch? Was it "Bai Jowve!" Was it a line from Tennyson? No, Mr. Editor, it was just simply "DAMN the rich!" I took a coach which was passing handily, and I was deposited in a public garden in Edinburgh. Here I was astonished at the number like myself out-of-work, but on enquiry of a policeman I found that they were people who did not ever have to work, and that the public (!) gardens were closed just before the masses came off work. And then I saw a newsboy, and read the proceedings of a committee of these permanently out-of-works who want to get rid of tramps and vagabonds by locking them up; then said I to my comrades and fellow-workers, "let's lock them up too;" and we will some day, if they won't work alongside of us. When we revolute the world we won't have a dangerous, idle, and criminal (see daily papers of any date) class tramping about public gardens and riding in fine carriages. Not we! Up and at 'em boys! CYRIL BELL.

NOTES.

JOHN CREAGHE, of Sheffield, has been preaching "No Rent" in the most practical manner by refusing to pay any. He also has boldly defended his position when attacked by the capitalist press, and has even succeeded in utilising the correspondence columns of the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph* for revolutionary propaganda. Imagine the horror of the respectable bourgeois on reading "such sentiments" as these in his favourite organ:—

"Let me then tell you clearly, once for all, that I believe in, and as long as I live shall do all in my power to encourage resistance on the part of the workers TO ALL KINDS OF PAYMENT, be it RENT OR ANY OTHER. I shall also try to persuade them to TAKE whatever they are short of, be it food or other things, wherever they find them, knowing as I do, that the man who labours at productive work has

a right to all that he can use of the wealth of the community. As the conviction of this truth grows in the minds of the workers, so will grow their resistance to every authority which would keep them down; they will cheerfully go to gaol knowing that they have done their duty to all their class as well as themselves in TAKING BOLDLY what they require."

Nice reading for the respectable bourgeois. We wonder if he enjoyed his breakfast after he had read this.

Well might the prosecuting solicitor, a Mr. Wilson, exclaim in accents of horror, "this man by his own confession, recognised no law." Then he began to call our comrade names, and such epithets as "coward," a "common thief," a "pest and nuisance," flowed softly from the lawyer's lying lips. All this because Creaghe refused to recognise the authority of the court of law to which he had been summoned for carrying off his furniture from the clutches of the broker's man, and had told the magistrate to send a policeman with a warrant if they wanted him. As our comrade Creaghe had not bolted, but had remained in Sheffield quietly awaiting arrest, we fail to see where the accusation of "cowardice" comes in. Anything, however, may be forgiven to the solicitor of a landlady who has lost rent to the amount of £7 10s. We are glad also to hear that Mr. Wilson considers our comrade a "pest" and a "common thief." Some people, however, think that these terms apply very strongly to lawyers, and that "coward" would also suit a legal bully who insults an absent man in the safe shelter of a police court.

We rejoice exceedingly in this bad language from the hirelings of the propertied classes, it proves that their employers have been badly hit. If one man who has the courage of his convictions can make landlords so uneasy in their minds, what would not the workers accomplish in Sheffield and all our great cities, if they universally refused to pay rent to a class of robber landlords? Why, they could sweep away landlordism altogether, they could make government by the rich idlers impossible by cutting off the supply of taxes. For it is quite certain that when the workers cease to pay rent, there will be a considerable deficit in the next budget.

Let our comrades then everywhere call mass meetings to preach "No Rent." Let them tell the people that they had far better use the money to feed and clothe their starving children, than to pay it away to fatten up like prize pigs, idle robber landlords, and those who have the courage will preach by example, as our comrade Creaghe has done. We fully agree with Mr. Wilson, that this is a case of "considerable importance" to landlords, as it may be the beginning of a movement that will sweep this kind of vermin out of existence altogether. We feel quite sorry for Mr. Wilson, who after all his exuberant eloquence could not persuade the magistrate to grant a warrant for our comrade's arrest. After that the Sheffield landlords must feel very unhappy, for Creaghe's example is likely to prove catching, and they are likely in future to cry in vain for their "rent."

N.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

BY ELISEE RECLUS.

(Continued from page 66.)

It is certain that contemporary evolution is taking place wholly outside Christianity. There was a time when the word Christian, like Catholic, had a universal signification, and was actually applied to a world of brethren, sharing to a certain extent, the same customs, the same ideas, and a civilisation of the same nature. But are not the pretensions of Christianity to be considered in our day synonymous with civilisation, absolutely unjustifiable? And when it is said of England or Russia that their armies are about to carry Christianity and civilisation into distant regions, is not the irony of the expression obvious to every one? The garment of Christianity does not cover all the peoples who by right of culture and industry form a part of contemporary civilisation. The Parsees of Bombay, the Brahmins of Benares eagerly welcome our science, but they are coldly polite to the Christian Missionaries. The Japanese, though so prompt in imitating us, take care not to accept our religion. As for the Chinese, they are much too cunning and wary to allow themselves to be converted. "We have no need of your priests," says an English poem written by a Chinese, "We have no need of your priests. We have too many ourselves, both long-haired and shaven. What we need is your arms and your science, to fight you and expel you from our land, as the wind drives forth the withered leaves!"

Then Christianity does not nominally cover half the civilised world, and everywhere it is supposed to be paramount, it is necessary to seek for it, but it is much more a form than a reality, and amongst those who are apparently the most zealous, it is nothing but an ignoble hypocrisy. Putting aside all those whose Christianity consists merely in the sprinkling of baptism or inscription on the parish register, how many individuals are there whose daily life corresponds with the dogmas they profess, and whose ideas are always, as they should be, those of another world? Christians rendered honourable by their perfect sincerity may be sought without marked success even in "Protestant Rome," a city, nevertheless, of mighty traditions. At Geneva

as at Oxford, as at all religious centres, and everywhere else, the principal pre-occupations are non-ecclesiastical; they lean towards politics, or, more often still, towards business. The principal representatives of so-called Christian society are Jews, "the epoch's kings." And amongst those who devote their lives to higher pursuits—science, art, poetry—how many, unless forced to do so, occupy themselves with theology? Enter the University of Geneva. At all the courses of lectures—medicine, natural history, mathematics, even jurisprudence—you will find voluntary listeners; at every one except at those upon theology. The Christian religion is like a snow-wreath melting in the sun: traces are visible here and there, but beneath the streaks of dirty white the earth shows forth clear of rime.

The religion which is thus becoming detached, like a garment, from European civilisation, was extremely convenient for the explanation of misery, injustice, and social inequality. It had one solution for everything—miracles. A Supreme will had pre-ordained all things. Injustice was an apparent evil, but it was preparing good things to come. God giveth sustenance to the young birds. He prepareth eternal blessedness for the afflicted. Their misery below is but the harbinger of felicity on high! These things were ceaselessly repeated to the oppressed as long as they believed them; but now such arguments have lost all credence, and are no longer met with except in the petty literature of religious tracts.

What is to be done to replace the departing religion? As the worker believes no longer in miracles, can he perhaps be induced to believe in lies? And so learned economists, academicians, merchants, and financiers, have contrived to introduce into science the bold proposition that property and prosperity are always the reward of labour! It would be scarcely decent to discuss such an assertion. When they pretend that labour is the origin of fortune, economists know perfectly well that they are not speaking the truth. They know as well as the Socialists that wealth is not the product of personal labour, but of the labour of others; they are not ignorant that the runs of luck on the Exchange and the speculations which create great fortunes have no more connection with labour than the exploits of brigands in the forests; they dare not pretend that the individual who has five thousand pounds a day, just what is required to support one hundred thousand persons like himself, is distinguished from other men by an intelligence one hundred thousand times above the average. It would be scandalous to discuss this sham origin of social inequality. It would be to be a dupe, almost an accomplice, to waste time over such hypocritical reasoning.

But arguments of another kind are brought forward, which has at least the merit of not being based upon a lie. The reign of the strongest is now evoked against social claims. Darwin's theory, which has lately made its appearance in the scientific world, is believed to tell against us. And it is in fact the right of the strongest which triumphs when fortune is accomplished. He who is materially the fittest, the most wily, the most favoured by birth, education and friends; he who is best armed and confronted by the feeblest foe, has the greatest chance of success; he is able better than the rest to erect a citadel, from the summit of which he may look down on his unfortunate brethren. Thus is determined the rude struggle of conflicting egoisms. Formerly this blood-and-fire theory was not openly avowed; it would have appeared too violent, and honied words were preferable. But the discoveries of science relative to the struggle between species for existence and the survival of the fittest, have permitted the advocates of force to withdraw from their mode of expression all that seemed too insolent. "See," they say, "it is an inevitable law! Thus decrees the fate of mankind!"

We ought to congratulate ourselves that the question is thus simplified, for it is so much the nearer to its solution. Force reigns, say the advocates of social inequality! Yes, it is force which reigns! proclaims modern industry louder and louder in its brutal perfection. But may not the speech of economists and traders be taken up by revolutionists? The law of the strongest will not always and necessarily operate for the benefit of commerce. "Might surpasses right," said Bismarck, quoting from many others; but it is possible to make ready for the day when might will be at the service of right. If it is true that ideas of solidarity are spreading; if it is true that the conquests of science end by penetrating the lowest strata; if it is true that truth is becoming common property, if evolution towards justice is taking place, will not the workers, who have at once the right and the might, make use of both to bring about a revolution for the benefit of all? What can isolated individuals, however strong in money, intelligence and cunning, do against associated masses?

In no modern revolution have the privileged classes been known to fight their own battles. They always depend on armies of the poor, whom they have taught what is called loyalty to the flag, and trained to what is called "the maintenance of order." Five millions of men, without counting the superior and inferior police, are employed in Europe in this work. But these armies may become disorganised, they may call to mind the nearness of their own past and future relations with the mass of the people, and the hand which guides them may grow unsteady. Being in great part drawn from the proletariat, they may become to bourgeois society what the barbarians in the pay of the Empire became to that of Rome—an element of dissolution. History abounds in examples of the frenzy which seizes upon those in power. When the miserable and disinherited of the earth shall unite in their own interest, trade with trade, nation with nation, race with race; when they shall fully awake to their sufferings and their purpose, doubt not that an occasion will assuredly present itself for the employment of their might in the service of right; and power-

ful as may be the master of those days he will be weak before the starving masses leagued against him. To the great evolution now taking place will succeed the long expected, the great revolution.

It will be salvation, and there is none other. For if capital retains force on its side, we shall all be the slaves of its machinery, mere cartilages connecting iron cogs with steel and iron shafts. If new spots, managed by partners only responsible to their cash books, are ceaselessly added to the savings already amassed in bankers' coffers, then it will be vain to cry for pity, no one will hear your complaints. The tiger may renounce his victim, but bankers' books pronounce judgments without appeal. From the terrible mechanism whose merciless work is recorded in the figures on its silent pages, men and nations come forth ground to powder. If capital carries the day, it will be time to weep for our golden age; in that hour we may look behind us and see like a dying light, love and joy and hope—all the earth has held of sweet and good. Humanity will have ceased to live.

As for us, whom men call "the modern barbarians," our desire is justice for all. Villians that we are, we claim for all that shall be born, bread, liberty, and progress.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.

L'Homme Libre ("Free Man") has, one may hope, to use current journalistic slang, "come to stay." As I write, No. 10 (for June 20th) is before me—a sheet somewhat larger than the *Weal* and published at a half-penny. It certainly is well worth the money. I copy from its pages the following excellent statement of Anarchist principles, translated from the Italian of Signor Bovio, a Republican member of the Italian Parliament:—

"Since Revolution comes to us to-day in the guise of a great social change, it is inevitable that the real revolutionary party should be Anarchist,—that is to say, should be opposed not to this or that form of government but to all government; for where government is there is privilege, there is wretchedness, a governing class and a pariah class, a political system void of justice, a statute book careless of rights, an army formed for quite other purposes than those of defence, a scholastic organisation but no education, extreme luxury co-existing with extreme poverty. Whether the State be pope, king, president, directory or dictator, it is always the same.

"The State means oppression at home and war abroad. Under the pretence of providing for the public safety it becomes a robber and a murderer. Passive obedience is styled "good citizenship,"—silence, "order,"—massacre, "natural expansion,"—hypocrisy, "civilisation." The State, like the Church is begotten of the ignorance and weakness of the majority. It is man's worst enemy from his cradle to his grave. However inconvenient the Anarchist system may be, it will never work the harm to mankind that is worked by the State.

"Men shake off the State's yoke now and again, and periodically change the form of it; but, however the form be changed, the dead weight is still there. Such changes might serve for some purposes, but they are useless when the aim is to solve the whole social question.

"In fighting against the State Anarchists are not harking back to Rousseau's theories; they are not running counter to Nature, but rather interpreting her,—Anarchy being Natural Order. As molecules organise themselves by the laws of affinity and cohesion, so should men organise themselves; they do not need overwhelming superior power to keep them together in society. It is just because the State is unnecessary that it always ends by absorbing everything else. When once men are left to themselves each man will protect himself and others, whereas at the present time all must protect themselves from the State. Who then shall keep the keeper?

"Each man's thought is autonomous—Anarchist. History marches towards Anarchy, proving as it does that there is an absolute opposition between centralised power and man's freedom.

"Justify the State as you will, consecrate it, deify it, let it be Guelph or Ghibeline, bourgeois or theocratic, monarchical or republican,—in the result you will find, that, whatever its name, it is always a tyranny over you,—a tyranny you will ever need to protest against in the name alike of Thought and Nature."

FRANCE.

Since I was last able to indite these Notes, our French comrades have been subjected to further prosecution at the hands of the Republican Government of this "free" country, wherein the bourgeois are even more absolutely dominant and even more corrupt than elsewhere. Our good comrade Grave, the responsible editor of *La Révolte* has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for seditious writing. He very properly refused to defend himself or to be defended, declaring that he did not recognise anyone's right to put him on his trial, or to hinder him from expressing his ideas as he pleased. By the way, the "constitutional" Austro-Hungarian Government has prohibited the introduction of the *Paris Révolte* into that remarkable "Empire." The *Père Peinard* has been yet again judicially condemned, and *La Lutte* ("The Struggle") has been also visited with legal pains and penalties.

A dynamite bomb lately exploded outside the house of a certain Vienne manufacturer. The local police have arrested seven men and a woman,—probably without rhyme or reason, as is their want.

The Lyons *Action* which succeeded some six months ago to the place of the *Action Sociale* has achieved a very large circulation and will shortly increase its size. One is glad to notice that it energetically protests against observance of the bourgeois National Fête of the 14th of July. In truth, the taking of the Bastille was an act of foolish generosity on the part of the Paris proletariat, who had much more useful fish to fry. Only nobles and very big bourgeois were shut up in that prison. The real feast-day of the workers should be on the First of May,—a date whereon we may see the Bastille of Capitalism blown to the four winds of heaven,—that Bastille of Capitalism in which humanity lies prisoner.

In Paris the middle-classes have been opening a new temple of obscurantism on the summit of that hill of Montmartre which is surely a sacred mount to all Revolutionists—a temple which is openly boasted of as a sort of libel in masonry on the ever-glorious Commune. As usual there is one law for the boss and his parasites and another for the proletariat. The Archbishop of Paris and his holy gang were allowed to demonstrate upon

the hall for hours together, to make speeches, sing songs, and "obstruct" the way to their hearts' content. As a protest against this shameful and "Socialist" and "Secularist" had combined to carry a wreath to the spot where they shot our noble-hearted comrade Varlin who was betrayed to a priest. However, hence for an archbishop is by no means sauce for a Socialist, and our comrades were fallen upon, beaten, and arrested in the Londoner's Square fashion.

It is impossible in the limited space at our disposal to follow the course of the strikes constantly occurring in every part of France. One can only hope that they may continually grow in numbers; since (as we have often said) every one of them is a rehearsal and a preparation for that General Strike which will presently destroy the whole damnable system under which we live.

GERMANY.

Volmar, an ex-officer of "noble" birth, who has been always looked upon as one of the leaders of the Social Democrats, has come out in his indignation, not for the first time, and has once more shown the morass of reaction into which parliamentarism has plunged German Socialism. This shallow and shallow-pated hypocrite and traitor has actually declared in the German Parliament that Socialists are still patriots—patriots who cling to the Triple Alliance,—that "in the event of war French Socialists would find that German Socialists are first of all Germans, that they would join with the German parties to sink differences, and defend the fatherland." I note that our comrade Belfort Bax is much scandalised by this extraordinary utterance, and proposes the expulsion of this creature Volmar from the ranks of the Bebelites. I shall be very much surprised if he is expelled. Probably "Socialists" who no longer call themselves revolutionists, and who rise at the name of their young cub of an Emperor, are fairly represented by this vapouring nationalist. To such a pass as this have political action and compromise brought them who once were co-believers with Karl Marx! A very long way truly from that "union of the workers of all lands" which was the point of departure!

PORTUGAL.

A Lisbon *Bonotte* which promised to tread in the footsteps of its Paris namesake has been seized by the police, and measures have been taken to prevent its re-appearance.

SPAIN.

There is less of a "White Terror" has reigned here ever since the First of May. At Barcelona numbers of our comrades have been illegally arrested without a shadow of lawful accusation against them, and imprisoned in the local jails or on board the ships of war in the harbour. *El Productor* sends congratulations across the sea to our comrade Mowbray, junior.

SWITZERLAND.

I learn, by way of Brussels, from the columns of *L'Homme Libre*, that comrade Malatesta was arrested at Lugano on June 12th by order of the Swiss Prosecutor. Our comrade had some time ago been "expelled" from the Swiss Republic.

R. W. B.

THE PROPAGANDA.

NEWCASTLE.—The comrades here are rallying together in good numbers, and have commenced the open-air work. Sunday, June 7th, Comrade Wess was with us and delivered excellent addresses, meeting with opposition from a so-called Free-born Briton, who was very well disposed of by comrades Wess and Poynts to the satisfaction of the audience. Darley spoke in the afternoon. Sunday, June 21st, Comrade Sparling assisted us; capital audiences afternoon and evening. A. Moore and Swash took part. Sparling's addresses were well received, and good impression made. On the Monday evening Sparling lectured on "Blind Samson," in one of the large Board Schools, where we had a large audience, the lecturer pointing out to the workers, that they like Samson, did not know their own strength, and urged them to awaken themselves in the cause of the workers; no opposition offered; a *Trade Union* friend asked a question which was replied to by Comrades Sparling and Sparling; Darley acted as chairman. After meeting was over we adjourned to our meeting place until a late hour, indulging in revolutionary songs, &c. Saturday, June 27th, we welcomed a comrade who has just escaped from France, from the tyranny of the so-called Free Republic, Gustave Mollet, who will stay with us for a time, when we hope he will be able to lecture on Anarchist Propaganda here. Sunday, the 28th, Comrade Mowbray delivered two addresses in the open-air, which were well attended. Mowbray spoke at considerable length, assisted by comrade Emery. After the meeting was over we had a pleasant time at our Rooms, comrades Mollet, Mowbray, and others rendering Revolutionary Songs. We have had a good sale of papers at all the meetings during the month, and collected £1 12s. 3d., and with the assistance of comrades Coulon, John Turner, Mainwaring, Casey, Yarnovsky, and others who are coming to help us, we hope be able to give a good record of this Summer's propaganda.

A CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the Hall of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades are specially invited.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonwealth* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of 11, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonwealth*.

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The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonwealth Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 12 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance-fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Wednesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Thursday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philipa Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A CONCERT AND BALL, together with a Grand Distribution of Socialist, Anarchist, and other Works, will take place on Wednesday evening, July 8th, at the Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., for the benefit of the *Commonwealth*, at which over 200 Prizes, to the value of £23, will be given away. Tickets Sixpence each, to be had at all Anarchist and Socialist Clubs and meeting places.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

JUST OUT. Labour's May Day, by Walter Crane, on fine toned paper, suitable for framing. Sent in cardboard protector, post free, 5d.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonwealth*.

Printed in the London Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the London Socialist League, by C. W. MOWBRAY, at 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

WEEKLY

THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[Vol. 7.—No. 27.]

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A Mass Meeting will be held in Victoria Park on Sunday, July 26th, to call upon the Workers to pay No Rent to Robber Landlords. The inhabitants of the slums of the East End are earnestly invited to attend.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

FELLOW-WORKERS.—For fellow-workers you were before you sold yourselves, and fellow-workers you may be after your term of servitude as soldier is expired. We, the Anarchist-Communists of England, being the English section of the Anarchist-Communist groups of the world, appeal to your manhood to listen to us through this address, and to be careful before you cast aside what is on the one hand an appeal and on the other a word of warning.

The world-wide struggle on the part of the wage-workers against the tyranny of Capitalism is becoming so severe that recently, in various parts of the world, the military have been used by our masters in order to crush the rising aspirations of the people. In America, men, women, and children have been shot down by the soldiery for daring to protest against the starvation wages paid to them. In France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Belgium the same thing has occurred. You may say, what has all this to do with me? well, stop and listen. Recently in Scotland, at Motherwell, at Liverpool, Southampton, Leeds and Bradford the services of the soldiery—in whose hands this may fall—were utilised to put down the meetings of working men and women who were attempting to protest against the miserable wages paid, and the horrible conditions under which many of them lived. The capitalists in their attempt by "blackleg" labour to crush the workers are, and ever have been, ready to use the soldiery in order to achieve their damnable ends; only recently the soldiery in Maryborough, Australia, were made howling drunk and then let out in the town, committing many brutal assaults, yet the workers were quiet, even under these circumstances, and this in one of our own colonies. Other governments in various parts of the world have used soldiers as "blacklegs" to defeat the workers in their attempt to better their position. The governing powers of England, made up of our masters as they are, and must necessarily be whilst they hold the means of life in their hands, are not one bit behind their "co-thieves," the capitalists of other lands. Recently, during the threatened Gas Strike, it is well known that accommodation was made for the soldiers, not only to occupy the Gas Works, but also to "blackleg" against those on strike. Is this to continue? The answer lays with you, largely. You who are the sons of workers, you who have known the hard conditions of factory life, you who when your services were no longer required by a boss were cast aside and forced (in most cases) to enlist or starve, are you to be the men to crush others whom you left behind in factory, mine, field, or workshop, when they try to resist being slowly starved to death? Nay, surely you will never butcher your own class like wolves eager after blood. Our fathers, mothers, and kindred have, like many of yours, ended their days in the workhouse, whilst we, and many of you, have had to eke out a miserable existence as best we could. And why? In order that an idle class of Landlords and Capitalists may live in luxury and debauchery, whilst we work hard and starve. They are able to maintain their power over us simply because they can HIRE you to shoot us down if we should rebel to alter our conditions, paying you out of what has been wrung from the blood and sweat of your brethren. Need this be? No, a thousand times no. There is land enough for all to live upon; nature has endowed us with skill to be able, not only to exist, but to live the lives of happy men, women, and children.

We are striving to bring about a condition of society in which there shall be neither slave nor master, neither poor nor rich, where all shall be able to satisfy their human desires, in a word we are striving for FREEDOM. Shall it be said that you—part of our class as you are—

will aid in suppressing our noble efforts? Remember you also will have the battle of life to fight, that you will on the day of your discharge have to begin the struggle for existence; what sympathy can you expect if to-day you use your weapons against those who are fighting not only their battle but yours. Pause, comrades, and on the words, "Make ready, Fire!" shoot the scoundrels who bid you murder the people. You do your duty and we will do ours. We have put our hand to the plough and do not mean to turn back whether we achieve VICTORY or meet DEATH. We have nothing to lose but our chains, and we have a world to gain. We, therefore, are working for the destruction of private property, believing that the holding of land and capital by the community will be the best and safest way to obtain the greatest amount of happiness for you and all the human race. When the people attempt to take back the wealth they have created, your services will be called in; THINK carefully, and decide on which side you will fight. Science has placed in our hands a weapon also, and *we shall not hesitate to answer back* when once you have begun the bloody work of our task-masters. We appeal to you in no idle manner, we are in earnest; we ask you to choose whom you will fight for and with. Shall it be for our masters or with us? The history of the world testifies to cases where the soldiery have joined the people against their rulers; let us hope that history will record that the soldiers of England stood beside the people ~~and against the thieves~~ who robbed them. We appeal to you to choose, and we warn you on the other hand that, come what will, we will not turn back. Every means we know of shall be used by us in our struggle, and if you are against us we can only look upon you as traitors to your class and enemies of mankind. We ask you again to show your sympathy by joining the revolt of the people, which may not be long coming. Whilst determined to resist force by force, we would rather greet you as comrades than enemies. Our watchword is "REVOLT! REVOLT!" What shall yours be? Several of our comrades are in your midst, will you answer their signal, or obey the commands of your officers? Let us hope when our comrades cry "REVOLT!" that your answer will thunder forth "Revolt! Revolt against tyranny and robbery; hurrah for Anarchy and the Social Revolution."

We intend to immediately reprint this article in leaflet form for distribution, comrades and sympathisers who wish to help the work forward should send subscriptions for this purpose to the Secretary, which will be duly acknowledged in the "Commonweal."

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

I.

I THINK that all Revolutionists should discuss a question that is of great interest not only to Socialists and Anarchists, but to the outside public also, and that is, what would be the first steps of a revolutionary party when they had obtained a victory over their adversaries. Imagine the revolution successful and the Revolutionists victorious, what would be the first steps towards inaugurating Anarchist Communism.

It therefore seems to me that it would be well to discuss this question thoroughly, and the present writer, although he has no desire to pose as an authority or to assume an attitude of infallibility, still thinks it necessary to give his own opinions, in the hope that other comrades may give theirs, and by this means, we may arrive at a common understanding.

Let us imagine then that London is in the hands of the revolutionary party, that the city with its workshops, factories, warehouses, and the wealth of all kinds stored within them, are in the hands of the people. What is to be done, what are the first steps in the revolution?

Well, let us look around us and see. Here are immense masses of clothes, food, boots, and shoes, and all kinds of furniture and wearing apparel, and here are large numbers of people wanting all these things. Surely if revolution is to be for the benefit of these people, those who lack everything should at once enjoy, what after all, is theirs by right. Therefore we must not tell the people to wait till we have elected a

parliament or a council of state, that it may by slow and gradual stages extending over many years, feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Those who advocate this slow and gradual method of settling the question are really playing into the hands of the enemies of revolution, and should the Revolutionists be attacked by their foes, what interest will the masses have in defending them, when they find that the Revolutionists, like the politicians they have so often denounced, have promised much but have performed little. No, if we want to secure to ourselves the devotion and enthusiasm of the people, we must take care that while there is food and clothing to be had, those that lack them shall have them. The first day of the revolution must see the distribution of the stored-up wealth in shops and warehouses among the starving and the poor, and before the sun sets there must be no man without a good coat to his back, shoes on his feet, and without a good square meal, while there is meat in the butchers' shops or bread at the bakers'. This will prove to the people that the revolution is really for their good, far better than yards of windy rhetoric, or the infinitesimal reforms with which they have been deluged on former occasions by their leaders. They will understand clearly then the aims and objects of the revolution, and will fight desperately if need be against its enemies. Let our comrades always understand that this must, under any circumstances, be the first step taken by Anarchist-Communists, even if they should only have a town or part of a town in their possession for a few hours, they must urge on the poor, nay, teach them by example, to supply their needs from the good things piled up in stores and warehouses.

We can fancy that some of our moderate friends will be horrified. "Horrible" they will say, "why action like this will alienate the respectable shopkeeper who might otherwise be content with Socialism when watered down into Fabianism or Bellamyism. Yet strange as it may appear we are not anxious to stand well with the respectable classes, in fact, the more we offend and shock these good people the better we shall be pleased. We confess we are more anxious to obtain the good opinion of the poorest outcast who crawls along the gutter looking for a mouldy crust to still the ravings of the pangs of hunger that gnaw at his vitals, whom our Fabian friends would pass by on the other side for fear of possible contamination, than of all the respectable people in creation, and the sort of Socialism that goes to the heart of the poor is the kind that we will work and fight for. Unless our ideas fill the people with enthusiasm they are useless, although they may furnish the topic for discussion in scores of drawing rooms, and may be the finest examples of superfine philosophy going. The point we have to study is how to fill the heads and the hearts of the people with them, and not to prove that we are the most learned, the most virtuous, and the most philosophical of all mankind.

Therefore we do not mind offending the middle class or even that section of the middle-classes to whom our Fabian friends appear to dedicate so much of their time and trouble in adapting Socialism to their limited understandings. It will not be these worthy people by whom our ideas will be carried into practice, but the classes whom they look down upon with scorn and contempt, the outcasts, the scum, the mob, and the dregs, it is to these we appeal, and not to that God of Fabian idolatry the small-minded British snob.

But clothing and feeding the people is not enough; if we look around us to-day what do we see? While the rich have houses containing many rooms which are not used or occupied, whole families are crowded into single rooms, and in many of the hideous slums of London seven or eight persons living in a single room is not uncommon. Can we as Anarchists allow this to continue? No it is impossible, directly therefore, the revolution is triumphant, we must lead the poor from the slums and dwellings of Seven Dials to the West End palaces. In London at the present time the question of the Housing of the Poor could be settled in a very short period. It is not a fact that there is not enough house accommodation for the poor of London, any more than it is true that there is not enough wealth to keep them all in luxury and comfort; the truth being that the poor are overcrowded as well as denied the common necessities of life, so that the rich may dwell in splendid palaces and revel in profligate luxury. There is house room and wealth enough for all, only the rich take up so much room as well as consume so much wealth that there is none left for the poor.

On the day in which the revolution is victorious the houseless wanderer who has pillowed his head upon the cold flagstones of Trafalgar Square, or in the recesses of the bridges, shall lie upon a silken couch in a gorgeous palace, whose wealthy owner has fled for fear of what may befall him. It is by action like this that we may teach the poorest, the meanest, and the roughest, what is the meaning of the revolution, and when that knowledge has penetrated into their minds it will be impossible to overthrow it. Or even if the re-action be victorious it will be but for a time, for the people having tasted the pleasures and enjoyments which are possible, will not be contented to be tamely crushed by re-action, but will seize the first opportunity of overthrowing their tyrants and establishing that free society which we are doing our utmost to obtain.

The slums, being abandoned by the people, must not be left standing, at least, we must make it impossible for the poor to inhabit these horrible dens again. That broad belt of slums which surround the City of London, from St. George's in the East to Clare Market and Drury Lane, like a stagnant marsh of poverty, misery, vice, and criminality must be fired, and as the people march out to fairer dwellings on the heights, and in the North and West of London their way shall be illuminated by the blaze of the frightful dungeons in which they had been immured by the capitalist monster. Is not

destruction the just doom of such dens as these, and fire will quickly rid us of them. The slower method of demolition is not only costly but also dangerous; why should men be forced to risk their health and strength by labouring at pulling down these hovels that swarm with vermin, and reek of pestilence, would they not be better employed in producing food, clothing, and other articles of use for the community. Let the slums perish in the purifying flame, let a sea of fire sweep over them, and may the earth know them no more. As the Spanish conqueror, when landing on an unknown shore, burnt his ships behind him to signify that for him there was no retreat, so let the workers burn the slums in which they have been forced to live, when entering upon the promised land of peace and plenty, as a sign that whatever dangers may threaten and however black and stormy the sky, yet they will never return to their old slavery and misery.

But the work of destruction is not complete, the title deeds of landed property, the books of the banks, all legal parchments, and every scrap of paper and parchment that relates to the present system of private property must be hurled in the flames. Let us burn also all those documents that relate to the science and mystery of Government, away with the laws and all relating to them, burn the Government offices to the ground, force the jails, set free the prisoners. Death to all that savours of Governmental fraud and legal chicanery. Away with policemen, lawyers, jailors, and rulers, and what remains? A free and happy life, the glorious sun, the smiling land and all its fruits, beauty, freshness, the cattle in the fields, the golden fields of corn, a fair, sweet, pure, and happy life for all the dwellers upon earth, food to eat, and raiment to wear, a peaceful happy home, and not a den to live in. This will be ours when we have swept away our tyrants, knaves and rulers, this is the vision we see beyond the smoke of battle and roar and glare of fire which consumes the shams, the horrors, and the tyrannies of the past.

D. J. NICOLL.

NOTES.

THE following leaflet has been issued by the Anarchist groups relative to the coming of the German Emperor. We don't think we need say any more, except to declare our complete agreement with it.

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR DAMN HIM

AND THE FLUNKYS WHO CHEER HIM.

All loyal subjects are engaged in celebrating the coming of the German Emperor and strange enough the very people who exclaim against the poor foreign workman who comes to earn a crust of bread, and call him a "foreign pauper," will rush to welcome this German despot, who has lived all his life upon the sweat and blood of the workers; this young butcher, who told the Westphalian miners, who came to ask for better wages, for bread for their wives and little ones, that he would shoot them down like dogs and still their cries of hunger with bullets and bayonets. And this is the man whom English Trade Unionists will throng to cheer and applaud, together with our representatives of royalty fresh from the baccarat table of Tranby Croft, the brothels of Mother Jeffries, or Hammond's den of infamy in Cleveland Street. Yet the victims of this tyrant, the poor foreign workmen, who are driven to this country by his hideous tyranny because they have stuck up for their rights, are treated by you with contumely. Is it not time that this was changed? We Anarchists tell you to greet the foreign toiler as a brother, but receive the tyrant with groans and hisses, while the robbers, gamblers, and debauchees, who accompany him shall be met with cries of "Baccarat," "Tranby Croft," "Mother Jeffries," and "Cleveland Street," with any suitable accompaniments that may come handy.

Down with Despotism. Long live Anarchy and the Social Revolution."

For distributing these leaflets in Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon Comrade Mowbray had his name taken by a park keeper, and the police were ordered to take Chapple into custody by an irate parson. This proves that these leaflets have done good propaganda.

We said last week that Creaghe's example was likely to spread in Sheffield; it is doing so already. We quote the following from the *Sheffield Anarchist*.

"We have just had our attention called to a case of bum-bailiff robbery which is quite up to the average performance of these gentry. A woman, residing near Brown Street has had her household furniture stolen by these bandits five times in succession whilst her husband has been away from home for the annual militia training. Of course no one is at all surprised that these despicable tools of the robber classes always choose the time when the woman is at home alone and almost helpless, but they were doubtless surprised to find, the other week, that she had adopted Comrade Creaghe's method, and that, when they arrived on their housebreaking mission the second time, all the goods of any value had disappeared—goodness knows where. A friend who saw these burglars coming up the street also had a happy thought, and, breaking into the house just before them, he succeeded in smashing to pieces all that had been left, much to the annoyance of these church-going hypocrites, who were heard to use wicked language about the matter. Bravo! More grease to your elbow! You will soon not be so much alone in such plucky action, and when the day comes, which is no longer so very

distant in any case, in which workers will support and help all such opposition to robbery of the poor—because they are poor—and will give not only bailiffs, gamekeepers, and police their deserts, but also the classes that employ them—those living in that happier time when, robbery and oppression having ceased, there will be Plenty and Freedom for all, will gratefully remember the services that all such anti-legal acts gave towards hastening the advent of this good time."

The men of Sheffield ought not surely to lag behind, when the women are setting this glorious example.

We have had two striking instances of legal outrage recently, with which even the capitalist press has been ringing. One, the Southend Vaccination Case, in which a poor woman was sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment, because she refused to allow other people's children to be impregnated with the germs of hereditary consumption from her own child; and the other a still more hideous case at Aldershot, when a girl, a child of the working classes was dragged into court and charged as a prostitute by the blue-coated ruffians who administer the law, and she could only escape conviction upon the evidence of the rural Endacotts by undergoing the legal outrage of an enforced medical examination. What a nice lot of blackguards are our police and magistrates. Now both these cases spring from laws similar to those with which our State Socialist friends would load the Statute books, with a view to the salvation of humanity, and these laws would be administered by people quite as stupid, bigoted, and brutal as the magistrates and policemen of Aldershot and Southend. Is it not therefore quite plain that under these conditions, where not only innocent girls would be liable to be run in as prostitutes, and poor women imprisoned for refusing to have their children vaccinated, but even our dress, conduct, manners and hours of work, etc., would be all regulated by law, that life would be more unendurable than even under our present society. Cannot our friends see that salvation really lies not in the extension of laws, but in the destruction of all laws.

The brutal ruffianism of the police at Aldershot is only characteristic of these hireling bullies everywhere. Since Trafalgar Square these beefy ruffians have been monarchs of all they survey. No workman has been safe from their brutality, and women and children are the natural prey of these brutes, who are as cowardly as they are cruel. The police are endeavouring to crush the spread of the spirit of revolt among the people by sheer brute force; they will not succeed, save in demonstrating to the dumbest of the workers, the horrible tyranny of the laws made by the rich exploiters to keep labour in order. We Anarchists are thankful to them for this tyranny, but we fear that if they keep on, the patience of the people may come to a sudden end, and these infernal blackguards, will get such a lesson, as those of them who survive will not be likely to forget in a hurry. Appealing to the law courts is a waste of time, the law exists to protect the police bully, the people must appeal instead to that ruffian's regard for his own personal safety.

N.

WHAT THE SCOUNDREL WITH THE BLACK FLAG SAID ON SUNDAY.

FRIENDS and fellow-workers, tell me why you toil
In the city's workshops, on the country's soil,
On the ocean's bosom, in the bowels of the earth,
In the distant colonies, or in your land of birth?

No, no, my fellow-workers, the truth you cannot tell,
For you are kept in ign'rance, an intellectual hell.

In ignorance they keep you by the church's subtle fraud,
By pious priests who tell you of an unseen Vengeance—God;
Who bid you be contented though your earth be hell,
For, as a great reward, your soul in heav'n perhaps may dwell.

In ignorance they keep you by a cheap and lying press,
By men who prostitute their pen with brazen-facedness;
By the howling agitators in Whig or Tory pay,
Who blind your thought with "patriotism" and with your conscience play;

By the Chauvinist self-seeker who pretends to be your friend,
But who leaves you still in misery when he has gained his end.

But still my friends and comrades, a study we have made,
In the time we should have rested, in the time we might have played;
The question we can answer, for we have thought it out,
And the Anarchists can tell you too how things thus came about.

The reason why you labour is to keep yourself in life,
And perhaps your aged parents, your children, and your wife.

But yon great men of learning, whom Economists we call,
Have said a few short hours is a day's work for us all;
But still you toil much longer, from early dawn till night,
Till death comes as an ending to a life devoid of light.

We Anarchists can tell you the cause of overwork,
It is that you have masters, who useful labour shirk.

Your masters live in luxury, in idleness, and sin,
In mansions of the West End, far from the fact'ry's din;

In castles in the country, far from the city's roar,
Or else in pleasure yachts they roam abroad from shore to shore.

Your men they keep in slavery by economic laws,
And though they cant of purity, your girls they make their whores;
And they prate of peace on earth, and to all men goodwill,
Yet by patriotic murder the soldiers' blood they spill.

Nature and the workers are the makers of all wealth,
Yet two-thirds your masters take by treachery and by stealth.

Are you going to stand it longer? or are you going to rise
With us in Revolution, with Freedom for the prize?

If so, come join us comrades, come and help us preach—

"No God! No Master!" "Each for all and all will be for each."

CYRIL BELL.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE recent strikes of the bakers in St. Paul and Chicago for a ten hours' day have been completely successful. San Francisco, Kansas City, Portland, and Wilmington have made similar demands. When will London bakers follow their example, and not wait for parliament to move in the matter?

Another good man gone wrong! Colonel Bob. Ingersoll, in whom I have always felt a great interest as an Atheist, has recently been writing in the *North American Review* on "Is Avarice Triumphant?" He seems to speak as the paid retainer of the Railroad Corporations when he undertakes, as he does, to justify the granting of enormous subsidies to build railroads, and even contends that the watering of railroad stock is a harmless and defensible practice. He says, "There is now freedom of speech, men are allowed to utter their thoughts, lips are no longer sealed by mobs." Has he forgot that the lips of eleven Italians were recently sealed in New Orleans by a well-dressed mob? Has he forgot the Morewood murders by the Pinkerton mob? Has he forgot Chicago? He cannot have done so yet. He goes on to say, "Here, in America, is a finer sense of what is due from man to man than you find in other lands. We do not cringe to those whom chance has crowned, we stand erect." This "patriotic" cry is always the favourite resort of tricky, shallow declaimers, and interested defenders of abuses. Bradlaugh, Leo xiii., and now Ingersoll, are clear illustrations of the fact that, though separated by religion, they are united as far as private property is concerned. I am glad to see, however, that the working men's press of America have answered Ingersoll as he deserves, by calling him a "shallow sycophant."

Commenting on the Pope's recent Encyclical Letter, the *Knights of Labour Journal* says, "We shall await with some anxiety the publication of the full text of the Encyclical. We should regret if it is the re-actionary pronunciamento Archbishop Corrigan interprets it to be; but even if it is we do not fear it, for it will not even then stop or even seriously delay the car of the people's progress towards justice and equality." This is sound talk, and we are glad this journal has given the straight tip to the Pope, through his tool Corrigan, that they don't mind his letting off gassy speeches about the divine institution of private property. Divine institution be damned; it is rot, and they are afraid the people are beginning to see it.

Our Comrade John Most has been sentenced to twelve months imprisonment for delivering a speech in November, 1887, at the graves of our Chicago comrades, for whose death vengeance shall yet be taken, and also for this latest tyranny. The heaven is working, and we feel sure America will not be behind in the coming revolution.

C. W. M.

"NO RENT" IN SHEFFIELD.

COMRADES,—As requested by Comrade Nicoll to give you some account of what has been passing here, and which by good fortune has roused a decided No-Rent feeling on the part of some of the workers and an overwrought dread of it on the part of the exploiters.

It began in March, when I was summoned for assaulting a bailiff and policeman. I had taken a second house in the East end of the town where I set up another Dispensary, but my object chiefly was to sell in the shop Socialist and Freethought literature. I also hoped I may say, to get some more patients than in Gower Street, where I was doing badly.

Well, what happened, comrades, is a proof, if proof were wanting, how much better for our propaganda and for the interests of freedom, it is to have bad, that is to say, exacting and unscrupulous capitalists, but for that I had as landlady, a thoroughly unscrupulous thief, we never would have had the fun that followed. The woman authorised me to get some large panes of glass, that those broken might be replaced with new ones, and afterwards refused to pay for them, so I decided it was a case where there was a good opportunity for beginning the No-Rent campaign. After a little the landlady sent the bums, but they retired without more than threats; but about a fortnight after a big fat bum came alone into the shop, asked to see me, demanded rent, and on my refusal told me he was going to take my furniture, so I ordered him out, and on his refusal threatened him with the poker, and finally with the help of Comrade Brackenbury bundled

him out, and applied a few whacks to him with the poker outside, as he attempted to use his stick.

We closed the door and laughed at him through the windows, but we did not know what was coming, and soon the laugh was against us, for as soon as a policeman appeared on the scene, the bum flung himself against one of the side doors, which was very frail, and burst in, followed by the policeman. The poker had been laid away, and before I could get it and have a clear blow, the two were grappling with me. Another bobby turned up then, and I was removed to the police-station, but the inspector let me go, saying that the bum would have to summon me.

After this I got into a controversy with one of the robber papers here, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, which frequently attacked the Socialists, and was furious when it found we were Anarchists with "Neither God nor Master" for our motto.

Well, in Gower Street I continued to practice, and though the Lord sent me an epidemic of influenza I still found that my earnings did not justify Rent, so I refused to pay until the bums came, and took an inventory, and having induced me to sign a paper giving them authority to break in if necessary after five days, and promising to pay the expenses, they left me without leaving a man in charge as they would otherwise have done.

I had, however, made up my mind to pay no heed to the law or any of their regulations, so a day or two after the bums left I removed my furniture to a safe place and bid defiance to law and landlord robbery.

At the expiration of the five days the bums came one day in my absence, and took a few sticks that were left and some things which I thought their respect for the law would prevent their taking. A summons followed for which I was prepared, and I had made up my mind to attend in order to make propaganda, when on the night previous, Brackenbury's father being much interested in the affair, came to the Club and soon persuaded us that by not attending our enemies would be much more embarrassed than if I did, and so it turned out, as you have seen by the newspaper report which we sent you. I had that day sent a letter to the *Sheffield Telegraph*, an extract from which was read in Court and published as you have seen.

The affair has made much stir, and has troubled property owners not a little, and the Property Owners Association has called a meeting for the 2nd of July. On the other hand we are trying to get up an Anti-Property Association, the object of which is to encourage every attack against property and law, by assuring support to the families of men who go to jail for resistance to property and its support, authority. You will find notice of it in our paper the *Sheffield Anarchist*, the first number of which appeared last week. We have had a very fair sale of it at our first meeting at the Monolith. We had a splendid meeting, most attentive and enthusiastic. We have still another meeting to come as I write.

This was the day fixed for our Conference here, which was well attended by Sheffield comrades, though very few from other places turned up. At the Monolith Comrade Purcell from Derby spoke very eloquently, and was much applauded. He is, however, unfortunately not with us altogether upon the religious question, but he is very liberal in his views of it.

In conclusion let me say that there is a fine spirit growing up here which some day will take form in real rebellious action.

With revolutionary greetings,

J. CREAGHE.

[The propaganda of our comrades in Sheffield has evidently struck home. This is shown by the wild shriekings of the Tory press, and by the fact that the local property owners have organised gangs of roughs to break up our comrades' meetings; but these tactics have been useless, as our friends have firmly held their ground, but Comrade Fishburn has been arrested by the police for forcibly resisting one of these attempts. The best proof of the success of the No-Rent propaganda is the fact that 600 copies of the first number of the *Sheffield Anarchist* were sold in a single Sunday. Revolutionary literature has never sold so well before in Sheffield. We also have to report the rout of some more bum-bailiffs in the neighbourhood of Charles Street by the help of the kitchen poker. Comrade Creaghe has been sued for libel by Mr. Wilson, the landlady's solicitor, for the article reprinted from the *Sheffield Anarchist* in our last week's issue.—Ed.]

THE PROPAGANDA.

*SOUTH LONDON.—We opened the campaign in West Newington on Sunday, at the corner of Garcom Street, Walworth Road. Comrades Tochetti, Fox, and Atterbury speaking to a splendid meeting, who loudly applauded us. No opposition was offered.—G. C. A.

DUNDEE.—On Saturday 20th, Anarchist-Communism was preached for the first time at Greenmarket, by Cyril Bell. There was a good meeting, and some opposition. On the 21st, Cameron opened at Hilltown, and Bell spoke for an hour and a quarter, no opposition, but good crowd. In the afternoon again, at Barrack Park, splendid meeting, Cameron, C. Bell and Dempster speaking. Dempster had been called upon to oppose Anarchy, but he quite admired it. Afterwards the Social-Democrats began to have a discussion on Parnell! Interesting! In the evening, a large meeting in Commercial Street, from 7 to 10, Cameron introducing and Bell lecturing. Opposition came from a God Almighty "Christian Democrat," and in answer to the Social Democratic opposition Bell showed the futility of government and the ballot-box. At the meetings we got rid of three quires of 'Weal, and a quire of pamphlets. A Group has been formed in Dundee, and lecturers are invited to help as there are no outdoor speakers.—C. B.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House, Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Tolpand St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the Hall of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades are specially invited.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[VOL. 7.—No 272]

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A Mass Meeting will be held in Victoria Park on Sunday, July 26th, to call upon the Workers to pay No Rent to Robber Landlords. The inhabitants of the slums of the East End are earnestly invited to attend.

“DIAMONDS AND GOLD PLATE.”

THE German Emperor has come and gone amid the shouts and applause of the flunkies of England. Needless to say that these flunkies have been wholly composed of the wealthy classes. It is these people who have grovelled in the mire before the young despot, and welcomed with “heartiest loyalty” our own princely lovers of baccarat and brothels, waving their hats and handkerchiefs in the public streets when royalty rode by, too happy if they only obtained a smile or a nod from princely scoundrels or the imperial despot. We are glad to say, however, that the working classes, when they have not hooted and groaned, have kept their hats on and their lips closed.

Our newspapers as usual have done their utmost to pump up enthusiasm. Their columns have glowed with affected enthusiasm at so much a line concerning all the details of the costly pageants that have marked the Emperor's visit. For the benefit of those who have not laboured through the endless columns of verbiage with which the newspapers have been filled, we will give some items here. The details which we shall quote may also be of interest to the starving proletarian of Seven Dials or the East End, the docker with his 14s. a week and his banquet of “pieces,” and all the many millions who are sweated and starved that royal tables at Windsor may be covered with gold plate, and that wealthy “ladies” may make an opera house blaze with the splendour of the diamonds with which they are laden. Let us take first a description from the *Daily Chronicle* of the gold plate at Windsor Castle:—

“At one end was a buffet stored with cups and salvers of gold plate, and at the other end was a similar buffet, the first ornament of which to arrest the eye was the tiger's head of gold, weighing half a hundred weight, with eyes, teeth, and tusks of purest crystal, which was taken at Seringapatam. Over this was the famous jewelled peacock, which is so precious that it is not put into position until a few minutes before the royal party enter, and the no less striking jewelled umbrella, with the possession of which the Empire of India is in the Orient traditionally associated. The great table, however, was in itself a sight such as few have ever beheld. It was almost inconveniently covered on the snow-white drapery with the wondrous gold plate, the total value of which is said to be three millions sterling, and which since the death of the Prince Consort has scarcely ever seen the light more than by twenty or thirty pieces at a time. Gold candelabras with hundreds of wax lights, gold epergnes that bore myriads of exquisite flowers; gold plaques with plate-glass centres which reflected much of the wealth of royal glass-houses; vases of gold with figures from the chisel of Flaxman; golden tazzas and groups of sculpture in the precious metal, all in perfect order and perfect preservation, represented at least a value of £1,000,000 sterling, and there was more than an equal number of pieces still remaining in the royal plate room.”

Now, starving unemployed workman, with a wife and seven children at home without a crust in the cupboard to give them, cannot you rejoice to hear how the tables of royalty are covered with gold plate so priceless in value? Do you know that although you have toiled hard and slavishly for the rich, yet you have never had as much wealth in your possession as is represented in one of those dishes upon which royalty dines? Don't you think you ought to be thankful that you are living in a free country, where you, an honest industrious man, are free—to starve, while royalty and its parasites with all their nameless vices, can feast on the most rich dainties heaped on plates of gold. But here is another picture that should increase your gratitude to God, your Queen, and your masters. On Wednesday, July 8th, His

Imperial Highness was graciously pleased to go to the Opera, and this is what he saw when he got there, says the *Star*:—

“The feature of the night was the diamonds. Every woman in the house wore all she possessed and, presumptively, could borrow. It was the greatest display of jewels that London ever saw. The three tiers of boxes were three tiers of tiaras. Around every woman's hair rose a white frontlet of diamonds, and as the eye went from box to box tiaras became quite as common as lorgnettes. Below each tiara was a necklace and pendants. About each corsage was a semi-circle of gems. Boxes and stalls sparkled in an unceasing blaze. It was diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, wherever the eye rested. An accurate estimate by a West-end jeweller, who seemed to be unable to take his eyes from the strange and dazzling spectacle, placed the average of the value of the precious stones in the boxes at £5,000 per box. This made £200,000 in the tiers. The floor made £200,000 more, and the royal box, which so blazed with rare gems that they almost vied with the electric lights, furnished a value far greater than the two put together. There were many guesses made as to the value of the diamonds on exhibition, and some of the guesses ran into millions, but, however accurate or inaccurate they may have been, there was beyond doubt a million pounds worth of gems all sparkling at once in the brilliantly lighted space.”

Further on we are told that “the Empress wore a necklace of diamonds and sapphires as large as pigeon's eggs,” and that “the Princess wore a large row of diamonds, with a large round pendant in front, a line of dazzling stones in front of her dress, and in her hair a great shimmering single stone, that sparkled and twinkled like an extra light.” And yet a few yards away from these “halls of dazzling light,” glittering and blazing with diamonds, are slums as foul, hideous and squalid as any in the East of London. No wonder with the wretched denizens of Clare Market, Drury Lane, and Seven Dials so near at hand, it was necessary to garrison the Opera House with soldiers. The authorities have not forgotten, how, only a year ago, during the Police Strike, some fair “ladies” were stripped of their gems by the starving slum dwellers, and with Anarchist leaflets circulating everywhere it was necessary to take some precautions.

But in spite of “diamonds and gold plate” royalty and society were not happy. Was this because of the “chilling silence” with which the Emperor and Prince were received as they drove to the Opera House; a silence broken only by cries of “Baccarat” and “loud guffaws;” or was there any other reason that the talk at the next day's garden party was so gloomy in its tone. This conversation seems even to have affected the spirits of the *Chronicle's* young man, otherwise so enthusiastic over the royal show. After speaking of the “pessimist” tone of the conversation, he says, “Many sinister rumours are current of worse scandals than the baccarat case, and people of indisputable birth and breeding are undoubtedly impressed with the idea, that there is something so ‘rotten in the state of Denmark’ as must lead to a very difficult social situation.”

Pleasant, this sort of thing to turn up in the midst of glowing paragraphs concerning “dresses, diamonds, and gold plate. The banquet table is richly spread, the opera house glitters with diamonds, but the grim phantom of hunger and wrath is rising, and the smell of the charnel house rises in banquet hall and theatre. Not much longer shall a society endure where wealthy idlers are fed from gold plate, and can cover their Jezebels with diamonds, while the poor workers starve in the gutter, or, in despair, like one poor cabinet maker last week, leap into the Thames. The fateful writing appears in flaming characters upon the wall, and the day of doom and vengeance is near at hand.

N.

FOOD FOR POWDER.

We take from “*La Révolte*” the article for which our comrade Gracé has been imprisoned for six months, to show the English workers how much “freedom” exists in the French “Republic.”

“At Fourmies the Lebel rifles have done wonders. The hundreds of millions extorted from the people year by year, for the expenses of

patriotic worship, have produced their fruits, slightly bitter fruits, truly.

But if omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs, it is still more difficult to make rifles and maintain an army without slaughtering men. That elementary truth which we now affirm for the hundredth time perhaps, has always been confirmed by facts. The events at Fourmies are a further and striking proof of it, which it should not be necessary to insist upon.

However, this is inevitable. We pass over the facts, having already given details. We know that the butchery was complete and that the experience in *anima viti* has fully succeeded. The bourgeois journals have, as usual, all the difficulty in the world to conceal the joy which they feel on such an occasion. But their gratification reflects against themselves. It is lyrical when they write: "The wounds made by the Lebel are frightful! a bullet having killed two young girls, wounded a man in the thigh, &c."

So much for the victims of whom they formally complain, while their sympathy is expressed for the murderous gendarmes and soldiers for whom M. Paul de Cassagnac demands the Cross of the Legion of Honour. We agree that they are in every respect worthy of it. The Legion of Honour which has had the advantage of counting amongst its members, robbers, cheats, captains of industry and debauchees, such as Andlau, Caffarel, Wilson, to say nothing of criminals, could not do better than add to the collection a few more criminals.

But all that is not very important, what is of more consequence is that the working class is indignant. It doubtless goes without saying that it has reason to be so. But the revolting and mean thing above all others is not the massacre in itself, that is only the cause; it is that in our times one still find persons so foolish as to carry arms without knowing why, so weak as to use them at the will and caprice of the intemperate "swell" who commands them. If they reflected a little they would quickly perceive that the massacre was inevitable, and that it is only the prelude of many greater massacres. Hence if one is so stupid as to admit militarism or such a poltroon as to submit to it, what is the good of being angry at a thing that you have accepted, and of which you are yourself directly or indirectly the author? Of no use whatever.

After all whose fault is it if schemers have played tricks? Who pays the piper? Who, after all, played them, if not the people? Who then carries the Lebel rifle and who presses the trigger if it be not still the people? Since the people insist on having Governments who oppress them, employers who starve them, and soldiers who shoot them it is idle to complain. If one is grieved should he seek consolation from the tricksters of the opposition who pretend to protest so warmly against butchery, but who will hasten to do it as soon as they return to office. They have already tried to make capital out of this slaughter, and are truly happy in profiting by this bloodshed to retain their declining popularity. M. Jules Guesde has not failed to use the occasion, nor have the Laurs, the Roches, and the Grangers.

These gentlemen, be they state-socialists or revolutionary Boulangists, do not fail to reproduce the comedy of indignation and protestation which was so successful under the Empire, *apropos* of the affair of Ricamarie, republicans then, fusileers to-morrow. Never, they cry, will we use the army to shoot the people! and there will be persons to believe them. Imbeciles! what then is the army for, and whom should it shoot if not the people? Truly the proletarians are prodigiously simple. Sentimental declamation has the effect of so charming them that a few sonorous tirades are enough to mystify them for about twenty years. These poor wretches are easily hypnotised; for the rest, all the political quacks have done so well that all sense of the true and the positive is totally eclipsed from the people.

The proletariat does not perceive that rifles are made to kill men, women, and children; it never doubts that the army is an institution to massacre it, it no longer remembers that in 1830, 1848, 1850, and 1871 this was so well proved, it does not perceive that they do not hesitate to shoot and in the ignorance of all these things it continues to recruit the regiments by allowing their sons to join them. Thus you desire governments, countries, frontiers, good proletarians? You desire chiefs, soldiers, a fine army, and good workmen? You consent to assemble in troops and allow them to train you to murder, like they train dogs for the chase? Well, be it so, be satisfied. But pray be silent when the moment comes to review the results of your foolish actions. You complain that the army massacres you? But this is madness; you protest against yourselves, since it is your sons who compose the army! since it is yourselves who are the army. You have been, you are, and you will be soldiers. After having played the game of butcher in the army you can well play the game of butcher of the people, and that until you become tired of this homicidal and grotesque comedy which the bourgeois call patriotism.

When one reflects that if Emile Cornaille, Edmond Giloteau, Gustave Pesticaux, and Charles Leroy, had not been assassinated in this affair they would certainly, poor babies, have become assassins in their turn, when the age should have come for them to join the majority of patriots. If the army destroys its nurseries how shall it recruit itself? Will it chance that the magnitude of the evil will bring the remedy? Alas! no, we have not yet come to that. The crowd is far from becoming disabused of patriotic prejudice—since they have thought to disgrace one of the demonstrators (called Culine) who was distinguished by his activity, in accusing him of being an ex-deserter. Deserter! what then? Ah! this is exactly the point for consideration. What do they mean by this word? Do they suppose we are ashamed of the fact, and that we reject the epithet? No, no, we accept both the act

and the word. We pride ourselves of the one as a merit, we adopt the other as a title. Because it is a glory to be a deserter.

Deserter! but it is an act of courage and energy of which sluggards are incapable, who, on the order of a drunken fop, have consented to fire upon women and children. The Deserter! but this is the man who refuses the slavery of discipline, who tears himself away from the horrid corruption of barracks and casts away the clothes of the assassin. The Deserters alone are logically right to be indignant at and to protest against butchery, the rest can only plead guilty.

What! has no one yet perceived that if all had been deserters or mutinous, the Fourmies massacre, and so many others which have preceded it, without thinking of those to follow, could not have taken place? But all reasonings do nothing, facts are of more service. Suffering alone can teach the people to know and to hate the causes of their wrongs and how to destroy them. Hence "The Country" and "Authority" will teach them everything. People! food for powder! must we then believe that our arguments will not enter the head until all the bullets of Lebel rifles have passed through it?"

NOTES.

OUR comrades succeeded in distributing 12,000 "German Emperor" leaflets during his visit here, with some police interference. Two comrades were arrested in Shoreditch on Friday by two detectives, who were heard afterwards to pathetically lament that they had got the "wrong men." Our comrades were, however, detained for three hours and a quarter, while the police telegraphed to Scotland Yard to know what they should do, and it was not until the procession had passed that our friends were released. We should like to know who was responsible for this outrage upon the rights of "free Englishmen." The people who have been welcoming this Continental despot so effusively seem anxious to take a leaf out of the book of his police. The rest of our friends, after they had distributed their leaflets, went along the route of the procession and uplifted their voices in hoots and groans as the Emperor and all the other royal blacklegs went by, the people everywhere joining heartily in the groaning.

So after all the attempts of the police to stifle the free expression of opinion were not very successful. This is because they were too timid. When next the people are to be gratified with the sight of royalty, the police should previously make a raid on all the Anarchist printing-offices and arrest all "dangerous men." Thus the voice of sedition will be hushed with a gag, and royalty will be able to proceed amid respectful and reverential *silence* of the "common people."

While the Emperor was going to the Opera House to witness the marvellous display of diamonds we have noted in another column, a poor cabinet-maker, Charles Joseph Wellman, unable through lack of work to pay his rent, and starving, threw himself into the Thames. His little home had been sold up by a grinding rack-renter, and with a young wife reduced to the extremity of destitution, poor Wellman in despair threw himself into the river. He had far better have helped himself to some of the wealth of which the workers have been robbed. This act of despair of an honest workman, driven to madness by a system of society that allows landlords and capitalists to grind down the poor, so that the women belonging to these thieves may flaunt their diamonds at the Opera, or dine off gold plate with royalty at Windsor, is a terrible indictment of the present system. When we remember that Wellman's case is only one of thousands we must feel that any action that will help to bring our sham society to the ground is more than justified. Hurrah! then, for the No Rent Campaign, that shall teach some of these thieves a lesson. It may be possible to evict a single workman or sell up his home, but it will not be so easy to carry out this devil's work when all the poor of London revolt against landlord robbery. N.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

II.

WE have now reached a new phase of the movement, we have explained what it is necessary to destroy, there now remains before us the task of reconstruction.

The first step to be taken is the organisation of work; many may ask how is that to be managed. The Social Democrat replies jauntily "Let us elect a Government, and let that proceed to organise the workers to carry on the necessary work of the community." But still, taking into consideration the immense number of industries varying in almost every respect, it would be impossible for any central authority to regulate them in every detail without causing endless confusion and dissension among the workers, and throwing the whole industrial machine out of gear. Therefore we think that the organisation of industry is best left to the workers themselves, and that at the outbreak of the revolution the people must take possession of the factories, the land, and all other means of production, distribution, and exchange, and proceed to organise their own labour. It must be clear that the workers engaged upon any farm, factory, or other department of industry understand far better how to carry on their work than any body of legislators whatsoever, and that therefore they will be able to settle their hours and conditions of labour by mutual agreement among themselves, than by any laws or rules drawn up in a parliament or a

municipal council and enforced upon the workers whether they like it or not.

But some may ask, is there no need therefore of laws or government during a revolutionary crisis? can the people march directly from their present misery and degradation into a perfectly free society where judges, jailors, rulers, policemen, and masters shall be unknown? Can Anarchy be realised at a single bound? will there be no period of transition between Anarchism and Commercialism? Well, I am not a prophet, and therefore cannot say whether we shall have to go through a course of State Socialism before reaching the New Society, but at least I trust the course will be as short as possible, for there is a danger that if State Socialism could last very long it would crush all power of free initiative out of the people, and make the mass of them the helpless slaves of their governors. State Socialism, we are sure, will tend to the creation of a new master-class composed of the rulers, and we do not think that their rule would be any more tolerable than that of the present-day capitalist. It is true that the workers might not die of starvation under State Socialism, they might, it is true, get enough to eat and drink, they might also be lodged in barracks, very clean and wholesome, like the workhouses and the State prisons of the present day, and be decently clothed in a uniform also provided by the State, but there can be no question that, as regards individual liberty, they would even be worse off than under the capitalist regime; they would be inspected, regimented, regulated as to what they should eat, drink, and wear, till they were worried out of their very existence by the paternal care of their rulers. Therefore we hold that State Socialism is so baneful in its effects, by naturally tending to enervate and destroy every aspiration towards a higher state of Freedom, that it would be our duty to fight against it, so as to sweep it away as soon as possible after its first establishment.

All government, in the usual meaning of government—an administrative body capable of carrying out its decisions by physical force—must be destroyed, for fear it should grow into a worse tyranny than the machine which administered the “law and order” of the capitalist. The need will also vanish for an elaborate code of written law, the people being quite competent to regulate their conduct by the dictates of common sense and public opinion, which even nowadays is frequently called in to correct the crimes of law and legislators. We shall have no need of policemen when the “property” of the rich has vanished, for there will be nothing left for the police to protect. As to cases of violence and brutality, it is notorious that the police do little to prevent them now, being always out of the way when wanted, and in a free society they would be quickly suppressed by the common sense and good feeling that prevails in all communities: that desire to see fair play which makes a street crowd always take the weaker side in a quarrel. It is notorious how utterly inadequate are laws and police to crush out brutality; is it not clear that their whole effect is even now to increase it; the barbarous tortures of the middle ages; the brutal prison system of our own “philanthropic” age; the murderous ruffianism exhibited by these “administrators” of law—the men in blue—when they get an opportunity to go for a crowd of peaceable citizens is an ample proof of this. So far from stopping brutality the law has always encouraged and inculcated it, and it is public opinion that has humanised the law, and not the law public opinion. Even now our legal code is far behind the ideas of the average citizen as to justice and humanity. And we believe that a society, ruled by the ideas of even the man in the street, would be far more humane and kindly than one governed by laws, which frequently represent not alone the ideas of our ruling classes, which would be bad enough, considering that they are the most reactionary class in the whole community, but worse still, the ideas of past generations of our rulers.

We therefore don't think that there will be any need of law or of government as generally understood even in the earlier stages of the revolution, but still I for one firmly believe that an administrative body for doing certain work, which the community cannot do for itself may be necessary, but this is not in any sense of the word a Government, as it will not have an army or police force at its back, no one will be enabled to exercise any coercive power in carrying out its decisions. It will be what Bakounine called it, a “Revolutionary Directory.” The delegates upon it will be removable at a moment's notice, and therefore be the servants and not the masters of the community. But for what will it exist if it does not organise labour, or draw up laws regulating the conduct and morals of the inhabitants? To me it seems that it could be useful in many ways; take for example, getting food for city or town in which it was established, and we imagine that every city or town would have one of these bodies. We may also think that every district in a town or city, would have an assembly of its inhabitants where they would transact their necessary business. Now supposing the food supply to run short, as it frequently has done during a revolutionary period, this assembly would doubtless send delegates into various rural districts to obtain provisions by offering to exchange certain other commodities such as shoes, furniture, clothing, etc., which the district had in its possession, for corn, cattle, and other agricultural produce. Now, without a central body to supply them with information concerning the districts in which provisions were abundant, the agents of the various local assemblies might swarm into certain agricultural districts, whilst others which possessed abundance would be comparatively neglected. Thus endless confusion and loss might be occasioned, which could easily be prevented, by the Revolutionary Directory collecting information from the various district assemblies, as to where they had sent their delegates, and informing the others as to whether the agricultural district they had selected had been already taken up by

another assembly. Thus there would be no danger of what we may call the “commercial travellers” of the new era clashing in their operations. In fact it is mainly as information bureaux, that these revolutionary directories would act, and even after the revolution they would be needed, and could collect and supply statistics concerning the amount of disposable produce in the various communities, in the direction of the distribution of various commodities and the arrangement of the traffic on railways, they would be to my mind absolutely necessary.

As we feel that Government is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished, so also we desire to make an end of all oppression of man by man, even though it takes the form of the rule of the majority. We hold that the decision in a district assembly should be unanimous, and that it is far better that a point be left over or made a matter of compromise between the two differing sections, than one party should force it upon the other by the brute force of the majority. There is nothing sacred in mere numbers, nay, all men must recall innumerable instances, in modern and ancient times, in which majorities have been wrong and minorities right. The majority is really the conservative element in society—the greatest amount of average stupidity. All the great changes in the world's history have been the work of minorities. If we had been forced to wait till a majority had sanctioned these changes, we should certainly have at the present day been still wandering in the gloom of the dark ages. When the bold reformers have roused the wrath of reactionists, who have slaughtered, burnt, hanged or crucified him, where was this sacred majority. Why if it did not join in the howl of “crucify him,” it has stood by looking on, sanctioning the slaughter of the best and bravest of men with dumb acquiescence and stupid approval. The real fight in society has always been between two minorities, a minority of privileged idlers the wealth and respectability of the day, and a small body of brave and resolute men who were willing to give up life, happiness, wealth, and ease for what they believed to be the truth. Then when the change has been wrought out by their courage and self-denial, then the majority has graciously accepted it. But the majority have never made the revolution, and it is for this reason, that we Anarchists do not believe in that most miserable sham of modern democracy, the worship of the majority.

One of the first results of the revolution would be the emigration of a large proportion of the town population to deserted villages and hamlets of the country. Those who know any of the country labourers who have been forced to leave their cottage homes by tyrannical exactions of farmer, landlord and parson, for the dingy slums of our smoking towns, know how they long for the green fields and shady woods of the pleasant country side. Knowing this we may feel sure that directly the revolution is victorious and the land thrown open, free to all who are willing to work upon and use it, that they will throng back in crowds to their old homes, too happy to breathe the fresh air and enjoy a life of joyous labour, when they can enjoy the produce of their toil. “Back to the land” will be the universal cry which affect not only those who were born in the country, but many of those who have been bred amid the fever stench of the slums of the giant cities. Back the people will flock in their thousands in the first years of the revolution, eager for a healthy life, and sick of the fever and unrest which is the curse of existence under the slavery of commercialism.

D. J. NICOLL.

THE PROPAGANDA.

LONDON.—The London Socialist League has carried on active propaganda in London for the last month. Meetings have been held regularly at all our out-door stations, and the people receive the revolutionary gospel with eagerness and enthusiasm. We note that the more revolutionary and “dangerous” the speeches the better the sale of the *Weal*. The handbill concerning the German Emperor has roused a strong interest in our propaganda, and last Sunday we had a very large meeting in Regent's Park, between 400 and 500 people listening attentively to Mowbray, Nicoll, Mainwaring, Turner, and Kent. There was an excellent sale of the *Weal*; 5s. 2d. was collected. Big meetings were also held in Victoria Park, and at Larcom Street, South London.

GLASGOW.—Our propaganda goes on swimmingly. Somehow the members seem to be imbued with the idea the Social Revolution will take place in a week or so, and they are busy preparing the people for it. On June 20th half-a-dozen of us invaded Kirkintilloch, a town seven or eight miles distant, and were successful in “spreading the light” to some extent, and when leaving the town we were invited by the audience to return again, which Jim Burgoyne and Jim Robb did on Saturday, July 4th, and were successful in holding two meetings and disposing of literature to the amount of 4s. 2d. On Sunday 28th, after the usual five o'clock meetings had been held at Paisley Road Toll, and St. George's Cross, Glasgow, Joe Burgoyne, McNaughton of the S.D.F., and Haddow of the Christian Socialist Society, met at Nelson's monument on the Green at 7 o'clock, and held a splendid meeting, the audience numbering about six hundred, literature to the amount of 8s 3d. being sold. Next evening we intend starting a Friday evening open-air meeting at Paisley, as they are sadly in want of propaganda down that way. As the Saturday afternoon propaganda in the country cannot be carried on without the almighty dollars, any friends of the Glasgow Socialist League who are in sympathy with our propaganda, might forward the amount of their sympathy to the Secretary, 4, Orchard Street, S.S., which will be acknowledged in the *Weal*. C. F. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

FROM THE SLUMS.

WHAT care they for the lives we live,
 Styed in a single room?
 What thought, men, do these wealthy give
 To all that is our doom?
 What are the pauper lives to which
 Our wants, our wives, condemn?
 Our children's squalor—to the rich,
 What are these things to them?
 Of their æsthetic art they fuss;
 They'd scorn to wait a thought on us.

Their sickly novel's loves and woes
 May wake their cultured sighs;
 Some spaniel or canary shows
 How much their pets they prize;
 We are but human flesh and blood;
 We want—we starve;—what then?
 We are not of their pack or stud;
 Why should they care for men?
 Of racer, pointer, they may fuss;
 They scorn to waste a thought on us.

So be it; but we read at last;
 To question why we dare
 One life is in an alley past,
 One, in a wealthy square;
 Why they to pampered lives are born,
 We, starved lives to endure;
 And if "God" made us for their scorn,
 Or wills there shall be poor,
 And at our clubs we dare discuss
 Why they must differ so from us.

Why we are low—they are high,
 We reason all we can,
 Yet fail to find the reason why
 Man differs so from man.
 We've plundered somehow into this,
 Men's common rights forgot;
 Now seems it that 'twere not amiss
 That all should share one lot,
 Should know one equal comfort thus,
 Nor rich nor poor be known to us.

W. C. BENNETT.

The Concert and Distribution of Prizes which took place on Wednesday, July 8th, was very successful. Comrades holding tickets numbered as follows will please send them to the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E., including 2d. for postage, and their prizes will be forwarded.

9	77	135	179	239	302	351	399	429	458	478
11	80	136	182	245	303	352	403	433	459	480
15	83	139	185	257	304	355	406	435	461	481
20	90	140	191	260	310	364	411	438	463	488
29	96	145	217	262	317	369	416	439	465	493
36	101	150	219	268	318	370	418	441	466	496
40	104	155	225	272	319	376	419	443	470	499
42	105	159	226	273	327	381	420	445	471	509
51	117	162	227	275	332	385	421	448	473	511
64	128	163	231	289	335	388	422	449	474	514
73	129	169	234	290	339	396	424	453	476	517
74	134	170	238	291	345	397	425	454	477	519

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Carl Launspach	5	0	D. St.	2	6
Graham	1	6	E. Hall	1	6
Collection in Regent's Park	2	6½	B.	1	0
J. B. G.	2	0			

A Special Meeting of members of the *Commonweal* Club and allied Groups will be held in the hall of the above club on Monday next, July 20th, at 8.30 prompt, to consider the future methods of propaganda.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Readers of the *Commonweal* in the United States can obtain it weekly from Comrade Metzkwow, P.O.B. 29, Mount Oliver, Alleghany County, Pa.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

(Weather permitting.)

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimethorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the Hall of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades are specially invited.

STANLEY'S EXPLOITS; or Civilising Africa. Price One Penny. A full account of the fiendish atrocities committed upon the natives of Africa by the "Buccaneer of the Congo." Suitable for circulation at Stanley Meetings; a large stock still on hand. To be had of the Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

— SPECIAL APPEAL. —

We have recently been engaged in a vigorous propaganda, which, although it has increased the sale of the "Weal," has also been the means of expending a considerable amount of money on leaflets and handbills. At the same time contributions to the Guarantee Fund have fallen off, consequently we have to face a heavy deficit, and unless comrades and friends help us by liberal contributions, the weekly issue of the "Weal" will have to stop with the present number, whereas with timely help we can tide over present difficulties.

CREAGHE'S SPEECH AT THE SHEFFIELD POLICE COURT.

As our readers may be interested in Comrade Creaghe's "trial for libel" at Sheffield, we quote his plucky speech in the police court, which we have taken from the report of the *Sheffield Evening Telegraph and Star* :—

Our Comrade said : I wish to make a statement about the matter, and leave it for you to decide whether you wish to dismiss it here. I think it was absurd that a number of people should have to come together and have to occupy their time and attention on such a trumpery charge as this man Wilson has thought fit to bring against me. However, knowing as I do with what trivialities lawyers and law courts are obliged to occupy themselves, being, as they are supposed to be, engaged in trying to accomplish the impossible, that is to say, to judge other men's conduct and mete out justice—I say supposed to be, for I know that to mete out even-handed justice is not really their intention. But if it were so, it would be a thing quite impossible. Still, many believe such is their object, and from what I have seen, and from what I have heard, the best judges of the matter—the working men—the men sitting in the court would do justice if they could. I have it, I say, from the best judges in the matter, because the men of the working classes form the immense majority of those who come before the courts to have their conduct tried, and this is a significant fact, which might make some people think, and leave them to understand what the real object of so-called justice is. But it is impossible for any man, or any crowd of men, to judge another's conduct. They cannot possibly enter into all the circumstances that surround a man, which have surrounded him from his birth, and which make him so very largely what he is. They cannot even say weeks or months, or even hours, after an affair has occurred, give a right understanding of the birth of any matter surrounded as it is with insurmountable difficulties. They try to lay down hard and fast rules, leaving out all those considerations I have mentioned without which justice could not be done, and which they also find it impossible to judge of, and therefore abandon all attempts to take into consideration. No, the real object of law and authority is to protect private property, and this can be seen in this case, in which I am threatened with the tremendous penalty of two years' imprisonment, not because my accusers have suffered by what I have written, for if a man be pure and unstained as this Wilson says he is nothing that another can say to the contrary would have any other result than bringing out more clearly the truth ; and if he were guilty he would only have to grin and bear it. But I am accused because any accusation of crime is supposed to injure a man's interests, his hope of making money, his property, which in this case consists in his privilege as one of a limited number, allowed to plead in courts and to tax the public in accordance with that privilege. If one law more than another could be considered a rich man's law this would be one. For look at the penalty, and see how closely it is associated with property, and then look at the penalty for personal injury. Compared with it, why, if I had thrashed him for his insults within an inch of his life, I would have been perfectly justified in doing so.

Mr. Fairburn (Wilson's solicitor) : If you could.

Creaghe : Silence, sir. I would not have incurred anything like the same punishment, and yet a personal assault on a man is by all mankind

considered to be the worst offence you can do him. The honourable man may overlook much that may be said or written, but a blow or buffet is in most countries in the world only to be wiped out with blood. But in any case, in any way you look at the matter, what injury has been done to this man. I say nothing whatever ; for I say, without fear of contradiction, that he belongs to a profession, one of the wretched results of private property, whose business is to lie, and cheat, and steal, and through his profession I have attacked him. Look—

Mr. Fairburn : I don't know whether this is relevant with the defence.

The Stipendiary : Let him go on.

Creaghe : Look through all present-day literature ; look over the literature of former, even the most ancient times and you will find that everywhere it has been conceded by everybody, and mentioned as a truism that a lawyer from the nature of his profession was a thief, and that an attorney was more especially so. As Shelley has said, "right or wrong will vindicate for gold." Yes for gold, and if a man has not got gold than give him no justice, or if your client has more gold than his antagonist make every use of your advantage, and cheat him out of his rights if you can by that means. If he is poor take advantage of his poverty ; if he is ignorant take advantage of his ignorance. Cheat him and mislead him all you can, keeping always in view the verdict, not by any means the truth, justice, and right. I ask, can any man be successful in such a profession except one who has the talent, the turn of mind, and the unscrupulous want of feeling for others which will enable him to cheat and lie in order to defraud, that is to say, to rob. My accuser tells the public that he has been very successful in his profession. There has been no wrong, then, done to this man by what was published by me in the *Anarchist*. He is a successful attorney, and as such he must be a good schemer, and a dealer in what I said—"chicane, fraud, and lies," and there is no doubt that the publication of it will be more in his favour than otherwise, for it lets the public know that he is a clever schemer. But, besides this, he has provoked me. He came here in the interest of his client to prosecute a claim against me, and in the most uncalled-for way he attacked me by calling me thief, pest, and nuisance, and said I ought to be expelled from the country, and he did this in open court, knowing that the words would be published in the papers. He did this unprovoked by the magistrates present. He said I was a coward, and that all Anarchists were cowards. But who is the coward, I may ask now, he or I ? He attacks me in my absence, that was cowardly ; he attacks me hoping to shelter himself behind the privileges of his profession as a lawyer. That was the act of a coward ; and then he comes here, still under the shelter as he hopes, of the law, to try and punish me like a big baby running to the shelter of his mamma, and calling for the punishment of the offender, when he himself was the first aggressor. There is something like the squealing of a pig now, I think, Mr. Wilson. Who now is squealing like a pig, eh, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg—I should say Messrs. Wilson and Fairburn ? Anyone who has read Dickens' delightful "*Pickwick Papers*" will remember those typical attorneys mentioned as Dodson and Fogg, how they worked up evidence in every way to secure a verdict. It is very amusing, I know, to Dodson, and when the indignant honest man retaliates and calls them thieves and scoundrels they take down his words and try to get another chance of robbing him, and one of them begs him to strike him. Oh, he would be only too delighted if I would strike him. This is not a breach of promise case, but anyone who remembers the famous one in *Pickwick* will have an idea of what the spider's web of the law is in the hands of the Dodsons and Fogs, or I have no hesitation in saying, in those of the Wilsons and Fairburns, and the De Littles and Steels. What torture for honest, simple-minded man to find these spiders weaving around him their web of chicane, and fraud, and lies ; and information here, and order there, and payment here, worried this way, worried that way ; and, oh, the waste of ink and paper, and worst of all, the waste of human energy and human existence in the hurried, useless, degrading business of the law. Oh, your Dodsons and Fogs, your Wilsons and Fairburns, know little of what kind of fly they get in their net when they chance on an Anarchist. If he has not a

wasp or a bee, he at any rate has a horny black beetle, who laughs at their laws, expecting no such things as justice from law, for we know that the two are quite incompatible. We know that law was not meant to carry out justice, but to perpetuate injustice. We are prepared, then, for their stratagems, their lies, and schemes, and we suffer nothing in the process as others do, who foolishly expect justice, and meet with nothing, but these hateful schemes, these frauds and lies. Sir, this accusation is nothing but a farce, nothing but a piece of malice, trumped up for revenge—the revenge of an ill-tempered man who, failing in a case displays his ill-temper in a disgraceful way in open court—insults and abuses an absent man openly and publicly, as everyone knows, and then, when retaliation naturally follows, in a cowardly, mean, and contemptible manner, strives in a most despicable way to shelter himself behind the law, and from that shelter to strike at his opponent to stab him in the back. I have done.

Creaghe was then committed to the Assizes, bail being allowed.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

WE are charged continually with being a party of destruction, and it is needless to deny that the current of our agitation, especially the outdoor propaganda, justifies the assertion. Yet the vital principle of Socialism, the ideal which urges us forward and keeps our faith whole is not negative, but eminently positive and reconstructive. Nor can we afford, even temporarily, to forget the aim we have in view, without weakening our cause and dissipating our hope in the future. While the Revolutionist remains the analyst of Society, resolving it into its elements, the complex into the simpler forms, from which it has grown, he rightly founds his mission, and claims on posterity, not as the critic and destroyer, but as the builder and prophet of a reorganised Society. His ideal is synthetical: the chief means at present analytical. It is certain that whichever theory of the future form of Society he accepts, the Social Revolutionist is prodigiously ahead of the body of the working class in England, and has a giant's task to perform in getting any considerable number to realise and endeavour to accomplish the Social reorganisation. This is a stern fact, and one which we must face, however much it may lay us open to the charge of pessimism, for it is wisest to direct our attention and energies where they are most needed. The results of working class combinations in the past, and of recent conflicts with capitalism in its unceasing warfare with the forces of labour, clearly show that the workers, skilled or unskilled, organised or unorganised, have so far failed to grasp the idea which alone can emancipate labour from the curse of capital. We hear of "Boards of Conciliation," of "amicable adjustments of the interests of employers and employed;" we see the Trade Unions continuing to fritter away their forces on higher rates of wages and reduced hours, and on strikes which, whether they succeed or not, seldom bring material benefit to the worker.

Why this endeavour to reconcile the impossible, to fill a vessel without a bottom, as the gaining of these small boons amount to? The reason is the absence of the Socialist ideal of truly revolutionary and constructive principles in the councils and aspirations of Labour. Could men be so easily satisfied and accept such miserable subterfuges and compromises as we see to-day if they had realised, even dimly, the grand principles which are the embodiment of Socialism? We Anarchists who hold these teachings in the extreme, that is, in their entirety, are compelled to proclaim the futility of methods so weak and cowardly. Our analysis shows that modern Society is resting on opposing interests, that the interests of the working class are necessarily in conflict with those of all the other classes in Society. That any expedient must fail which comes short of annihilating the whole of the interests that to-day contend with the claims of Labour. And until this conclusion is accepted, and made the principle of action in Labour's struggles against the forces of Capital, the gain of the workers will be little and their disappointment great.

The wealth-producers must learn that a society in which every member is of their class, and in fact when there will cease to be class at all, for all shall be alike workers, will thus have destroyed the cause of contention and reduced the multitudinous interests which now struggle to extermination—being well-nigh as numerous as the number of individuals engaged—to one great interest: the welfare of the community in which every one shall realise his own.

This is only possible through the conscious effort of the people organised as producers to supply their own wants in the simplest and most direct way. There need be no pattern form of organisation, no specific plan, but a consciousness of a guiding principle which will urge all to the same end: the social production of wealth to be consumed by the producers according to their requirements.

The labour problem remains unsolved until this is accomplished. But the extremest of Socialists stand alone in urging this truth on the minds of the workers. The recognised leaders of the working class, even where they know the truth, entirely fail to send it home to those whom they set up to lead. Hence we must continue to hold aloft the banner of the future, of a world without classes, free from masters and from slaves.

But while the workers believe in masters, until they know how to abolish them by ceasing to need them, no re-adjustment of their chains can much avail. As we have monarchies, because the people have not yet ceased to believe in their utility, lawyers and prisons, because they still hold to the legal ideas of the past, and don't know how to do without the system, churches and their black-coated pensioners, because

men's minds cannot shake off the notions acquired in childhood and youth when priestcraft and dogmatic religion had it all their own way, so have we masters—the employing class—because the people have not learnt how to do without them, and therefore still need them, and must continue to pay the price they demand, *viz.* the loss of their freedom, and accept the wages of slavery.

It is notorious that the average worker, unhappily not yet a Socialist, no more knows how to live without a master, except by becoming one himself, than to dine without his dinner. He has not conceived how his class might so organise their labour force that a master would be superfluous. When he does the Revolution will be on us. The reorganisation of Society shall have begun.

The great middle-class, the master class to-day, by painful and long continued effort qualified for supremacy, and when superiority to the aristocracy, the master-class of that time was attained, and their power well organised, the bourgeois swallowed up their predecessors with all the appendages of masterdom. And by the superiority of their organisation and clearer conception of their own interests, and how to maintain them, they continue to-day to hold the masses in subjection. How long this state shall last depends entirely on the attitude and action of the workers. Until the proletariat by a conscious effort prepares to submerge the classes above and to organise Society for themselves, that is, in the interest of labour requiring every member of Society to subserve all interests to that of the community, thus eliminating classes and class interests—until the workers do this and do it grandly, nobly, and consciously, Capitalism must survive. To-day Society is the society of the capitalist. The working class exists only as an appendage to the master class, a regrettable but needful evil.

Every effort of the workers should therefore be directed not to maintain existing conditions, but to separate and annihilate them. Society must be reconstructed by the workers, and on a basis of labour. To belong to an organisation of labour, not the defensive unions of the present, but a combination of labour units in one way or other, needed by the community to supply some want or function, will be the only test of citizenship and constitute the claim to share from the common stock. The middle class naturally are unable to conceive of any form of Society but their own, and scorn to accept the idea of the workers reorganising production and exchange on a basis of equality. From them, owing to their prejudices and surroundings we can hope for nothing, they are bound up in the present and look to the past. But the toilers must look to the future, they have their innings to take, and are bound to win when they enter the game.

We may learn from the past and work in the present, but we must place our ideas and our hope in the time to come.

How the reconstruction is to be accomplished, and what means the working classes will adopt in order to transform Society, I am not sufficiently prophetic to declare. Whether the people will wait on Government to initiate the struggle and transformation, or endeavour to utilise existing associations, or place their reliance on new forms of organisation sprung up to meet the occasion, is a problem which the student of social progress may hold a very decided opinion about, but cannot in strict truth be dogmatic upon its final solution.

Of this we are certain, that the coming change must bring in the epoch of Labour and equality of condition. Let the people realise this truth and prepare to enter the new conditions which await them, and if the Society of organised labour, the communities of equality and freedom are to accomplish the destiny which our social ideal marks out, the task must begin at once.

The workers are responsible for the future, and must boldly march forward to the work of building up the re-organised communities for which the approaching revolution itself, the death knell of the bourgeois commercial epoch of social evolution, will only clear the way.

This, then, is the message I bring to-day. It is not the injustice and tyranny of Governments, nor the power and greed of capital, which keep the workers in servitude and poverty, but the torpitude, the want of courage, the absence of solidarity amongst the people. They are not true friends who flatter, and above all things the duty of an Anarchist is to utter what is true, however undesirable it may be. Now the absence of a guiding principle of a clear and definite aim, and of a faith in their future triumph and destiny, these are what prevent the speedy realisation of Socialism, or of Anarchy, if you will. Is there a doubt about this? See the sections into which the workers are still divided, the want of any avowed and real labour party outside the ranks of the Socialist propaganda. Witness the time-serving and opportunism of all the working class leaders, the continuous whining to the middle class parliament for a slight easing of their burdens.

I am far from despairing; these things must be told. The workers need an ideal and aim, having the history of the past as a base, and the future as a guiding star, with all the knowledge and research which the age can furnish, and a consciousness of their own power and their place in the coming epoch of Social Freedom.

Rouse ye then, workers, shake off the fetters of distrust and selfishness which bind you. Listen to the voices crying in the wilderness, the preachers who give you an aim and an ideal, the Socialists and Anarchists of to-day, but of to-morrow the teachers and prophets of an era and a change accomplished. Until the principles we advocate become the programme of the organised people, though our name may be refuted and our party still appear small and impotent, there can be no new epoch initiated, no reconstruction possible. To preach this gospel is our duty, from which we shall not shrink till the Revolution has given us some more congenial occupation.

WM. BAILIE.

NOTES.

THE No Rent Meeting in Victoria Park passed off most successfully. A large audience composed of slum-dwellers, aristocrats of Labour, and even the small middle class of the East End listened with great attention to our comrades Cantwell, Nicoll, Mowbray, Turner, and Power (S.D.F.), as they explained the reasons for a No Rent Campaign. We had been warned that we might expect interruption and opposition; there had even been rumours of gangs of roughs organised by house-farmers to break up the meeting. But they did not put in an appearance, and the friendly interest and marked enthusiasm for the No Rent Campaign rendered it probable that they would have received a very warm reception if they had appeared. As for interruption and opposition, there was none, the people being evidently convinced that the landlord was even a greater enemy of mankind than the capitalist, and that his prompt extermination was a great social necessity. One of the principal attractions beside the two big red flags, was a black flag bearing this inscription,—“Why should we starve to feed idle landlords? Down with them!” and on the other side “No Rent.” When the meeting was over, several working people, even of the better off class, came to our comrades and expressed their hearty sympathy with the movement, in some cases supplying facts relative to landlord tyranny and robbery. Perhaps the best proof of public sympathy was the collection, which amounted to 10s. 8d.; this is a wonderful sum for Victoria Park, especially as a large number of the audience were very poor people.

How much a No Rent Campaign is needed may be judged by the following letter:—

“Living in the neighbourhood of the Burdett Road, E., I have lost two children in seven days, a girl six and a-half years old, and the other, a boy three months. Now I have a girl four and a-half years and a boy two and a-half years old, who have been laid up eight months, and the younger boy is now taken with the same complaint, through the bad smells of the W.C., no water being laid on, and the defective drains, which caused fever and brought on blood poisoning. I have spoken to the landlord of the house about the same, but he has done nothing, as I was only a tenant renting three rooms. Having lost two of my children I wish the public to know how a working man is neglected. I have paid no rent for five weeks and still refuse to pay any.
C. R.”

And yet the murder of little children is quite common through the horrible insanitary conditions which prevail in slum dwellings. According to Dr. Drysdale, among the well-to-do classes only eight children in a hundred die in the first year of life, while as many as thirty per cent. succumb among the children of the poor in some districts of our large cities; that is, for every rich man's child that dies, nearly four children perish among the poor, and we may be certain that at least two are murdered by the rack-rented, fever-breeding dens in which their parents are forced to live. Is it not time, at least, that the people ceased paying the assassins who own these dens one third of their income for poisoning their children? We sympathise deeply with our friend in the loss he has undergone. It is terrible indeed to lose his little ones by the cruel barbarity of these monsters. He has done quite right to bravely refuse to pay rent, let him persist in his refusal. Would that every workman whose children have been murdered by the inhuman avarice and greed of the slum-owner, would follow his example. These monsters would get very little rent from their “property.”

A practical suggestion; as the County Council has been so kind to the owners of these pestilence-breeding dens in the Boundary Street Area, as to give them “twenty-four years purchase of the rateable value,” we recommend that people who have lost their health, or their nearest and dearest relatives, or their children through diseases contracted by living in that slum, should present their claim for “compensation” to that august body, and that it be paid out of the money awarded to the landlords. Now here would be a chance for the County Council to show its love of the people.

We have heard that these so-called Model Dwellings Companies are quite as bad as the rack-renters of the slums, both for their high rents and also for their cruelty to their tenants. Foremost on the roll of infamy is the “Imperial Industrial Dwelling Company,” offices, 54, Finsbury Circus. Any workman who takes rooms from these people, if he happens to fall ill, and has to go to the hospital, may feel certain that his wife and children will be in a fortnight's time promptly turned into the street. All these rack-renters are wonderfully courageous when women and children are concerned, the number of widows and orphans evicted in a single year is astonishing. Where there is a man of athletic build on the premises, who knows how to use the kitchen poker, the brokers will fight shy. When will workmen in models and slums protect women and children from these legal outrages, by throwing these scoundrels downstairs or breaking their heads with the poker?

To encourage these acts of resistance to legal outrage, we have started a No Rent League, and we invite subscriptions for the purpose of keeping the wives and families of men who are sent to jail for assaulting bailiffs and policemen, who are engaged in legal robbery and eviction. The League also will give advice and assistance to all workmen threatened by these extortioners; it will help in saving their

furniture from the brokers, and as soon as the people are ready will join with them in a general No Rent revolt against the landlords of London. All information can be obtained and subscriptions should be sent to Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, N.E. Facts as to landlord tyranny and robbery should be sent to the Editor of the *Weal*. The Anti-Broker Brigade has scored already. Comrade Mowbray did not pay rent for seven weeks to his landlord. The landlord put the brokers in, but took them out again on a “Creaghe” agreement being signed by Mowbray, whereupon the Anti-Broker Brigade swooped down upon the house and carried off all his furniture. That landlord's name was Bacon, by this time he has been done “brown.” It is a case of “out of the frying pan into the fire” with that Bacon.

Last week in speaking of the No Rent Campaign, we referred to the mutinous condition of the army, and that statement was confirmed by the news that the Coldstreams had mutined. The military authorities have tried to hush up the matter, but even they have been obliged to admit that there was a revolt of the men, although in the accounts they have given to the press they have endeavoured to make it as trifling as possible. But we have reason to believe that the revolt was quite as serious as represented in *Truth*.

The men having thought they had “too much German Emperor” in the shape of parades, drills, and guards of honour, some refused to turn out to drill on Monday, July 13th. Ten men were picked out and put under arrest, whereupon ninety barricaded themselves in a room, and the sergeant-major who put his head through a broken panel in the door had a bench thrown at him. It was only by ordering the release of the ten imprisoned men that the officers could persuade the men back to their “duty.” No wonder that the organ of the capitalist classes, the *Times*, says that this rebellious army is a “danger.” Yes, it is a “danger,” a very great danger to the capitalist classes. Hardly the kind of force to be sent to evict rebellious slummers, or to shoot down revolted strikers. It is more likely to shoot the capitalists and landlords I should say. The people need not fear the army in a No Rent Campaign or General Strike. It is the masters who have reason to feel alarmed, and they will have more reason before long.
N.

AN OBJECTION TO SOCIALISM.

It is amusing to observe how, amongst even the most oppressed and poverty-stricken toilers, there are to be found some who will gravely question whether, after all, Socialism would really benefit them—whether its adoption would not exact too much from them in the way of supporting idlers who would not work, and helping to maintain those who were not as strong, diligent, and thrifty as themselves! I have not infrequently, at the conclusion of a meeting, been asked by fifteen-shilling-a-week labourers, whether we Socialists actually proposed that they, if they were diligent and skilful, would get no more for their work than their neighbours who might not be able, or might not be willing, to do half as much work as themselves! Poor idiots! They did not appear to have the least notion that they were meanwhile assisting to maintain just about as many loafers and incompetent and thriftless folk as the strength of their bodies and the weakness of their minds would possible endure. That in fact not only is a portion of the wealth which they produce appropriated for the benefit of others, but the portion appropriated is the largest portion, and those for whose maintenance it goes, are not only their own despised weak, stupid, or indolent fellow-workers, but the strong, and crafty, and rich exploiters, who insult and oppress in return for their stupid generosity. They have thus to maintain two classes of dependants—the idle and incapable rich, and the idle and incapable poor. And yet with this double burden upon their toil, these poor slaves shy at the notion of Socialism, under which there would be no room for idle people of any sort, and what with better health, proper education, and pleasant conditions of work, the incapables would be few indeed.

There is in truth exemplified in the industrial system of to-day, all the supposed inconveniences of Communism magnified a hundred-fold. There is more of the dividing, confiscation, and levelling up and down, which some apprehend Socialism would specially introduce, than would if properly distributed, inaugurate a dozen Socialisms in our midst.

I suppose the logic of this matter will get knocked into the workers somehow, at no distant date, if not into their heads by argument, at least into their stomachs by starvation. The latter process may safely be entrusted to the capitalists and landlords, while we must, as vigorously and good-humouredly as we can, keep pegging away at the former. Of one thing we may at least be sure, that if our method does not cure them of their folly, the other method will certainly kill them of it.

BRUCE GLASIER.

THE PROPAGANDA.

MANCHESTER.—Although we have not wasted much time on reports we have not been idle during the summer months. Every Sunday while the weather has permitted, meetings have been held at Phillip's Park Gates, Stevenson Square, and the New Cross, and large and sympathetic audiences have drank in the fiery onslaughts on existing society, and the bright ideals of liberty and equality which comrades Stockton, Barton, and Bailie have put before them. The New Cross has always been the stronghold of Teetotalism, and our first meetings were scenes of wild disorder, fomented by the excited advocates of Temperance (it is strange and touching to witness

the intense sympathy of the habitual drunkard and loafer with blue ribbon principles); but Socialism stood its ground, and now the greater portion of their former audience find it more interesting and instructive to listen to the discussion of their wrongs and the remedy for them, than to the recital of the virtues of cold water and penny savings banks. Indoor meetings and discussions of the Fabian Society and various Church organisations have also been taken advantage of to propagate the principles of Anarchist Communism, and we have always provoked discussion and excited interest, which cannot fail to have good results. The drawbacks to our work have chiefly been a want of out-door speakers, especially since the departure of Comrade Baillie. An attempt was made to remedy this by getting outside speakers, but of three advertised speakers not one turned up. But in spite of drawbacks and obstructions we are working hard to sow the good seed by the propagation of true principles, and our efforts will surely bear fruit in helping on the Emancipation of Labour and the Liberty of Man.

LEICESTER.—On May 31st last, George Cores gave us three earnest addresses, and on the next day, he and Clara Warner spoke at Ansty. We managed with local speakers till the 28th, when Baillie of Manchester was among us, an energetic and convincing speaker, evidently a close student of social problems. On July 5th, the police interfered with comrade Warner for bringing out the dray on which we speak. A few days after he received warning not to repeat the "offence" of obstruction but took no notice. On July 12th, Gorrie brought out the dray; interference again, but Gorrie refused to give his name and address, or to assist Law 'n' Order in any way. John Bingham with us on that date, and gave the police a bad quarter of an hour. Ridicule and impassioned exposure of police tactics to delight of audience. On July 19th, dray procured from new quarters, owing to intimidation of police; vigorous denunciation of them by Barclay, Taylor, and others; police present, but do not interfere. Trade Unionists came up uninvited, and back us up in right of public meeting; good impression produced. Opposition in shape of wanton interruption, hustled out of meeting by audience. Salvationists also spoke in defence of free speech; and on the whole, sympathetically. Discussion and press notices in plenty; steady sale of literature.

A. B.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

A POLITICAL programme? Pray what is its use?
Leave political problems to stew in their juice.
The workers, whatever be their country or clime,
Have what's more to the purpose to do with their time.

They can spend their scant leisure in worthier work
Than in wrangling with Russ or unspeakable Turk.
Let them look to their homes; they have autocrats here
Whose running accounts are in heavy arrear.

A political cry? 'Tis a little too flat;
We've a trick worth a jolly round dozen of that.
Opportunists may strive the great issues to shunt,
But the Socialist question shall forge to the front.

Too long have exploiters and slave-drivers ruled,
Too long have the workers been robbed and befooled;
They have sworn a great oath, and they'll stick to their guns,
Not to hand their own slavery on to their sons.

Then rally your ranks at the Socialist call;
Let us settle the question for once and for all:
In the cause of the weak trodden down by the strong
Let us each do our utmost to right the world's wrong.

For the day's drawing near when the right shall be known,
And the toilers shall triumph and come by their own.
Then arise, for the times are grown ripe for the birth,
And snap the strong chain that still cripples our earth. J. J.

THE CONFERENCE.

The following is the Agenda to be used at the Conference on Sunday, August 2nd, at the *Commonweal* Club.

- 1.—Reports of the various Groups and Societies.
- 2.—The Anarchist press.
- 3.—The best methods of propaganda in town or country.
- 4.—Propaganda in the Army.
- 5.—The No Rent Campaign.
- 6.—The General Strike.
- 7.—Expropriation.

Other suggestions from comrades are invited.

Readers of the *Commonweal* in the United States can obtain it weekly from Comrade Metzkw, P.O.B. 29, Mount Oliver, Alleghany County, Pa.

Army Propaganda Fund. Collection in Hyde Park, 14s. 2d. "Citizen," 4s.

WANTED 100 to 1000 comrades to join and strengthen the Anti-Broker Brigade. For particulars apply to W. G. C., office of this paper.

A SEVERE WINTER is inevitable, therefore advertiser is making preparations accordingly. Anyone wishing to join him in forming a *Help Yourself* Brigade should apply to T. P., office of this paper.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomic.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—*International Educational Club*, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philipa Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A CONFERENCE of Anarchist-Communists will be held at the Hall of the London Socialist League, on Sunday, August 2nd, to consider the best methods of revolutionary action. Provincial comrades are specially invited.

SOCIALIST CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION.—Notice to Members. The Half-yearly General Meeting will be held on the premises of the Store, 7, Lambs Conduit Street, W.C., on Thursday, August 6th, at 8 p.m., when Walter Crane will occupy the chair. Important business.
Wm. S. Killick, Secretary.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand. Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MASS MEETING of the inhabitants of the "Boundary Street Area" will be held near the "Birdcage," Columbia Road, Hackney Road, on Thursday, August 13th, at 8 p.m., by the No Rent League, to call upon the London County Council, who have recently awarded nearly £300,000 as compensation to the landlords of the above slum, to give "compensation" to the tenants for the murder of their children, who have died by hundreds of Typhoid Fever, Diphtheria, and other diseases produced by the horrible insanitary conditions which prevail in this collection of pestilential dens. If the County Council can compensate the privileged murderers who own this "property," surely they might compensate those who have suffered by their avarice and barbarity. If the County Council will not "compensate" the tenants, they must "compensate" themselves. Come to the Meeting and hear how it can be done.

CREAGHE'S TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

ON Tuesday, July 29th, 1891, our comrade John Creaghe appeared at the Leeds assizes before "Justice" Grantham to answer a charge of libel brought against him by Wilson, the solicitor of Creaghe's landlady, for calling that gentleman a "petty-fogger at law" and a "little licensed thief" in an article in the *Sheffield Anarchist* of June 29th, in return for certain epithets lavished by Wilson upon our comrade of a "pest," "coward" and "nuisance," in an action brought against Creaghe by his landlady, for "stealing" his own furniture. With regard to this prosecution we may mention that it was proved at the trial that its real aim was to drive Creaghe from the town. A clerk of Wilson's admitted that on July 20th, Fairburn, Wilson's solicitor, said before the magistrate, "We don't care so much about bail. It will suit us just as well if we clear him out of the town, as to get him to the Assizes. It will be a benefit to everybody one way or another." This shows what terror Creaghe's teaching and action has caused among the local property owners. They would do anything to get rid of him; in this, however, they have not been successful. When Kershaw, the counsel for the prosecution, had finished, our Comrade was called on for his defence, and proceeded to address the jury, after alluding to attempts made by Kershaw to prejudice the case by bringing up Creaghe's opinions, and the charge of "stealing" his own furniture. Our comrade pointed out that he was not there to be tried upon that charge, nor upon his opinions as an Anarchist, which he was. It was true he did not pay his rent, and could not be charged with anything, as the reason he did not pay was that he was unable to do so. The owner of the house then attempted to seize all that he had. He had many other creditors depending upon him—even the furniture was bought at the expense of another man—whom he endeavoured to repay. He therefore refused to recognise the right of the owner of the house to take all and leave nothing for any other creditors, and that he should sustain legally or illegally. It was an atrocious thing to see how poor workers, who really could not pay rent from causes over which they had no control, were robbed by the law, their furniture torn from them, and were left in cold and nakedness on the floor. He again pointed out that the police court case had nothing to do with the present charge, and asked the jury to bear in mind the abuse given him by that man Wilson. In the discharge of his duty for a client, because he was foiled in getting a warrant, Mr. Wilson lost his temper and abused him in his absence, calling him a pest, and a nuisance, and a coward, and saying he should be expelled from the country. What was he to do? Was he to submit tamely to such abuse given by Mr. Wilson under protection in his business as a solicitor? Was he to submit tamely to those insults, or was he to take the law in his own hands, and strike Wilson in his face with a stick; or was

he to take advantage of the paper coming out, to mention Wilson as being one of a class which he maintained, lived by fraud, and lying, and stealing; and mention him as he would mention any man that belonged to a band of robbers? For they might say as they liked, and people might charge him there, because it was not the fashion to speak the truth, but everybody admitted that the trade of a lawyer was to evade the law, by every means to make the worst appear the better reason to defend a client whether he was right or wrong. As Peate said, "The best barrister is one who makes a bad case appear a good one, or a good case appear a bad one; and, therefore, the best barrister is the worst citizen." He did not attack this man personally; he did not enter into his private life in any way, and he knew nothing about him; but he did know that Mr. Wilson was a member of a class which the whole world admitted lived in the way he had told them, and he mentioned him as such in a jocular, sneering way. But that was not the real reason why he was being prosecuted was very clear, and the jury would perceive that it was not, from the remarks made by Mr. Fairburn to the Stipendiary at the Sheffield Police Court. Mr. Fairburn, in his hearing, said that his client was not so much interested in having him sent to the Assizes as he was having him cleared out of the town. "But," continued our comrade, "who is this man Wilson who would have me turned out of the town because of my opinions? Who is there behind him? He must be the agent of someone else, or he would not have persecuted me in this way." Our comrade denied that he intended to make any charges against the prosecutor personally, because he really knew nothing about him. He, however, believed that every member of the profession was guilty of this system of scheming and cheating; their object was not to see the law carried out, but to evade it; and their whole stock-in-trade consisted of chicane, lying, and cheating. Those members of the profession who did not possess this stock-in-trade could not be successful. He spoke of this man (Wilson) as one of those who robbed the workers; and he spoke of this class of robbers the same as they would speak of any other class of robbers. He would give them an instance of what he meant. He had the honour of the friendship of a thorough honest Yorkshireman at Sheffield, but a man who lived by the profit made on his business. When the census paper was taken to that man he was required to fill in an answer to the question what was his employment, and he put down, "I buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and I pocket the difference. I call that stealing, and therefore I am by profession a thief." After all that had been said and written about the evils of society, he and others were beginning to act, to speak plainly what thousands only thought. But for this hypocritical society in which they all lived people would say what they thought and what was true. But out of respect for that society which deserved nothing but contempt, they pretended that things were what they were not. And he was bound to be there that day, at great loss of time to himself, and great expense, because he refused to respect that society, because he had dared to speak the truth. The province of a lawyer was to advocate right or wrong for gold; every lawyer who had risen had done that successfully. Let them look at the great and illustrious Sir Charles Russell's on the one side, and Sir Edward Clarke's on the other, feed and re-feed, refreshed and refreshed again and again with gold by their backers. What were they but clever gladiators or pugilists fighting for the verdict and not for justice and truth. And what a spectacle to see this same Sir Charles Russell coming into court in order to whitewash a man like Verney, while the papers reported every word for the education and moral teaching of the youth of our land. What a large amount of gold was required to retain the services of this talented whitewasher. These men were all licensed thieves; everyone knew it and privately said it, and yet he was to be punished for saying it openly. He asked the jury not to let "this man Wilson" have all his own way, for if he had had his real deserts he would have been standing there in the dock instead of him. Let them before finding their verdict consider what an atrociously exaggerated punishment the law provided for this so-called offence against private property. If they found him guilty they placed him at the mercy of a judge who was famous, or he should say infamous, for the ferocity of his sentences for offences against private property. He hoped they

would not be led by the nose by any judge; and that they would say that he had not done anything which was wrong."

The middle-class jury however found our comrade "Guilty," and then the world was astonished by an unexpected display of "clemency" on the part of "Justice" Grantham. This gentlemen merely bound Creaghe over in his own recognisances of £25, to come up for judgement when called upon; informing Creaghe at the same time that he would be liable to pay the costs of the prosecution. We shall see about that. But what has come to Grantham? This is rather different from the sentences he passed in the days when he sent Mowbray to prison for nine months for telling starving men at Norwich to help themselves to food. Is Grantham also among the converted, or is he striving for popularity? We shall have Sir Peter Edlin letting off strikers who are charged with intimidation next. The fact was, that he was "upset" by Creaghe's epithet of "infamous;" when that awful word was uttered Grantham turned pale, and the "wooden-headed idiots" of the jury looked "scared." It was quite evident that Grantham was quite "demoralised" during his address to the jury, and though he did not forget to sum up strongly against our comrade, yet he was too "cowed" to impose a severe sentence, it would look too much like personal malice. Once more it has been proved that a bold course is the best, and Creaghe's courage has even made Grantham "lenient." Meanwhile the case has made an immense amount of propaganda, reports of two or three columns, with extracts from the libel of July 3rd, appearing in all Yorkshire papers. Mr. Wilson may be congratulated on his success in advertising Anarchism, at considerable personal inconvenience and expense, for which we fear he will be very inadequately remunerated. If Creaghe can't pay rent we are sure he can't pay "costs."

THE AIMS OF SCIENCE.

WE Anarchists know well that there are but two of the race Artist left, they having been saved by our movement (we never boast—well, hardly ever). But we turn our eyes in another direction. Why! Look at Science! Carnegie talks of triumphant democracy, look at triumphant science; it knocks democracy into a dustbin. Why! what greater triumph of the age is there than the killing of four strapped down criminals (!) at Sing Sing by electricity. The poor fellows had no pain at all—at any rate they did not say they had—they weren't given the chance of saying how they liked it. Science has triumphed over democracy entirely—the improved machines on a scientific basis are warranted to look out an industry in a few years, minus a few that look after the machine. Science, yes science, great science, has made a new gunpowder, quite smokeless, by which battles may become bloodier; torpedoes—to save the expense of killing men retail—which kill wholesale. Fast ships and trains, warranted (*not always*) to run each other down, which enable people to take brown paper boots to where they are not wanted, and coal to the colliers, warm clothing to the tropics, water to the sea, and strawberry ices to the Esquimaux. You have scientifically planned chimney stacks which make a heavy canopy to keep out the furious glare of the sun in mid-winter, and to keep the perfumed air of our cities from being wasted over the country. A scientific drainage system is also in force, which carefully pollutes our rivers and prevents the fish from plaguing us any longer, and so running up the prices of sea and foreign fish. Good old science! There is another science which transfers tuberculosis into patients suffering from consumption of the non-tubercular kind, and syphilis, and other nice diseases to children's arms to stop their getting small-pox. This last and triumphant science saves us a lot of scavenging work, and enables a lot of poor journeymen doctors to get work.

But as yet I have only said what science has done; now I say what the aims of science in the future should be; not being a scientist myself, I recommend all of that class to try these puzzles or inventions; I give them the ideas for a mere royalty on the profits if they should be successful in their inventions—let us say 97½ per cent. That will leave a sufficient margin *almost* to pay the patent duties.

First we must have an invention of a machine man, warranted to require no pay, not to strike, not to spread Anarchist ideas; he must be able to work from 26 to 32 hours a day, Sundays included, yet go to church, Y.M.C.A. meetings, turn out to cheer any blackguard such as Stanley, Wales, William the second-hand and little.

Next we must have a digestive syrup, which will enable the unemployed and the rest of the workers to live comfortably on bricks, refuse, back numbers of Liberal newspapers, etc.

Also we must have a patent editor, who will tell the truth; there is a large demand for these, in America especially.

Next, a patent steam parson, warranted to twist the bible to any damned thing you like; intemperance or teetotalism; royalism or republicanism; Anarchy or absolute monarchy.

A soothing syrup for the masses. A Trades Councillor not open to bribery. A ballot-box warranted to return nothing but Tories and Social Democrats. A policeman paralysed. A machine to provide funds for the Anarchists; a ditto to tell you which soap it is that won't wash sins.

The Irish also demand an "Edison Evictor," the Welsh a "Two-penny Tithe Collector," the Scotch a "Deer Forest Desolator," the English a "German Royalty Provider."

Walk up gentlemen inventors! Walk up capitalists with the brains! Your class has produced all the great useful inventions; we know Arkwright was born in broadcloth, Watt in a palace, Robbie Burns in

a carriage and pair, and all the rest of them in luxury! None came from our class, of course not; *your* class was born with the brains; you never employ school masters at Eton, Harrow, and Rugby; you don't want brains made for you; Comrades Geddes and Bell find their college classes full of the ignorant workers, who can't even spell *Commonweal* backwards! No rich man ever had need of a University Professor to teach him; nor even went to a Technical College to learn elementary French, or German, or Spanish, in order to become a civil engineer! Wake up, gents! wake up! CYRIL BELL.

THE NECESSITY FOR A NO RENT CAMPAIGN.

THE shameful condition of the slums in which the working people dwell, has been a topic of discussion that has frequently turned up in the press and on the platform for many years. Royal Commissions have sat and have heard evidence with grave faces concerning the horrible dens in which the people live, all the while having great difficulty to keep from laughing at the farce in which they were prominent actors. For nothing, of course, has ever resulted either from the discussion or from these royal commissions. It is true slums have been pulled down, and warehouses, and sometimes "model dwellings," erected in their place, in which, needless to say, the slum-dwellers have not found refuge, the warehouses being intended for the storage of the goods of the wealthy capitalists and merchants, and the "model dwellings" for the respectable working classes, slummers not being wanted. Of all these commissions, the one which interests us most was that which sat in 1884 and 1885 which, being near our own time, presents a picture of slum life, which in its main features undoubtedly closely resembles that which prevails at present. In the autumn of 1883, it became evident to many who had not hitherto given much thought to the condition of the people, that we had a social question in England. The Irish land question, the growing Socialist agitation, and the enthusiasm with which the English working classes had received the theories of Henry George, had alarmed the privileged classes, and there was a general inclination to inquire into how the workers lived, and whether the affair was really so bad as these "agitators" declared they were. It was then that a little pamphlet written by some missionaries belonging to the London Congregational Union, startled the public by revealing to the eyes of the rich and comfortable classes the hideous abysses of poverty, vice, and crime, which lie everywhere beneath the splendour and the wealth of modern civilisation.

It was the silly season; Parliament was not sitting, and there was no other events of a sufficiently important character to divert public attention from this common topic of discussion. For weeks London rang with it, prominent newspapers sent "Special Commissioners" to explore the mysteries of life in the slums. Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet ministers wrote articles in magazines, in which they explained their various plans for housing the poor. From the public platform flowed a multitude of suggestions, and writers to magazines and the public journals joined in the general outcry. Some of these schemes were at once damned by the respectable public by having that dreadful label "Communist" attached to them. It is, of course, needless to say that these were only plans that promised the slightest way out of the difficulty. Finally a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into what was ironically called "The Housing of Working Classes," and this Commission, having inquired, drew up a report, which proved that the indictment against the slum landlord and house farmer by the author of the "The Bitter Cry" and the "Special Commissioners" of the daily press was in substance quite accurate. The Commission proved that the working classes were shamefully rackrented by the owners of the horrible dens in which they were forced to live. It also proved that the pulling down of old rookeries for Metropolitan improvements, or even for the erection of artisan's dwellings upon the Peabody system, had intensified and increased the over-crowding and rack-renting in other slums, and that rents, high as they were, were still rapidly rising.

It may be as well here to produce the statement of the Commissioners with regard to rack rents in the slums. They say, in their report:—"Mr. Marchant Williams, inspector of schools for the London School Board, has given valuable evidence upon this point. From personal investigation of parts of the parishes of Clerkenwell, St. Luke's, St. Giles, Marylebone, and other poor quarters of London, he finds that 88 per cent. of the poor population pay more than one-fifth of their income in rent; 46 per cent. pay from one-fourth to one-half; and only 12 per cent. pay less than one-fifth of their weekly wages in rent. These figures are gathered from an inquiry extending over nearly a thousand dwellings, taken at random in different poor parts of the metropolis. Among these 3s. 10½d. is the average rent of one room let as a separate tenement, 6s. for two-roomed tenements, and 7s. 5½d. for three-roomed tenements. Rents in the congested districts of London are gradually getting higher, and wages are not rising, and there is a prospect, therefore, of the disproportion between rent and wages growing still greater. Corroborative evidence is not wanting to show that the witness just quoted has erred, if at all, on the side of moderation. In South St. Pancras, for instance, 4s. 6d. was paid for one room 10ft. by 7ft., at 19, Prospect Terrace; the same was the case at 3, Derry Street. At 22, Wood Street, 5s. was paid for a single room, and if cheaper quarters were needed an underground kitchen must be sought, which commanded a rent in this neighbourhood of 2s. 6d. a week. At 9, Stephen Street, Tottenham Court Road, 5s. a week was paid for a single room in a state of great decay. In Chapel

Row and Wilmington Place, Clerkenwell, 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. were the rents for single rooms. In Spitalfields the average rental for one room was from 4s. 6d. to 6s. a week. In Notting Hill 4s. or 5s. was said to be the rent of furnished rooms, and in the Mint 4s. 6d. for the same accommodation; but the character of the furniture is, as a rule, in its wretchedness beyond description. Instances might be multiplied from Metropolitan evidence, but enough has been quoted. It is only necessary to add that many of the tenements are the dwellings which have been referred to as instances of extreme overcrowding." (Page 17 "Report of Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.")

There can be no doubt that, not only from the evidence before the Commission, but from that which comes from other sources. Mr. Marchant Williams has "erred on the side of moderation" in his estimate of the rents charged for single rooms. We should say that the average was nearer 4s. 6d. than 3s. 10½d., and there can be no doubt that since this inquiry the rents, which were even then "gradually getting higher," have advanced considerably. In February, 1889, the Rev. Price Hughes stated, at a Liberal meeting in St. James's Hall, that there were people living in single rooms in Soho, "the rent of which varied from 5s. 6d. to 8s. a week," and there can be no doubt, at the present time, that in the central districts of London 4s. 6d. is a "moderate" rent for a single room, 5s. being the usual price paid. But, to get a fair idea of the enormity of these rack rents, we have to consider what is the income of the people inhabiting these wretched dens. This we are also able to give from the report of the Commission, in which we are told that "a large class of the persons whose earnings are at the lowest point are the costermongers and hawkers, whose average appears to be not more than 10s. or 12s. a week. This represents continuous toil, and although the occupation is a most precarious one, yet it is not rendered so by days and seasons of idleness—as is the case of occupations about to be mentioned—but it is dependent upon the state of the market. The average of labourers' wages among the residents in Clerkenwell is said to be about 16s. a week; and this, of course, means that there are many who earn less." To these we must add the docker with his 13s. a week (at the time the Commission was sitting he earned some 8s. or 9s.) and the slum landlord has since taken advantage of his unwonted "prosperity" to raise his rent. With what joy the people earning these starvation wages must behold 4s. 6d. or 5s. of their scanty pittance—hardly sufficient in itself to provide even a small family with sufficient food—going weekly into the pockets of the slum landlord!

The condition of the dwellings in which the people live who pay these exorbitant rents is also worthy of attention. We have a vigorous picture of these horrible dens in the "Bitter Cry," a picture which was terribly confirmed by many of the facts elicited by the Commissioners, and by other independent inquiries into the subject. No vision of hell by poet, fanatic, or prophet could be more fearful or horrifying. Say the writers of this pamphlet:—Few who will read these pages have any conception of what these pestilential human rookeries are, where tens of thousands are crowded together, amidst horrors which call to mind what we have heard of the middle passage of the slave ship. To get into them you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malodorous gases arising from the accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions, and often flowing beneath your feet; courts, many of them, which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and which rarely know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water. You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and the lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by an intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which these thousands of beings herded together. . . . Eight feet square—that is about the average size of very many of these rooms. Walls and ceiling are black with the secretions of filth which have gathered upon them through long years of neglect. It is exuding through the cracks in the boards overhead; it is running down the walls; it is everywhere. What goes by the name of a window is half of it stuffed with rags or covered with boards to keep out wind and rain; the rest is so begrimed and obscured that scarcely can light enter or anything be seen outside." That this frightful picture is hardly exaggerated the evidence given before the Commission and the recent County Council report concerning the Boundary Street Area proves only too well.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

As we stated last week, Labouchere's account of the revolt of the Coldstreams is the correct one. He declares in *Truth* for August 1st, that his original narrative has been verified by full inquiry, and he demands an official inquiry which would only confirm the truth of what he has published. But of course the Government won't grant anything of the kind; the Government is not anxious to prove what infernal liars the "military gentlemen" were who supplied the papers with that lying account. We learn also from *Truth* that the Coldstreams not only threw a bench at the head of the serjeant-major, and demanded the release of their comrades, but they further "threatened to release them by force" if their demands were not conceded. After this threat the officers gave in, and at once released the prisoners. As the *Star*

points out: "the Coldstream's mutiny was obviously a more serious affair than that of the Grenadiers. It shows that not only are the men insubordinate, but that their officers are AFRAID of them."

But why are the officers afraid? Because they know that if the Coldstreams had carried out their threat, and released their imprisoned comrades by force, there is not a *single regiment* in London whom they could have depended upon to put down the revolt. Thus far has Anarchist and Socialist propaganda brought the troops. So frightened are the authorities that they dare not bring the brave Guards to London, who first set the example of revolt to all the army, for fear the great public reception they would have from the working people would induce the whole army to rise in rebellion. So the Guards are sent to Dover and kept out of the way of the people. It is possible though for Anarchist leaflets to reach them even there.

There is a curious parallel in dates between the revolt of the French Guards in 1789, and the mutiny of the Coldstreams. The revolt of the French Guards occurred on Sunday, July 12th, 1789, when they fired into Lambesc's dragoons who were returning from slaughtering the people; the revolt of the Coldstreams happened on Monday, July 13th, 1891. Perhaps the day will come when the Coldstreams will also send a volley of lead among the butchers of the poor. It is a notorious fact that the heartiest cheering always came from the Coldstreams when the labour processions marched by the barracks. Perhaps this was the reason the Government asked their "dear friends," the labour leaders, to alter the routes of their processions. They incited the troops to mutiny you see, and that must be stopped. Eh, Messrs. Shipton, Mann, & Co.?

Our labour leaders are "not revolutionists." Oh dear no, if they were, there would not be thousands of people starving down at the docks at the present time. If they were "revolutionists" the present system of society, which is ripe to rotteness for destruction, would not last much longer. There are some more curious parallels between present events and those of the French Revolution. When the King and the Court, alarmed at the progress of the revolutionary movement, wished to calm the tempestuous waves, which threatened to overwhelm them, they bribed the Mirabeaus and the Dantons to preach "moderation." It looks very much as if the capitalists were playing the same game with the leaders of the people, not only in England, but in other countries also.

Still we should like to ask Mr. Tom Mann who sits on the Royal Labour Commission, and is "not a revolutionist," whether it is true that there are more people starving at the docks now, than even in 1886, that frightful hunger year famous for "Black Monday." We should also like to ask the people who gave their money so freely to benefit the casual docker, whether they are aware that the result of the "tactics" of the leaders pursued since the strike, has been to improve the "condition" of the casual docker by crushing him out of the docks altogether, his place being taken by "blacklegs" (permanent men) from the country and Central London. Thanks to this arrangement, Mr. Hankey, the Chairman of the East and West India Docks Company, was able to announce at the meeting of shareholders on Tuesday, July 28th, that thanks to their "considerable staff of permanent men" and "registered labourers" i.e., all blacklegs, they had been able to reduce the number employed from between 8,000 and 9,000 to 6,000. This has been very beneficial to the Dock Company, as their expenditure has decreased by £70,000, and as a result their profit showed an increase of £32,000, although there has been a considerable decrease in the number of ships entering the docks. Glorious news for pot-bellied directors and shareholders. We wonder that they did not move a vote of thanks to Messrs. Mann and Tillet for preventing a strike by sacrificing the casual docker last November. Whether the starving men who have had their homes broken up and can see their wives and children grow thin and haggard with hunger, feel equally grateful is another question.

But if a strike had occurred at the docks last winter, there might have been disturbances and riot. The people might have been shot down by the troops or middle class volunteers, and East London might have been illuminated by the glare of burning warehouses fired by desperate men. Thanks to the leaders all this has been prevented. The Government has done well to put Mr. Tom Mann on the Royal Labour Commission. But take care, gentlemen of the middle classes, you may see blazing mansions in the West End this year, and not all your "Royal Labour Commissioners" will help you. Even the casual docker will not always starve in quiet. N.

IS IT ANY DIFFERENT HERE?

THE bacarat scandal has furnished food for thousands of vigorous articles in the American press in condemnation of English monarchy. It has been very justly pointed out that the Prince of Wales and his boon companions are the products of the monarchical system under which an idle class are encouraged to imagine that the world was made for them, and that the rest of society only exists for the benefit of the privileged classes. American public opinion is practically a unit in condemning monarchy as a system which, by exalting one family above

the rest of the community and placing enormous wealth at their disposal while relieving them from the responsibilities attaching to ordinary citizens, furnishes them with every incentive to lead lives of uselessness, luxury, and debauchery. The surprising part of the matter is that while every amateur moralizer and cross-roads journalist can see that the Prince of Wales' evil courses are due to a vicious system by which he is maintained in luxury on the labour of others, hardly any of these sapient critics, who are so keenly alive to the demerits of monarchical institutions as tending to foster vice and profligacy, can follow out the matter to its logical conclusion. The Prince of Wales is probably not a bit worse than the average man of wealth and leisure. "Society" in both Europe and America abounds in just such individuals, who, having ample means, no useful occupations, and a natural tendency towards vicious pursuits, spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure and devote their days and nights to eating and drinking, gambling and debauchery. Obviously, if the vices of the Prince of Wales are chargeable against the monarchical system, the equally reprehensible habits of the "Four Hundred" of New York, the "pleasant vices" of the men and women of the privileged classes everywhere, are equally due to the social system which enables some to live on the labour of others. It ill becomes Americans to throw stones at Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and his dissolute companions of the British aristocracy, while they at the same time uphold a system which in every large city is rearing by the thousand men and women who imitate the vices of European courts, and who, if they are not called princes, lords or ladies, enjoy practically the same privileges of living simply to enjoy themselves as parasites upon industry.

Journal of the Knights of Labour.

A MESSAGE FROM PRISON.

OUR Comrade John Most sends the following eloquent denunciation of the capitalistic Republic of America from his prison cell. We quote it, as it shows our comrade's courage is undaunted by his cruel and shameful imprisonment:—

"TO THE WORKING PEOPLE ASSEMBLED IN COOPER'S INSTITUTE,
NEW YORK.

Friends and Comrades: You have assembled to finally begin a campaign that must no longer be delayed if the enslavement of the people is to be prevented without resorting to all possible means of resistance. It behoves us, in defence of the most natural and fundamental of all rights—the right to think and communicate our thoughts to others—to take action in behalf of free speech that is in danger. The tools of the robber and murder classes that by cunning and force have transformed these United States into their private property and the masses of the people into vassals, heap shame upon shame and crime upon crime. The best representatives of the oppressed they choke to death on the gallows or take their lives by means of the club, revolver, or bayonet. They drag strikers and boycotters to the dungeon. They use their power to transform this so-called "republic" into a huge penitentiary. Their own constitution they trample upon. Their tyranny knows no bounds.

My own case is only a symptom in the development of infamy, but it nevertheless shows vividly to what degree the infamies of these capitalistic banditti have progressed. They tend, as it appears, to create in the thinking portion of the working population, that hatred, courage, energy, and enthusiasm that are essential to successfully operate against the ruling mob and banditti.

This consciousness makes it easy for me to bear with pride the injustice I have been subjected to at present. It is with enthusiasm that I shall later on put myself into your ranks again, to give truth its due with all my power and relentlessly to participate, in the warfare against all that enslaves us, against the political scoundrels and social exploiters, against Church and State, and for perfect liberty and Communism.

Comrades, forward against the enemy with vehemence! Yes, it is time to check the capitalistic conspirators! Act, before it is too late. Hurrah for the Social Revolution!

JOHN MOST.

Tombs, June 19th, 1891."

Readers of the *Commonweal* in the United States can obtain it weekly from Comrade Metzkwow, P.O.B. 29, Mount Oliver, Alleghany County, Pa.

WANTED 100 to 1000 comrades to join and strengthen the Anti-Broker Brigade. For particulars apply to W. G. C., office of this paper.

A SEVERE WINTER is inevitable, therefore advertiser is making preparations accordingly. Anyone wishing to join him in forming a Help Yourself Brigade should apply to T. P., office of this paper.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Comrades willing to help in forming a South London Group of the Socialist League should communicate with G. Atterbury, Clayton House Manor Place, Walworth Road, S.E.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Manchester.—Socialist League Club, 60 Grosvenor Street, All Saints. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Hummerstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Saturday: Middleton market ground, at 7 p.m. Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3. Monday: Market Street, Blackley, at 8.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

Comrades and friends in Sheffield willing to support the Sheffield Anarchist School, please communicate to Cyril Bell, at 47, West Bar Green. Adults and children of either sex admitted. Fees voluntary.

The Anarchist Conference was very successful. Crowded meeting; great interest and enthusiasm shown by all our friends who were present. Full report next week.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE NECESSITY FOR A NO RENT CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from page 91.)

THE rapacity of the owners of these dens, who fatten upon the starvation, disease, and misery of the suffering poor, might make an Irish landlord hold up his hands in mute admiration. A story told before the Commission by Inspector Bates of the T Division is a splendid illustration. It appears that early in March, 1884, this police officer visited a house in Prospect Terrace, and found a workman, his wife, and four children occupying a single room. The wife had a piteous story to tell—her husband was out of work, and they had not tasted meat since Christmas. The man had been breaking stones in the stoneyard, but on that day he was too ill to go there, and the Inspector could not see a particle of food in the house. Yet through all this long period of suffering and starvation one person had to be satisfied, and that was the landlord. But let us tell the rest of the story in the Inspector's own words. He said, "She told me that the landlord had refused to take her money because she was a halfpenny short in the rent. She had 4s. 5½d. wherewith to pay 4s. 6d., and the landlord, or his agent, positively refused to take the money, and told her she had better put it in a flower pot until it grew; and she sold her bedstead to raise the money for the rent. She showed me her rent book, and there it was made up, I think, to the 3rd of March, as well as I can remember; and from the few inquiries I made after I have no reason to doubt her word." The landlords of this property own 18,000 houses in London, as was proved in evidence before Sir Richard Cross's Committee. Can anyone feel any scruple at making war upon these human vampires? If we are merciless to the snake and tiger, why should we spare these assassins of the poor, who snatch from the lips of the starving, the crust that would save them from famishing?

Another tale told by Mr. Geo. R. Sims in "How the Poor Live" is more humorous, although the greed exhibited is quite as terrible as that of the landlord in the Inspector's story. Mr. Sims says:—"Some landlords do repair their tenants' rooms. Why, certainly. Here is a sketch of one, and the repairs we saw the same day:—Rent, 4s. a week; condition indescribable. But notice: A bit of box lid nailed across a hole in the wall big enough for a man's head to go through, a nail knocked into the window frame, beneath which still comes a little fresh air, and a strip of new paper on a corner of a wall. You can't see the paper because it isn't up. The lady of the rooms holds it in her hand. The rent collector has just left it for her to put up herself. Its value at a rough guess is threepence. This landlord has executed repairs. Items: One piece of broken soap box, one yard and a half of paper, and one nail. And for these repairs he has raised the rent of the room threepence a week." Well, here are all the evils which politicians bemoan in rack-rented Ireland at our doors, but no great statesman, no party leader, uses them as a cry to attain office. Why is this? Is it because the poor of London has been so dumb, patient, and submissive that the questions that concern them have never been forced upon the attentions of these great men by methods that have been common enough in Ireland? It would seem so.

But now what attempts have the ruling classes made to remedy this. Poor and half-hearted as all these attempts have been, they have but intensified the existing misery and increased the rack rents. This was proved by the evidence of numerous witnesses before the Commission; one of the most striking instances given was the statement of Mr. A. Young, the Surveyor of the London School Board, who stated that the improvement in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, by the erection of the Peabody Model Dwellings, had increased the overcrowding, and thereby raised rents among the poorer classes, whom the Peabody Trustees would not have as tenants. The rents of single rooms had been raised by 6d. and 1s., and where one had been previously from 3s. to 3s. 6d., it would fetch from 4s. to 4s. 6d. now. We may be quite certain that schemes like that of the County Council for buying out the landlords of the Boundary Street Area for "twenty-four years purchase of the rateable value," at a cost of £300,000 will not improve matters. Fancy "buying out" the owners of dens like

these described, where the people die off at a rate of 40·13 per 1,000, as compared with 22·8 per 1,000 for the rest of half-starved overcrowded Bethnal Green. Remember that in dens like these little children perish at the rate of 30 in a hundred in the first year of their innocent lives, while among the rich only 8 per cent. die in the same time, that is, for every rich man's child that dies, four perish among the poor, and why do they die? In most instances because of the rack-rented fever-breeding dens in which their parents are forced to live.

Think of this little picture presented by G. R. Sims of one of these dog-holes. He describes how a widow with her daughters of seventeen and sixteen, her sons of fourteen and thirteen, and her two younger children, dwelt in a room for which she paid 4s. 6d. a week, of which the advantages were as follows:—"The walls were mildewed and streaming with damp; the boards as you trod on them, made the slushing noise of a plank spread across a mud puddle in a brickfield; foul within and foul without, these people paid the rent of it gladly, and perhaps thanked "God" for the luck of having it." We wonder what it was made the "slushing noise" when you trod on the boards of the room; liquid sewage most probably. And what shall we call the man who exacts 4s. 6d. weekly for a stinking dog-hole like this? What shall we say of the fate of little children who die off by thousands through living in places like these? Shall we call this landlord a murderous monster of greed and avarice? Shall we say that he is the murderer of these children as much as if he cut their throats with his own hands, or ripped them up like the imitators of the fiend of Whitechapel? No, my friends, this slum-owner is a most respectable person; he goes to Church every Sunday, he is received in the best society; he may even represent the people in Parliament or on the County Council, and award himself as compensation for the many benefits he has bestowed upon a grateful public, "twenty-four years purchase of the rateable value" for his foul hovels. The people who denounce this man in strong language, who tell the poor to pay "No Rent" to him, these are the dangerous people, these are the criminal classes, these Anarchists! Lock them up if you please, Mr. Policeman, and wealthy Socialists of the Fabian school shun them as some hideous embodiment of evil, unfit to associate with persons of your distinguished respectability!

The public may be pleased to learn that "thrift and industry" are greatly encouraged by the slum-owner. Mr. Sims, in telling us of another "home," says, "It is a tidy room this, for the neighbourhood. A good, hard-working woman has kept her home neat, even in such surroundings. The rent is 4s. 6d. a week, and the family living in it number eight souls; their total earnings are 12s." Twelve shillings a week gained by incredible toil and slavery at match box making at 2½d. a gross, shirt making at 7d. a dozen, or trousers finishing at 4½d. a pair, toiling for 16 hours a day to earn 12s., of which the landlord takes 4s. 6d., or more than a third, leaving 7s. 6d. for "eight souls" to live upon. Perhaps by this time, thanks to the County Council and other "improvements," the landlord has raised the rent to 5s., and perhaps one of the widow's daughters has gone upon the streets to pay it. What wicked and criminal people they must be, who would desire the destruction of a society in which these things are possible. But what have you reformers done. You have driven the poor man from slum to slum, you are pulling down the dens in which at least they could exist, to erect model dwellings and warehouses where they may not live. Thanks to your philanthropic efforts, overcrowding has intensified and increased. Even in the time of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, seven or eight persons living in one room was not uncommon in the slums of Clerkenwell. The number of people living in the Boundary Street Area is 373 persons per acre, as compared with 168 per acre in Bethnal Green generally. Well may the slum-owners rub their hands with delight, as they see "improvement" after "improvement," slum after slum pulled down with thumping terms of compensation to the "owners," while the tenants are driven in a thicker and thicker swarm to the hovels that are still standing, to force up rent by increased competition for these wretched dens, to force up rents higher and higher by the slavery, disease and overcrowding of the starving poor. The landlords may well

welcome these "improvements" and "reforms." What is over-crowding, fever, starvation, and death to them, so long as they get their rents, so long as their purses grow fat and swollen with gold.

Yet think of this question of over-crowding, seven or eight persons living in one room, father and mother, sons and daughters who have reached their teens, all herding together. Then the respectable middle class man is shocked at the "unspeakable vice and immorality" which follows—necessarily follows; would the respectable bourgeois be much better, or even his immaculate sons and daughters? The respectable bourgeois really thinks he must send some missionaries or district visitors to these "heathen," but he goes on with his sweating and rack-renting just the same, he does not dream of removing the causes that create criminals and prostitutes.

And how can he, when he is the cause, when his existence as a rack-renting landlord or grinding capitalist makes crime and prostitution as surely as it creates hunger and misery. When a man can only earn on an average 13s. or 16s. a week by his labour, i.e., not enough to keep a wife and family on the roughest and coarsest food, and yet he has to give 4s. 6d. or 5s. out of his scanty income to the slum landlord, to enable that gentleman to roll in his carriage and fare sumptuously every day, we need not inquire why it is that the children have frequently to go without even a crust of bread that usually serves them for dinner. They "starve to pay the rent" as G. R. Sims says in one of his poems. But why should they starve? What are the benefits that the slum rack-renter bestows upon them, that they should starve any longer? An unhealthy dog-hole reeking with sewer gas and swarming with vermin. The "reduction" of a large family by diphtheria and typhus. The pleasure of being turned into the street amid pelting rain, piercing winds, or frost and snow; should the man fall out of work through trade depression, produced not by his own fault, but by the gambling greed of rich money mongers, who in their haste to get rich, have brought misery upon thousands.

Would it not be better, friends, to spend the rent in getting meat for your little ones, who surely need it more than your overfed landlord wants, rich dainties, sparkling wines, splendid carriages, and richly dressed prostitutes to serve his lordly pleasure? Why should you pay him for shortening your lives, so, as a class, your average age is only 29 years, while he and his class despite diseases produced by gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery, live on an average to 55? Why should you pay him for shortening your lives and murdering your children?

Remember, too, that the over-crowding that demoralises your children that can live in spite of unhealthy surroundings, is not necessary. There are enough houses in London to provide a house for every eight persons. But landlord and capitalists must have their palaces with more rooms than they can use, and therefore you must live crushed and crowded in stifling hovels. There is enough wealth for all, but you must starve on 15s. or 13s. a week, that these vile scoundrels may have their thousands or hundreds of thousands yearly, and you can see in Divorce and Criminal Court reports the good use they make of the wealth they wring from you.

Surely I have said enough to convince you of the folly of paying rent any longer for the miserable dens, for which you pay three, four, or five times as much, considering your income, as what a middle class man pays for a comfortable home with every sanitary convenience. He, as the Rev. Price Hughes said in St. James's Hall, only pays 10 per cent. of his income in rent, while you pay 30, 40, and 50 per cent. of yours, and in most cases for living in horrible dog-holes in which the very pestilences which sweep the town are generated. Can you hope that legislation or legislators will help you? Have they ever done anything, but drive you out of one lot of crowded unhealthy hovels to crowd you thicker and closer into those slums that remain? Oh, yes, they have done something more, they have given £300,000 to your landlords, as a reward for their services to the State for murdering the children of the poor, whom your legislators think are getting "decidedly too numerous." Why not take a leaf out of the Irishman's book, and help yourselves? Take your own compensation for the murder of your little ones, for the death of a dearly-loved husband, the loss of a beloved wife or sister, by paying rent no longer to the assassins of the poor, these cannibals who live by devouring you, who snatch from the fingers of your starving children the very bread they are eating. "No Rent!" that is the cry that shall convince the landlord robbers and murderers that their reign is nearly over. "No Rent!" for your fever-haunted dens. "No Rent!" to those who starve, rob, and murder us.

Let the workers take up this cry, let them act upon it. Let them refuse in their thousands to pay rent any longer, and what can stand against them. When a black flag bearing these words—"No Rent,"—floats over a single slum, when streets are torn up and barricaded, when from the windows and roofs of the houses there comes a shower of hot water and storm of stones and brickbats, what can police or bailiffs do? Nothing, they must send for troops to help them, and can they trust the troops, already seething with mutiny, to do their devilish work. They know very well they cannot, the soldiers, who have wrongs of their own, will not butcher men, women, and children, who have only revolted like the Grenadiers and Coldstreams, against tyranny and robbery. Once let the war begin in a single slum and it will soon spread through the length and breadth of London. We of the No Rent League are pledged to fight out this question, we will preach these ideas till the blow struck at landlordism by our comrade John Creaghe of Sheffield is heard in every slum. Those who singly dare to imitate our comrade who refused to pay rent and hunt the bums from their homes with the kitchen poker, shall have their wives and families kept by the No Rent League while they are in prison for

"assaulting" these scoundrels. We have declared war against landlordism, it is a war to death, and we will not rest till the land is rid of all the thieves and robbers, capitalists and landlords alike, who live by the plunder of the poor. Till capitalism as well as landlordism has direct been swept away, not by Parliament or County Council, but by the revolutionary action of the people, there is no hope that the condition of the poor can be permanently improved, and it is to encourage the people to begin this warfare that we Anarchists are preaching a No Rent Campaign. Once let the revolt against the landlords spread among the people, and an unjust and tyrannous social system, crazy with age and rottenness, will soon fall crashing to the ground, and freedom and happiness will fill the lives of all.

THE ANARCHIST TRIAL AT LEEDS.

At Leeds on July 28th, took place the celebrated trial of Dr. Creaghe. The trial was a most remarkable one, and after it was over there was a good deal of astonishment. It will be remembered that when Mr. R. Bingham was brought here on the charge of inciting to murder, it was Justice Grantham who tried the case. It was Justice Grantham too who tried the case of Dr. Creaghe. It will be remembered that the charge against Dr. Creaghe was one of having libelled a Mr. Muir Wilson, solicitor, and at the trial the legal profession was well represented.

Mr. Kershaw, barrister, conducted the prosecution, and Creaghe, as was best, defended himself, and when our comrade made his appearance in the dock, he at once became the centre of attraction. Who the defendant was supposed to be it is not easy to say, as when Mr. Kershaw referred to him as a *Surgeon* even the Judge could not help having a good look at the Doctor.

But even Mr. Kershaw was not to have it all his own way. Of course his business was to paint the defendant as black as possible, and Mr. M. Wilson as a gentleman of the highest honour. But on more than one occasion the prosecuting counsel was interrupted by the Doctor, the Judge asking the latter to allow the counsel to proceed. But Creaghe was not to be restrained. If he were in the dock he was not to be doomed to silence. The prosecution having closed, the Doctor's opportunity arrived, and all eyes were at once fixed upon him.

After combatting several of the statements made by the prosecution, the Doctor read very largely from the *Anarchist* and other papers, during which time the interest and curiosity continued to increase. He then read his defence, which he had carefully prepared. His voice was clear, and his every word distinctly heard in every part of the court. Most of the members of the bar looked serious and deeply concerned and evidently felt keenly the burning words of the Doctor as he poured forth his stream of fierce condemnation, and displayed his supreme contempt for the whole legal profession. Nevertheless, on two or three occasions several members of the Whig Fraternity were carried, like the bulk of those present, and joined in the general laughter provoked by the caustic remarks of the Doctor. But the climax was reached, and the whole legal profession looked aghast when Creaghe, addressing the jury, boldly and fearlessly exclaimed, "If you bring in a verdict of guilty against me, you place me at the mercy of a judge, who is famous, nay, infamous, for the ferocious sentences he passes upon the victims of private property." The Judge, who sat with his face partly from public view, appeared to pale before this heavy onslaught, while the members of the profession trembled with emotion. All eyes were turned to his Lordship, the general excitement was tremendous, but the Doctor went on with his words of fire, amid the wildest excitement. The authorities present were filled with the greatest fury. At one of the expressions of the Doctor, a comrade present cried, "hear, hear," when a burly policeman, without even endeavouring to find out who the offender was, seized an innocent man by the collar and forced him out of court.

Dr. Creaghe having concluded his defence, the Judge commenced his summing up, but it was a very tame affair. He uttered not a word in defence of the legal profession, and he soon brought his remarks to a close. Of course the jury at once brought in a verdict of guilty, and again the deepest silence prevailed, when to the surprise of all present, the Judge declined to punish Dr. Creaghe. Our comrade himself looked amazed, while the members of the profession looked disappointed. There was a feeling of relief among the comrades, and an expression of gladness on the countenances of many of those present.

This trial cannot but do much good. The boldness of the Doctor, his defiant attitude during the whole proceedings, and his clearly expressed contempt for the legal profession, cannot and will not be soon forgotten.

J. S.

NOTES.

Those simple people, who perhaps imagined that the two police officers who had falsely charged Alice Millard with being a "common prostitute," would be severely punished by a middle-class judge and jury, have been undeceived. The immaculate officers have been discharged without a stain upon their spotless characters, and the only sufferer has been the poor girl who has had her character sworn away by a long list of perjured witnesses, whom these invaluable officers raked up against her out of the stews of Aldershot.

It must strike everyone as a remarkable fact, that nearly all the police witnesses in the Millard case were either prostitutes or the keepers of beer-houses frequented by these unfortunates. That is the two classes of people whose livelihood depends absolutely upon the goodwill of the police. Supposing now any prostitute in Aldershot had refused to give any evidence the police wanted, is it not very probable that she would find herself locked up on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, with perhaps the additional aggravation of using "obscene language," which shocked the moral officers' delicate ears. Not only would this have occurred, but the girl would have been literally hunted out of the town, and we know how much credit a magistrate would give to her story if she dared to complain of police brutality. As to beer-shop keepers, when licensing day comes round, cannot the police close their houses by a single word to the magistrates. It therefore must be evident to all, how much the evidence procured by the police in this case was worth.

But it may be just as well for workmen to note what has been established by the Millard case. A girl who talks to soldiers must not be surprised if she is run in and charged as a "common prostitute." She will be then graciously allowed to vindicate her "honour" by an enforced medical examination; but if she prosecutes the perjurers afterwards, she will only have her character blackened and her life embittered by perjured evidence procured by the police, who will escape all punishment on the plea that it was only a "natural mistake."

But don't complain, law abiding workmen; you who wonder what you would do without laws and policemen to protect you. This is the protection your children get from a force whose chief characteristics are corruption, brutality, and perjury. Did you ever know a policeman who would not take a bribe? Did you ever know one who was not a thorough ruffian? Did you ever know a policeman who told the truth in the witness-box, except by accident? And yet we are going to reform this wicked world by a few laws made by members of parliament, who will tell any lie in order to get these administered by lawyers, who are liars and thieves from their cradles, carried out by policemen, who are simply a gang of corrupt, brutal, and ruffianly perjurers, and put in force by magistrates and judges like Newton, Grantham, and Edlin, and by the combined exertions of these gentlemen we shall evolve the Elysium of State Socialism. Bah! for my part I should put more faith in enough dynamite to make a clean sweep of policemen, legislators, lawyers, judges, and magistrates, than in any legislation to be initiated or carried out by them.

Gottisford Snail, who made a raid on a jeweller's shop in Liverpool Street, because, as he said, he had "no money and nothing to eat, and as there was plenty in the shop, he thought he was justified in helping himself, in order to obtain the necessities of life," has been sent to jail for two months with hard labour by humane Alderman Wilkin. This turtle-gorged alderman, who has never known the pangs of hunger, no doubt thinks this sentence will deter starving men from following this bold example. It will not, for even two months hard labour is better than wandering about the streets, starving. English "tramps" and unemployed, remember this, and help yourselves like Gottisford Snail. The capitalist gluttons won't believe there is any starvation in the land until a few of their shops are cleared out. Don't be such cowards as to starve in the midst of piles of wealth, English workers. Help yourselves.

NEED WORK BE HARD OR LONG?

In considering this question one must bear in mind that "hard" and "long" are terms used relatively. What amount of work one man can do in a certain time, and how long he can keep it up, would of course be no standard for a man of less powerful physique. So that manifestly it would be grossly unjust to fix on so much work and so many hours as a solution to the question, for though performed with ease and possibly pleasure by the strong man, may yet be hard and long to a weaker individual. Having got a clear understanding of what the question involves, we may proceed to its solution, and we think we are justified by what we see around us in stating at once that work need not to anyone be either hard or long, but that it is possible, and therefore should become, both an ease and a pleasure. When we consider that of all the wealth created by labour, the workers obtain but one-fourth, one can at once see that if the workers choose to keep the other three-fourths for themselves they would soon find a means of diminishing their labour. And when we further consider that this three-fourths goes to a body of lazy individuals whom the workers outnumber by ten to one, we come to the conclusion that more than ever may the burden of labour be lessened. And when we moreover look round and see the enormous waste of labour that this system entails, one can easily conceive that the workers might, in an Anarchist community, supply themselves with a plentiful supply of good food, not with labour wasted on it for the purpose of poisoning it by adulteration. They might also easily supply themselves with suitable clothing, not in wasting labour to make shoddy. Would there be any difficulty in building substantial shelter, not in wasting labour in jerry-building; or in producing plenty of so-called luxuries, instead of wasting labour as we do now by making them, spoiling them, and then giving them to a class of idlers, but voracious consumers. Surely, if the workers

would organise themselves simply to produce all these good things, one can hardly conceive what a small amount of united effort would be needed to do this. And this would be Socialism. And well do our masters know this. They scruple at nothing to prevent this knowledge reaching the workers. The most powerful agent has been that of religion. How that has worked I can best illustrate by a few quotations:—

Says the clergy to the capitalist: "We'll attend to the poor for you, and do it at a hundredth part of the expense; we'll go from house to house; we'll give 'em bibles and religious tracts, and make 'em so contented and so humble, by setting their affections on things above, that you cannot think, sir, how calmly they'll submit to the dispensations of divine providence, how meekly they'll lie down like rats in ditches, and how happy they'll die. Give us the money, sir, and we'll give 'em the gospel. It's none but infidels that ever intermeddle in social affairs; let us be-gospel them enough, and then the lily-livered idiots will bear starvation patiently, and they'll die. Ah! my dear sir, you cannot think how happy they'll die."

And the rich may rejoice as they say: "Look at your be-gospelled poor, your beggarly Lazarus, faint and wounded, sick and sore, contented to have their grievances licked over by the tongues of curs of salvation; he is content to lie down and die, because it would be 'a sin to covet and desire other men's goods.' And instead of meeting their enemies in the gate, with the generous indignation, as far from malice as from fear, that would say, 'D'ye think we'll starve and die to please you, we'll see you damned first.' They put the cart before the horse and seem to say, 'O, no, we'll starve and die first, and then through God-a-mighty's mercy we shall see them damned afterwards.'"

This was true once, but now, thanks to the spread of revolutionary ideas, the poor are awaking from their stupor, and will soon seize upon the wealth they have created, and then work will be neither hard nor long.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

Good news comes from the "free republic." Dynamite is getting *à la mode* altogether. Some capitalists in Nantes have just learned at their own expense, that once the worker shows his teeth he is very much disposed to show his power. Two explosions in one day in a country town is good work. In the two cases the buildings were shattered to atoms, three of our comrades were arrested on suspicion, and, as is always the case, the right man has got the time to clear off. As free speech is not permitted in the "free republic" and as Anarchist ideas have come to the front in spite of all obstacles, our French comrades think that dynamite has better lungs and speaks in bolder tones than any speaker. At the workers' meetings, during the last time of propaganda, and dynamite explosions occur with good effect, as in Nantes, they will see that it is not so difficult after all to crush the drones and live free.

SPAIN.

A few plucky comrades made an attempt to seize the Barracks on the 2nd of August, to arouse the people of Barcelona to revolt and break their chains. Shots were fired on both sides, and finally the law 'n' order men got the best of it as they turned out in their thousands against our fifteen comrades. We comment on this just to show that the worker is sure to find everywhere brave men to fight for the cause of humanity, to free mankind from the tyranny of their exploiters, who would soon take to their heels if they once saw that we were in earnest.

ITALY.

Perhaps in no country in the world is Anarchism so prevalent as in Italy. Batches of twenty Anarchists passing at the Anizes is a matter of little importance in this country, where every week practical work is done by our comrades. The sufferings of our friends are largely compensated by the result of their work among the country people, who acclaim our principles with joy. The last report we have received from our comrade Consorti who is on the spot, shows that a tremendous change is taking place in the minds of the peasants. All the energies of the Italian Anarchists are now spent in the country, the towns being ripe for the Social Revolution. A. C.

GERMANY.

On the 1st inst., the former Editor of the *Bergarbeiter Zeitung* (Miner's Gazette), Hunninghans, of Bochum, was condemned to six months imprisonment for having incited the miners to disobey the "laws of the country." Several other accusations were brought against him; these cases, however, will be tried later on. About four months ago several of the co-defendants in the case of Mrs. Reichardt for spreading the prohibited *Freiheit* in Germany, have once more been arrested and thrown into prison in Leipzig, where they are awaiting their trial.

A society has been formed by the peasants in Pomerania with the object of getting rid of the "squires."

"Give us bread, Emperor," is the title of a book which has just been confiscated in Germany, in spite of the author being an ultra-conservative and ardent admirer of the Emperor to whom he appeals to relieve the present distress that prevails throughout Russia. Young Bully does not seem to be very fond of such appeals.

Swindling in Germany is now prevalent not only among His Majesty's Army and the "lower" classes, but such cases are daily recorded among starving artists and other intellectual proletarians. A few days ago, a prominent judge in Gotha, named Henschteck, put an end to his life. Before committing the act he forwarded the following note to a notorious usurer:—

"None of the many cheques in your possession will be honoured since I myself forged them."

Excuse yours faithfully,

HENSCHTECK.

SWITZERLAND.

All our friends will be glad to hear that comrade Malatesta has been set at liberty. All the efforts of the Italian government on his behalf proved themselves futile. We shall soon see Malatesta among us.

The International Congress for the discussion of the question of insurance against accident will be held in Berne from September 21st to 26th. The

nations which have promised to take part in it are England, France, Germany, Holland, Austro-Hungary, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, and the United States. It is to be hoped that the workers will not be duped by this and similar Congresses.

Another conflict has taken place between the custom house officers and smugglers in the canton of Ticino, near Pedrisade. The Italian custom officers crossed the frontier in pursuit of the smugglers, and fired when within Swiss territory. One of the men was wounded.

RUSSIA.

With reference to the new press law for Finland, which is to come into force on October 1st next, it is announced that the Tzar himself will appoint the president of the Committee of Censors, that is to say, that henceforth the Finnish press will be muzzled entirely.

Stepniak thus describes the present address in Russia:—

"Thousands of peasants are living, or rather starving upon grass boiled in water. People die of hunger in the streets of the town to which they flock. People advertise their children 'for sale' in order not to see them die before their eyes. . . . Russia has the best and most arable land in Europe; her climate is peculiarly favourable for corn growing, and her population is one of the most laborious on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, famine visits the country every three or four years.

"Russia is the country of famine, whilst it might be the country of plenty. If the Russian soil were cultivated as well as the average English soil, Russia could feed a population of 500 millions. This is the statement of the first geographer of our time."

More plots, more arrests, new religious and political inquisitions, are daily reported from the land of the Tzars. X. X. X.

THE ANARCHIST CONFERENCE.

THERE was a crowded attendance of comrades from Norwich, the London Socialist League, the Young Anarchists, Freedom and Vorwarts Groups, and the Autonomie and Berner Street Clubs. Good reports of work done by the above groups given by comrades present.

THE ANARCHIST PRESS.—Cantwell gave a statement of our position, and that this Conference should give an expression of opinion, as to whether the papers of London were too many, as being without direct local interest in the provinces, or whether the propaganda could be best maintained by a local press everywhere.

Coulon, Nicoll, Weblor, Albert, and Mowbray discussed the matter at some length, and Houghton thought that local papers would for the present be a failure, as the groups were not strong enough to carry them on everywhere.

Nicoll suggested a column of local news in the 'Weal, and recommended we should carry on a more vigorous propaganda in London and the provinces by means of sensational placards and leaflets, thus imitating the methods of the old revolutionists. It would also be a good plan to burn law, and sweaters, and rackrenters in effigy, by way of drawing attention to our propaganda and getting us an audience.

ARMY PROPAGANDA.—Weblor said it was inadvisable to propagate it from the ranks of the army, but it was best to permeate it from the outside.

General opinion was that comrades should not be dissuaded from joining the army, as all acts of daring are good, and those that undertake them, know that there is risk attached.

NO RENT.—Nicoll gave an account of our meetings and propaganda in favour of the No Rent Campaign.

Albert thought that although good propaganda, the people would not to a sufficient extent practice it.

Power formulated a plan of occupying model dwellings, and a French comrade gave an account of how they worked the Anti-Broker Brigade in Paris.

There, whenever a comrade or any other worker is in trouble with his landlord, six or seven Anarchists go to his house in a body and carry off his furniture. This he explained would be easy work in England, as in Paris every house has a porter, who usually tries to interfere with the departure of the household goods, and has to be knocked down before he will be quiet; in London we have no one to interfere with us. This kind of action would do more to prove to the people that Anarchists were the real "practical people" than any he knew of. He concluded by saying "Persevere with this propaganda, comrades. There is none better."

EXPROPRIATION.—The late editor of the *Pere Peinard* urged that we should do our utmost to urge the people to seize upon the wealth of the capitalists on every possible occasion, and after some discussion it was agreed that the principle being good we should preach and practise it whenever possible. The Conference then closed, and a very pleasant evening was spent with songs, music, and dancing.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Oxford Socialists	5	6	C. Walkden	15	0
H. Samuels	2	0	D. S.	2	6
H.	2	6	Mid. Socialist Excursion	10	0

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E.," and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leightonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 254 Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

Comrades and friends in Sheffield willing to support the Sheffield Anarchist School, please communicate to Cyril Bell, at 47, West Bar Green. Adults and children of either sex admitted. Fees voluntary.

The Anti-Broker Brigade, having reached a sufficient strength, is ready to assist all comrades and friends who require its services, free of charge. Apply to W. Chapple, office of this paper.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[Vol. 7.—No. 278.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MEETING will be held at the West India Dock Gates on Sunday, September 6th, to call on all workers to no longer starve in order to keep landlords in idle luxury, to Pay No Rent, and to help themselves to the wealth they have hitherto allowed the capitalists to rob them of.

FAMINE AND REVOLUTION.

We are filled with terror and alarm! What is the world coming to? Why, here is that staid and respectable paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, the organ of Conservative Social Democracy, among the prophets of the coming Revolution. When we opened this excellent paper on the morning of Friday, August 21st, we could scarcely believe our eyes. But let us give some quotations to convince those of our readers who do not read the *Daily Chronicle*, that we are not jesting, but speaking the simple truth. Says the *Chronicle* :—

"While the Russian governing classes have been *en fête* at Cronstadt the direst calamity has come on the Russian people. De Salvandy said to the Duke of Orleans in 1830, at the brilliant fete given by the King of Naples. 'Ah! Monseigneur, it is truly a Neapolitan fete; we are dancing on a volcano.' The festivities of the Court and bureaucracy at St. Petersburg were as ghastly as though they had been conducted on a thin and fragile crust of lava. Those who acted as masters of the ceremonies must at the moment of their most gleeful mirth have heard the cries of their fellow creatures dying of famine not far off ringing in their ears. For there is no denying the fact any longer. A famine of mediæval horror has come to the empire of the Czar. The imperial ukase forbidding the export of rye is sufficient to demonstrate the condition of the Russian people. As Dryden has it—

Famine hath a sharp and meagre face;
'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone,
Where age and youth their landmark ta'en away,
Look all one common sorrow.

It is a face which few Governments can look on and live. It has been in all ages and times in such a country as Russia the precursor of revolution. But will stopping the export of rye stave off revolution? If that is done, as we are told it is, because the crop is bad, we should like to get an answer to the question asked by thoughtful Russians: How long will it be possible to permit wheat to be exported after rye is retained? Russian wheat will have to be held back to feed those who have no rye bread to eat. Here another complication rises. German labour also lives on bread made of rye, which it gets from Russia. If that supply is stopped, what is the German labourer, who gets ninety per cent. of his rye from Russia, to live on? Wheat bread, say some; which reminds one of the witty French Duchess who, on hearing that the common people were eating grass, because they could get no bread, said, 'What silly people to starve when there is so much bread which they can buy in the form of buns in the confectioners' shops!' Our telegrams show that a financial crisis is threatening Germany. It will threaten other countries too which have had their spring wheat crop destroyed by the early frosts. Now a panic is settling on Russia, and we believe it will intensify the dire period of popular distress on which we are entering, and accelerate the development of the cycle of bad trade into which we are drifting."

But this is not all; the *Daily Chronicle* then gives a terrible picture of the extent of the famine in Russia. The crops in twenty-six of Russian-European provinces have been totally destroyed. In six others half the crop has gone. In thirteen others there will only be a yield fit to feed the toilers of the soil. And the alarming thing about the famine is, that the Russian peasants have nothing to fall back upon. Between taxes and bribes they have to pay between forty-five per cent. of their earnings to the Government and their tax collectors. Therefore the peasants are living on the diet of the French peasants in the terrible months just before the revolution—"Grass boiled in water."

The situation is indeed frightful when the peasants are living on

"boiled grass," and can see their cattle dying by thousands of starvation, and strange to say, the *Daily Chronicle* agrees with the most advanced revolutionists as to what is likely to happen. For it points out that the famine has been caused because of the poverty of the peasants who "had no cattle to manure their exhausted fields." The rich landlords however, have had plenteous crops, and it will "need no exceptional sagacity to infer what will happen when the same contrast strikes the peasantry maddened by the pangs of hunger, when they view the bursting barns of their rich landlords."

Already in the Southern and Eastern provinces, the peasants have begun to attack and pillage granaries, and there can be no doubt that this movement will spread. The nearly bankrupt Russian Government is in despair about its taxes, and its taxgatherers are invading villages, and are extorting taxes from the starving peasants with the lash. But in some districts even this method has failed, for the people have nothing.

With a bankrupt Government and a peasantry driven mad by hunger surely revolution is not far off. "The Russian peasantry form the keystone of the arch of Russian society. They are the chief consumers, employers and paymasters of all who live in Russia by trade, work, or luxury; with their ruin comes general ruin." True, and general ruin spells revolution.

Why are the people starving in thousands in Russia, in a country which, as Elisée Reclus says, if properly cultivated could feed a population of 500,000,000? Let us find an answer in the *Daily Chronicle*. Because :—

"The country is simply being exploited for the small class who hang round the Court and the Army, and the result is that every three years, while the Russian noble can squander his millions at Monte Carlo, the peasant's family, whose blood he sucks, have to live on a daily ration of "grass porridge," a compound made by boiling up two pounds of grass, a little salt, and a handful of flour in a pail of water!"

But if the despotism of the Czar is blown into fragments, do you think that the flames of revolution can be confined to Russia. No! not likely. The German peasant we hear is starving because the export of rye is prohibited by Russia; a financial crisis threatens Berlin. The *Weekly Dispatch* says that German capitalists have £400,000,000 locked up in Russia in one way or another. Won't there be some crashes in Germany when the explosion comes. And with general starvation and national bankruptcy it will need all the soothing eloquence of Messrs. Bebel, Liebknecht, and Co., to keep the Germans quiet. Already people are dropping down dead with hunger in the streets of Berlin, and the summer is not yet over; what will it be when the winter comes? Will not the revolutionary tempest sweep through Germany also, and through Europe too, till all the people rise in their thousands and break their chains.

The situation is admirably summed-up by the *Weekly Dispatch* :—"Bad trade, general bankruptcy, bad wages, and famine—these are what the gay and merry-making classes will have to come back to when their autumn holidays are over." And what do these things mean with the working class? discontent rising to boiling point in every European country! What will it mean when Russia and Germany, those giant despotisms that have crushed all previous revolutions, from the French Revolution of 1792, to the Paris Commune of 1871, are themselves hurled into ruin by the forces they once despised. It means a revolution throughout Europe, such as the world has never seen since the fall of the old Roman Empire. It means to Anarchists that the time for talking about theories has passed, we must act; in years that are coming we must fill the hearts of the people with the spirit of revolt by our words and deeds, till all shams and tyrannies are swept away, and the fair earth and all its wealth is the common property of all,

A LECTURE will be given by P. Kropotkin on Monday, August 31st, at the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, for the benefit of the International School, subject: "Brain Work and Manual Work." Doors open at 8.30, commence at 9. Tickets at 6d. 1s. and 2s. may be obtained at office of this paper.

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA.

(Continued from page 97.)

BUT the people took no notice of the royal proclamation; pamphlets continued to appear daily, and the best of them perhaps, was "Tom Tell Truth, a Free Discourse on the Manners of the Time." A short account of the contents of this pamphlet may interest the reader as a sample of many others. After informing the King that his ministers had not the courage to inform him of "the fearful discontents of the time," and that not only was it the predominant humour "to be talking of the wars of Christenden and the honour of the country," but that the people "spare not your Majesty's sacred person," this pamphlet then proceeds to inform the King in very plain language concerning what his subjects said of him. He might if he pleased call himself Defender of the Faith; but it was the faith of the Papists, and not the true faith that was defended. It told him that for one health drank to the "King" among the people, a dozen were drained to the health of his son-in-law, the Elector of Palatine, and all England wished him success in his war with the Austrian Emperor. The pamphlet also accuses James, who was very hard up, of selling State secrets for gold to the Spanish Ambassador. All the interests of the nation were forgotten; thousands of starving Englishmen "able and proper fellows, were lying languishing ready to rebel for want of employment," and with discontent at home, and dishonour abroad, the King was wasting his time in hideous vices. Here is a terrible indictment of His Majesty. "For let a Protestant King, I mean one that rules over a people of that profession, be never so wicked in his person, nor so enormous in his government; let him stamp vice by his own example, and make it current by being his; let him remove the ancient boundworks of sovereignty, and make every day new yokes and new scourges for his poor people; let him take rewards and punishments out of the hands of justice, and so distribute them without regard to right or wrong, as may make his followers doubt whether there be a heaven or a hell, which desirable point of unbelief is a great help and preparation to our preferment; in short, so let him excel in mischief, ruin, and oppression, as Nero, compared with him, may be held to be a very father of the people. When he hath done all that can be imagined to procure hate and contempt, he shall not for all that have any occasion to fear, but may boldly go in and out to his sports, without a public guard or a privy coat, and, though every day of his reign may bring some new prodigy to grieve all that are honest, and astonish all that are wise, yet he shall not need to take the less drink when he goes to bed, or the more thought when he riseth. He may solace himself as securely in his bed-chamber, as the Grand Signor in his Seraglio, have lords spiritual for his mates, lords temporal for his eunuchs, and whom he will for his *incubus*. There he may kiss his minions without shame, and make his grooms his companions without danger; who, because they are acquainted with his secret sins, assume to themselves, as much power and respect as Catholic princes used to give their confessors. A pack of ravenous curs that think all other subjects, beasts; and only made for them to prey upon."

This refers to Somerset's threats to the King when under sentence of death, and also the greed of Somerset and Buckingham for money, estates, and monopolies. In explanation of the other charge, it may be mentioned, that Osborne, a courtier of the time, notes in his memoirs, "that the love the King showed to Somerset and Buckingham was amorously conveyed, as if he thought them ladies, which both of them endeavoured to resemble in the effeminacy of their dress, and their wanton looks and gestures." No one can wonder that this pamphlet, which was eagerly read first in manuscript, and then printed secretly, struck a heavy blow at the throne.

But not only the King and his favourites, but his ministers and all oppressors of the people were not spared in the epigrams and pamphlets. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, the ancestor of the present Earl, distinguished himself as a plunderer of the poor. One of his most unpopular acts was the enclosure of Hatfield Wood, which had hitherto been common land, and was thus stolen from the people. The following popular epitaph on him when dead shows the people's appreciation of his virtues:—

"Here lyes thrown for the worms to eat,
Little bossive Robin that was so great;
Not Robin Good fellow, nor Robin Hood,
But Robin the encloser of Hatfield Wood.
Who seemed as sent from ugly fate,
To spoyle the poor and rob the State.
Owning a mind of dismal ends,
As trappes for foes and tricks for friends;
But now in Hatfield lies the fox
Who stank while he lived, and died of the —."

We are rather inclined to think those are right who say, that, that boasted middle class institution "freedom of the press" has destroyed all the liberty of a revolutionary writer. No one would attack with this brutal frankness—political opponents or enemies of the people now-a-days. But although all printed pamphlets and verses required to be licensed by authority, yet they could be published without, and were no one knew where they came from, and the authors or printers were rarely caught. If the pamphlet was too "libellious" or revolutionary to be printed in London, there were presses in Holland which would print anything, and the pamphlets could afterwards be easily smuggled over and distributed among the people. Sometimes pamphlets, and in many cases, verses and songs, were merely written out and

handed about from hand to hand, copies of course being taken by those who liked them. It may be after all doubted whether there was not more real "freedom of the press and of opinion" under a despotism tempered by epigrams, than under the law 'n' order of the middle classes.

To such an extent was this propaganda of pamphlets, epigrams, and pasquinades carried on, that Sir Walter Scott, a diligent student of the time, in his novel, "The Fortunes of Nigel," represents King James with the pockets of "his great trunk breeches" stuffed full of satirical libels upon himself and his rule, and his Majesty pathetically laments that the dragon's teeth are sown, and prays "Heaven" that they will not bear their armed harvest in the days of his son.

But perhaps the popular fury rose highest against the Duke of Buckingham, one of the favourites of that king, whom on the death of James I. rose to be the trusted minister of his son Charles I.; every unpopular act of the new monarch was attributed to him. Buckingham's arrogance, greed, and debaucheries were the theme alike of the pamphlets and songs, wherein he was accused of removing his enemies by poison, and corrupting by love charms of his celebrated conjurer, Dr. Lambe, a man of infamous character, the chastest women in England. Every unpopular act of the administration was put down to the accursed favourite, and it was perhaps, as much with the idea of diminishing his unpopularity, as of punishing the slights inflicted upon him by Louis of France, and his powerful minister, Richelieu, that Buckingham headed an expedition to relieve the French Protestants of Rochelle, who were besieged by the French army. But the expedition was a disastrous failure through Buckingham's incapacity, and with his army reduced to a third of its number, he returned to England, and was received with a howl of execration.

The Duke was assailed with greater fury than ever in ballad, satire, and pamphlet. He was accused not only of want of capacity, but of treachery and cowardice. His return was hailed by songs like these:—

London, prepare thy faggots
Against the Duke's return,
And see thou hast them ready,
Lay'd for the Duke to burn,
For he deserves it all—
All that thou can'st lay on;
I think his greatest enemies
Will swear it every one.

Here are some verses from another song,—

Then let us sing all of the noble Duke's praise:
Come love me as I lay.
And pray for the length of his life and his days—
The clean contrary way.
O the clean contrary way.
And when that death shall close his eyes:
Come love me as I lay.
God take him up into his skies—
The clean contrary way.

The irony of these verses is obvious to all. Some of these songs are so "free" in language, that an attempt to reproduce what the Puritans sang against the Duke of Buckingham and his relatives, would probably arouse the wrath of their Vigilance Society descendants, the Mac Dougalls, the Charringtons, and the Verneys.

But the popular fury was most of all excited against Dr. Lambe, the Duke's conjurer, supposed to be a wizard, but really the pimp and pander to his master's vices. This man was set upon in the streets by a furious mob, and despite police protection was literally beaten to death by stones, sticks, and pieces of board.

These menacing placards appeared upon the walls, one of which ran as follows:—

Who rules the Kingdom?
The King!
Who rules the King?
The Duke!
Who rules the Duke?
The Devil!!!

Another declared: "Let the Duke look to it; for they intend to use him worse than they did the Doctor, and if things be not shortly reformed for us, we will work reformation for ourselves."

The following doggerel rhyme passed from mouth to mouth:—

Let Charles and George do what they can
The Duke shall die like Dr. Lambe.

This propaganda affected even the army, which was preparing to proceed a second time to the relief of Rochelle under the Duke's command, for the soldiers broke into open mutiny, disgusted with their commander, and clamouring for their arrears of pay. No wonder the King and his courtiers looked grave when these seditious and menacing placards were laid upon the council table; no wonder Buckingham felt that his end was near. Excited by placards, songs, and pamphlets, and firmly convinced that Buckingham was a monster beneath whose tyranny the nation groaned, a man of indomitable courage determined to carry out the sentence which the whole nation had pronounced upon the favourite, and while Buckingham was at Portsmouth preparing to set forth upon his expedition, he was struck dead by a knife in the daring hand of John Felton. So great was the national joy at the execution of Buckingham, that the journey of Felton to London was a triumphant procession, the people hailing him as a hero. "God bless thee, little David," cried an old woman at Kingston, and at the Tower gates he was

received by a dense throng, with cries of "The Lord comfort thee; the Lord be merciful unto thee."

While the man who had executed the Duke was received with a roar of popular applause, Buckingham had to be smuggled into his grave at the dead of the night, both sides of the road on which the funeral train proceeded was guarded by soldiers who had to beat their drums loudly to drown the hooting and curses of the multitude.

To show how the hatred of the people pursued Buckingham even in his grave, we quote the following epitaph very popular at the time:—

Fortune's darling, King's content,
Vexation of Parliament.
The flatterer's deity of state,
Advancer of each money mate.
The devil's factor for the purse,
The papists' hope, the commons' curse.
The sayer's crosse, the soldier's grief,
Commissions blanke, and England's thief.
The coward at the Isle of Ree,
The bane of noble chivalree.
The night work of a painted dame,
Confederate with Dr. Lamb.
All this lies underneath this stone,
And yet, alas! there lies but one.

Felton was executed upon a gibbet at Portsmouth, where his body was left to hang in chains. But it did not hang there long, for in the dead of night, it was borne away by unknown hands from the place of punishment. Now, you would think, that all these signs of revolutionary activity, not to mention the death of Buckingham, would have made the King and the Court consider and pause before they goaded the people into revolt. But warnings were useless, and although alarmed for a time by the death of his favourite, the King granted some reforms, yet under the influence of new ministers, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, the old despotism was revived, Charles dismissed his Parliaments, endeavoured to levy illegal taxes like Ship Money, which efforts when frustrated by the courageous refusal of a single county gentleman, named Hampden, to pay, while Laud by his petty persecution of the Puritans increased the popular discontent, which vented itself in pamphlets attacking the King and bishops without mercy; as usual, repression was tried as an infallible remedy for the growing discontent. Several of the most daring writers, such as Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick were dragged up before the despotic Star Chamber, and they were ordered to stand in the pillory and to have their ears cut off, but the road to the scaffold was strewn with flowers, and even from the pillory they made speeches to a cheering crowd. Despite these severe punishments, and a fresh Star Chamber decree, which declared that a man who ventured to print a book without a license, "was to be set in the pillory and whipped," the unlicensed printing went on, the pamphlets grew more numerous, seditious and daring, and even the decree of the Star Chamber condemning Prynne and the other writers was nailed to a board; its corners were cut as the ears of the writers had been, while a broad ink mark was drawn round Laud's name, and underneath an inscription declared that "The man that puts the saints of God in a pillory of wood, stands here in a pillory of ink." Even from their prison in the Gate House at Westminster, the writers contrived to issue still more daring pamphlets against Laud and the bishops. John Lilburne, afterwards celebrated as the leader of the Levellers, was introduced while a young man in 1637, to Bastwick and Prynne, in prison, and volunteered to go to Holland to get their pamphlets printed. Returning with a cargo of these productions, he was very active in distributing them, till arrested by the order of the Star Chamber. Dragged before this arbitrary court he was ordered to be whipped from the Fleet Prison to the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, and afterwards to be pillored and imprisoned. He bore this cruel punishment with the most indomitable courage, during the whole time of his punishment uttering bold speeches against the Government, and distributing seditious pamphlets in showers from the pillory among the people, and when the Star Chamber in despair of silencing him by any other means ordered him to be gagged, he showed his indignation by stamping with his feet.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

We have now in most towns got to that stage of Socialist evolution in which to put at least part of our creeds into force. In Sheffield a vigorous No Rent campaign is being carried on; and in the same town speakers are boldly telling huge crowds to refuse rent, and to learn the noble art of self defence, that is, the use of bombs. Deed does more than talk. The crowd will more likely listen to those who say they don't pay rent than to those that say they don't believe in rent. We had good evidence of this in Sheffield, when an Anarchist asked a Social Democrat if he believed in rent, the D. said no. When he asked whether he paid it the D. said yes. The funniest thing was that a few minutes after another D. said they would pay rent to the state. All this gave the crowd immense amusement. Propaganda by deed is the propaganda to-day. Most people have heard of Anarchism, but believe it impossible, or that we preach it for amusement or pay.

But refusing rent is not Anarchy in itself. Police courts are, however, good places to give a speech in. And refusing rent is a good way to a police court. And a bum-bailiff's broken head is a good illustra-

tion to the people as to the best way to defend their homes. Another way to draw attention to Anarchy is helping yourself in the shops, and talking a good deal about it to the beak to whose tender mercies your friends the police leave you. Beaks don't know what hunger is, and a good Anarchist speech, and a couple of comrades shouting "hear hear" in the court, soon makes a beak remember it's time for dinner.

Let Anarchists back up in a practical way all the revolutionary activity of poachers and burglars. Let us glut the police courts, libel courts, and assize courts, by making the supply of cases more than the demand.

But there are other forms of revolutionary action in which we might indulge. We know fear will be caused among the classes by the first few petards, but the people must see what we are driving at. So let us help one another as much as possible; have no rich and poor comrades. Moreover let us be sociable, by enjoying ourselves in our clubs at night, letting in outsiders of either sex free, to sing, dance, and talk with us. Let us try and give up squabbling among ourselves, over small matters, as many do. And, lastly, let us commence the solution of the sex question. I won't call it woman question, as it is equally important to either sex. Already thousands believe in the freedom of sexual relations but do not carry out their ideas. This delicate question is one to be solved by degrees. Let some brave men and women set themselves to solve it by living openly together in our midst, without any legal tie. It is true they may be martyred by some, but by us they will be looked upon as heroes and heroines. Let us have more of deed and less of talk.

CYRIL BELL.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

DURING the month of July, 1,670 workers without shelter or food, came to ask for lodgings in the municipal dormitories in Paris, in the Rue des Sentiers, where they spent together many nights under the protection of the free Republic. These people got accustomed not to pay any rent, and without thinking of it the Government were backing up a No Rent Campaign.

Comrade Brunel, of Vinne, has passed away; at the funeral comrade Orceolin made a speech at the grave, standing by a red flag amid hundred of proletarians. Four hundred comrades have been sent to gaol these last three years. The bourgeois have murdered them in Paris, killed girls and children in Fourmies, and threatened to shoot in many places. The *Egalité* will be prosecuted by the Railway companies for exciting to murder and pillage. We hear that Fourmies is again in a state of revolt, one regiment of Chasseurs from Lille is on the spot. Let us hope that the dead will be on the other side this time.

SPAIN.

Another comrade has passed away in Sevilla. Juan Carrero has given his life for humanity. He fought in the vanguard of the Anarchist ranks and spent a great deal of time in Spanish prisons; this killed him. May the memory of this humble Anarchist inspire us with fresh desire for the grand day when we shall avenge those pioneers who suffered so much for the cause we have at heart.

Two more large Anarchist Conferences took place at Valencia and Jativa. Half the audiences were females; this is a good sign and promises well.

SWITZERLAND.

A new Anarchist paper is published in Geneva, *Pensiero e Dinamita*. We salute this new organ written in the Italian language. Hyndman must be shocked at seeing those mad Anarchists perverting all the workers, and also that we have more newspapers at our command than there are leaders in the Social Democratic party!

It is reported from Lucerne that the Russian refugees in Switzerland have just issued a pamphlet setting forth the reasons why the Russian Social Democrats have not sent delegates to the Congress at Brussels. They state that until the working men of Russia are organised, and the country is covered with a network of Socialist societies and trade unions, they could have no *raison d'être* at such an assembly. Hitherto their aims have been retarded by the terrible tyranny under which the working men of Russia are suffering—a tyranny that unites the worst features of Western absolutism with all the horrors of an Oriental despotism. With the construction of railways, however, and the opening up of Asia, Russia is becoming more and more a commercial and industrial State, whilst the workers are joining the ranks of Socialism.

The pamphlet goes on to say that a great social revolution is now being evolved, and that when the working men of Russia are properly organised, there will appear for the first time in history a force strong enough to overthrow Tzarism, the present form of government, and capable of raising the country to a position which will enable her to take her place amongst the civilised Powers of the world. As Social Democrats they are not opposed to terrorism, so long as it is directed against Russian despotism as a system and not against particular persons. The Russian proletariat is no novice in revolutionary movements. A group of working men originated the idea of blowing up the Imperial Palace in 1880, and it was carried out by a woman. In spite of the efforts of the Russian secret police, revolutionary societies are to-day more numerous and stronger than ever. When the time for holding another Congress comes round they will be organised and send delegates.

Vera Zassoulitch is said to have attended the Congress as a visitor.

Madame Tatiana Chrouschoff, niece and heiress of General Seliverstov, has offered a reward of 8,000 roubles for the arrest of Padlewski.

DENMARK.

On the 19th inst. a host of Russian detectives arrived in the capital in order to make provision for the safety of the Tzar during his stay here.

GERMANY.

As a proof of the rise of food prices, the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Daily Paper), which is not particularly noted for its sympathy with the poor, states that a pound of rye meal which hitherto cost only nine pfennigs, now costs over nineteen pfennigs.

The new German Labour Law has just been issued by the Foreign Office. Special provision is made therein for minors, who "shall be subject in all things to their parents and guardians. Everybody shall attend divine service,

and no work shall prevent attendance at catechism and confirmation instruction, or at confession and Holy Communion services."

Two hundred German paupers have arrived in Berlin from the United States, the "authorities" in that country having refused to permit them to land.

The traffic in girls is once more in full swing in the band of the Holy Coat. Recent inquiries have revealed the fact that the majority of the inmates of a hundred and twenty nine fashionable establishments for "gentlemen" in Buenos Ayres, consisted of girls imported from Germany by the well-known International Agency for procuring employment for women. The Orient, however, is the best market for human flesh.

About a fortnight ago placards were affixed in the Government rail factories in Harburg, summoning the workers employed therein to retire from the Social Democratic Club before the 13th inst., under pain of being dismissed. Referring to the Imperial decree of February 5th, it is maintained that the Emperor himself undertook to promote the welfare of the workers.

By command of the "authorities" of Troppau, the Burgomaster of Bielitz closed the club of the workers in the textile manufacture of that city, and appropriated at the same time the funds of the Club, on account of the part which the members have taken in the May demonstrations.

For distributing Paul Lafargue's pamphlet "Religion and Capitalism," Wilhelm Ullenbaum, of Bielefeld, is now under accusation of having diffused blasphemous doctrines offensive to the Christian religion and its institutions. As your readers are aware, Lafargue is now confined in prison for a year for having espoused the cause of the victims of Fourmies.

Alvis Kuth, of Gilsenkirchen, Editor of the *Bergarbeiter Zeitung* (Miner's Gazette) against whom four accusations were brought for having transgressed the press law, was arrested on the 18th inst. as the authorities were much afraid he might escape the penalty awaiting him.

The sub-editor of the *Volkswacht* (People's Guard), Erich Wendlandt, of Breslau, appealed against the sentence passed upon him. When about to leave the Court on the 8th inst., he was brought before the examining judge to give an account of the authorship of an article entitled "Apprentice Training," which appeared in No. 139 of that paper, and put under arrest, as further proceedings are to be instituted against him. His protest against his commitment was of no avail.

A few days ago, the barracks of the 39th Fusileer Regiment in Düsseldorf, were searched for Socialist prints.

On the 11th inst. the police displayed much activity at the offices of the *Thüringer Tribune*, in Erfurt; they could not get, however, the manuscript they wanted. In the same town, comrade Schulze entered his term of imprisonment of six months on the 17th inst.

The *Munich Post* of the 12th inst. was confiscated on account of a novel published therein.

The Editor of the *Flensburger Avis* (Intelligence), J. Janessen, has to undergo a sentence of fifteen months imprisonment for an alleged offence against the Prince Regent of Brunswick, and a schoolmaster named Wulf Steffen, of Höger. For an offence against the Sovereign, the Court of Hamburg condemned the working man Beeck to nine months, and for the same crime, the joiner, Karl Ohm, of Berlin, was condemned on the 18th inst. to nine months, and to fourteen days for an offence against officialdom.

The shoemaker, Gottfried Lauer, died in Schöna, near Halle, on the 10th inst. at the age of 68 years. In 1849, Lauer was condemned to death for having taken part in the revolutionary movement in Baden. He however, succeeded in escaping to America. On his return to Germany, he espoused the cause of the proletariat, with which he always kept troth.

ITALY.

The Anarchist propaganda is doing wonders in Florence, thanks to our comrades there, and thanks too to the capitalists of that town who keep the workers on the verge of starvation. Various groups have determined to open up correspondence with all the Anarchist bodies in existence.

In Bologna, five soldiers have been sent to hard labour for propaganda in their own regiment.

The Prefect of the Trieste police is reported to have been killed by the Irrendists.

X. X. X.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

If the revolutionary powers of Europe were represented in the miserable gang of reactionary political swindlers who met at Brussels last week, and who have separated after passing a series of Parliamentary resolutions, amid the applause of the capitalist press, the "workers of the world" might well be pitied. A "revolutionary Congress," which began by expelling Anarchists, and ended by giving a series of elaborating instructions for compiling "Blue Books!!" is not a body from which you could expect much revolutionary daring in the crisis that is now impending.

In regard to the expulsion of our comrades on the pretext that they did not represent Trade Unions, it is worth noting that the German Social Democrats were very angry in 1888, with the Shiptonite Trade Unionists, because they excluded "Social Democrats" who did not represent Trade Unions, from their Congress in London. Now they have become so friendly with the Shiptonites, they have imitated them by borrowing their tactics. What kind of freedom can Anarchists expect in a "State" ruled by these gentlemen. Or how much "freedom of speech" will there be for any one who dares to contest the proceedings of the official gang.

We have no intention of going at length through the proceedings of this Congress, the task is too depressing, for dullness it licks capitalist Parliaments hollow. The only animation in the proceedings being imparted by the speech of a Spanish Anarchist, who told the leaders of Social Democracy, that while the Anarchists in Spain had not feared to face persecution, imprisonment, and death for their ideas, the Social Democrats had been mainly occupied in getting into Parliament. We agree with our Anarchist friend, for it is true not only in Spain, but everywhere, and say more even, that Parliament is about the only place the Social Democrats are fit for.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimethorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

Comrades and friends in Sheffield willing to support the Sheffield Anarchist School, please communicate to Cyril Bell, at 47, West Bar Green. Adults and children of either sex admitted. Fees voluntary.

A GRAND CONCERT will be given on Saturday, September 12th, at 273, Hackney Rd., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, admission by Programme, 6d., to be obtained of all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF Anarchist Communism.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A MEETING will be held at the West India Dock Gates on Sunday, Sept. 6th, at 11.30, to call on all workers to no longer starve in order to keep landlords in idle luxury, to Pay No Rent, and to help themselves to the wealth they have hitherto allowed the capitalists to rob them of.

"NO RENT" AND PILLAGE.

WE are face to face with a serious commercial crisis. Even the rich man's press is forced to admit it. The period of prosperity has passed; it is no longer possible to wring from the robbers of labour, by partial strikes, increased wages or shorter hours. The capitalist has fulfilled his oft-repeated threats: he has smashed the workers' unions, with the result that thousands of men, women, and children have not bread to eat, and the capitalist monster laughs in his cruel glee, because he imagines that he has crushed the workers for ever.

But has he done so? No! Let him learn that the labour agitation of the past few years was but the prelude to a more serious movement. Let the failures of the past teach the people that half measures are no use. We have "scotched the snake, not killed it," and so long as capitalists and capitalism exists, rises in wages gained by strikes will be merely transient, to be taken away directly the next depression in trade arrives. For the rich are not content with forcing down wages to their old standard, but will avenge themselves upon the men who have withstood their tyranny in the past. You must make an end of the Norwoods and Liveseys by utterly destroying the system of society which enables them to rob and murder the workers, and that can only be done by the people taking possession of all social wealth, and of all the means of producing wealth, by their own action.

But how is this tremendous task to be begun? Listen, and we will tell you. The first robber to attack is the landlord, who battens upon the misery, disease, and starvation of the poor. Thanks to the horrible fever-haunted hovels in which you are forced to dwell, the average age of the working-classes is only 29, while the capitalists and landlords, despite diseases produced by drunkenness, gluttony, and debauchery, live on an average to 55. And yet you are content to starve yourselves and your children to pay these monsters "rent" for these fever-dens, that they may squander the wealth produced by your labour in gluttonous feasts, on the gambling table, at the brothel, or in Cleveland Street. What do you pay them for? For murdering your children, who die at the rate of 30 in a hundred in these stinking holes, in the first year of their innocent lives, while among the rich only 8 per cent. die in the same time. Therefore for every rich man's child that dies, four perish among the poor, and most of them are murdered! Read the report of an inquest which appeared in the newspapers only recently, under the heading of "Pestilential Houses in the East End," and you will see how a little child was suffocated in a horrible den at 8, Knott Street, Mile End, and the doctor who had been called in, said: "That the atmosphere of the house was almost enough to suffocate anyone." And yet workmen are content to pay rent to the monsters who murder their children in these foul, unhealthy rookeries. Make slum-owning an unprofitable occupation, by refusing to pay rent any longer for these horrible dens. Next winter let "No Rent!" be the war cry that shall ring through the East End. Let people refuse universally to pay, and what can stand against them. The landlords may send their brokers! Well, hot water, brickbats, and pokers are excellent medicine for these gentlemen, as the Irish have proved. If the No Rent Campaign is general the police and bailiffs will be powerless. The landlords will have to send for the soldiers, and the recent mutinies among the Grenadiers and Coldstreams not to mention other regiments, shows how much they can depend upon them. The soldiers will not shoot the people, they are more likely to shoot the tyrants who rob and murder them. Pay No Rent, and give your children a good meat dinner next Sunday, if their stomachs are full they will be less likely to catch Diphtheria or Typhus

from the foul smells of the drains. We have ceased to believe that governments will help us since we saw the County Council giving £300,000 to the landlords of the Boundary Street Area, one of the worst slums in London. No, in future we must help ourselves. We can at least get a good dinner if we pay "no rent," and neither Parliament or the County Council is ever likely to give us that.

But there is another way to strike at the capitalist classes, and that is by helping ourselves to the wealth they have stolen from us. The dock directors and ship owners have turned thousands of workers out to starve, by introducing blacklegs to take their places, and yet their warehouses remain full of wealth of all kinds among a starving population!! Starving men wander up and down the streets of the City and West End with untold riches within reach of their hands, and yet lie down in the gutter to die of hunger. Last year 36 people perished of sheer starvation in London, the richest city in the world. Would it not have been better if they had helped themselves to some of the abundant riches which they saw on all sides of them. Don't die of hunger in the midst of plenty, starving workmen. Remember it required the sacking of West End shops to open the hearts of the rich on February 8th, 1886. After the West End had been sacked they gave £100,000 to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the unemployed. Already some brave men are beginning to help themselves, and it won't be long before thousands of workers follow their example. What can the rich do? send you to prison. Well, at least they will feed you there, you will not die of hunger in prison. These are the first steps in the Social Revolution, which will be completed when the workers take possession, not only of all wealth in the shops and warehouses, but seize on the land, mines, factories, and railways, with all the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Then we shall live as free men, with work and wealth for all, in a land free from the tyranny and robbery of rulers and masters.

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA.

(Continued from page 103.)

THE spirit of revolt, which showed itself so plainly in the conduct of young Lilburne, was indeed growing among the people, and these cruel punishments served but to further enrage them. And soon stirring news came from Scotland. Laud, by endeavouring to convert the Scottish people by force to his High Church views, had caused a revolution. All students of history know of the row which arose in the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, on the 23rd of July, 1637. It was here, when the Dean of Edinburgh attempted to read a liturgy of the Church of England, that Jennie Geddes flung a stool at his head, and the whole congregation rose in riot against "the priests of Baal." The revolt became a revolution, and all Scotland rose in arms against what they looked upon as an attempt to restore Popery. Charles soon had to march away to crush the Scottish rebels, but his soldiers had little humour for the work, the royal army was as discontented and mutinous as the nation, and the King had to retreat before the victorious Scottish army.

It was in London, a little before the defeat of the King by the Scots, after his majesty, in his despair, had called another parliament and dismissed it in three weeks, that the popular fury broke out against Laud, who was supposed to have advised Charles to get rid of the parliament. Placards appeared upon the walls calling on the apprentices to join in hunting "William the Fox for the breaking of Parliament." Soon after another placard appeared, inviting the people to attack the palace of the Archbishop at Lambeth. The train bands are at once drawn out in St. George's Fields, but no attack is made till the troops have retired, when at midnight a mob assembles and marches on the Archbishop's house, who although he has placed it in a state of defence, yet in a fit of panic flies across the water to Whitehall, for safety. The rioters retire with threats that they will return and burn down the palace, but it is now constantly guarded by train bands.

The placards now, however, threaten an attack upon Whitehall, and they call upon the apprentices to drag Laud out of the palace and kill

him. Another threatens the Queen's mother, Mary de Medicis of France, and urges the people to pull down her chapel and kill her priests, while a third announces that the King's palace is "to let." Some rioters are arrested, but the mob force the prisons and release their comrades. Everywhere the soldiers are in open mutiny. The train bands, even those from the most remote country districts cannot be depended upon, but are heard to mutter that if they must fight they would rather fight against the government than with it. The propaganda of pamphlet, epigram, song, and placard, not forgetting the propaganda by deed of men like Felton and Lilburne, has done its work; the state is thoroughly disorganised, even its armed forces are ready to turn their arms against it, and on his defeat by the Scots the King sees that all is over, that to resist further will be to endanger both his life and his crown, and in despair he grants the middle-classes the desire of their hearts: a parliament, and the famous Long Parliament begins its sittings at Westminster.

From the time of the meeting of this illustrious assemblage it is evident that the absolute power of the crown is destroyed. The Long Parliament wrings concession after concession from the King with almost hardly any resistance. Laud and Stafford, the two despotic ministers, are sent to the Tower, and it is only when the head of the latter is demanded that Charles even ventures to make the slightest resistance. But that is quickly crushed; the Puritans, the ancestors of those middle-classes—who now-a-days have such a horror of "intimidation"—incite the people to surround the palace and demand with oaths and threats that "His Majesty" should sign the death-warrant, and it is coercion from a "howling mob," set on by the "pious and godly" ancestors of our virtuous, respectable, and law-abiding middle-classes, that compels Charles to sign the death-warrant, and sacrifice his friend and minister to popular fury.

Later on, when some of the "moderates" had rallied round the throne, Charles endeavours to make a *coup d'état* by seizing "the Five Members," the most prominent men of the popular party, in the House of Commons. But when he arrives there, attended by his swash-bucklers, he finds that "the birds have flown," and have sought refuge in the city of London, which has risen in arms in their defence. The King goes to the city to seize the "traitors" but is met with savage shouts of "privilege" from the people, and on his return from a fruitless quest, one bold man gives the signal for the civil war by throwing a paper in the royal carriage bearing these words: "To your tents, O Israel;" this is the last act in the revolutionary propaganda of the middle-classes. Next day escorted by sailors, soldiers, and the whole populace of London, the five members are brought back to Westminster, and the King flies before the revolutionary storm.

We have heard of the civil war that followed, that ended in the victory of the middle-class—who, with that love of pious humbug that has always characterised them—fought against the King "in his own name, and for the safety of his own person," which great love for his personal safety they afterwards displayed by cutting off his head outside his palace at Whitehall. Thus the revolutionary propaganda, carried on by the pious English middle-classes, begun by epigrams, pamphlets, songs, and placards, continued by "assassination," riot, and civil war, ended in "regicide." By these means the middle-classes overturned the throne, filled their own pockets by the confiscation and sale of estates of the King and nobility, and thus advanced the interests of the "kingdom of God on earth." Thus was the middle-class revolution accomplished, which placed political power and all social wealth in the hands of the capitalist class. Can they complain if the Anarchists use the same methods against them as they did against the King and his nobles; it will make but little difference if they do.

Now let us glance at the propaganda adopted by the French middle-classes. We shall use for this purpose the facts collected in an article that appeared in *La Révolte* some years back, and we shall find that the methods employed were very similar, though in one respect there is a slight difference. We find that there is little mention of hunger or starvation among the people in England. That which excites the people to revolt is the dread of the restoration of Popery, with the fires of Smithfield, and the hatred of the despotism and vices of the clergy, the government, the court, and the King, but in the agitation of the French middle-classes the starvation and misery of the people is used to overthrow the absolute power of the King and Court, otherwise the methods of agitation and the people attacked are very similar.

We find that while the larger pamphlets are used simply to spread among the masses the ideas of the philosophers and economists, the forerunners of the revolution, those of a lighter sort, together with incendiary leaflets, attack the King, the court, and the aristocracy by ridicule and mockery. The journal at this time had been born it is true, for the first newspapers sprang into life during our own civil war, but it needed the French Revolution to bring journalism to anything like its present perfection, and with an arbitrary government in power that would have quickly sent a revolutionary journalist to the dungeons of the Bastille, it was quite impossible to conduct a paper that would attack savagely the vices of court and royalty. So the unknown authors of these pamphlets and leaflets—like their forerunners in England—were careful not to let the police know their publishing offices. And therefore their pamphlets were printed, "perhaps at Amsterdam," it does not matter where, "within a hundred leagues of the Bastille," or "under the Tree of Liberty." Thus they can strike hard and mercilessly at the vices of the Court, or at even those of her majesty the Queen, Marie Antoinette. The royal amours, the Court scandals, "the Pact of Famine,"—a conspiracy of the King, the aristocracy, and the rich to monopolize corn in time of dearth, to enrich themselves and famish the people—these subjects would be treated

with the utmost freedom in these pamphlets and "flying leaves." Later on the famous scandal of "The Diamond Necklace," which had as evil an influence in the fortunes of the Capets as the Overbury murder on those of the Stuarts, was used by them with terrible effect against the throne. As the writer of the article points out:—"They are better suited than a journal to this kind of agitation; the journal is a great enterprise and you hesitate before causing it to founder; the pamphlet and leaflet compromises no one but the author and printer, and you have to find them first." A hopeless task, as the police found both in France and England.

We find also that songs of a very free description also played a very prominent part in revolutionary agitation. Learnt by heart and caught up from one singer to another, they would spread throughout the length and breadth of France, striking rudely at Royalty, the aristocracy, and the clergy; exciting everywhere contempt for Royalty, hatred against the clergy and aristocracy, and making the people hope that the day of revolution was near at hand.

But in France the placard is used even more than in England in the previous century. But it is above all to the placard that the agitators have recourse. The placard makes more talk, more agitation than a pamphlet or a tract. Thus placards printed or written by hand appear on every occasion when an event takes place that interests the general public. Torn down to-day, they reappear to-morrow to enrage the government and its police. "We have missed your grandfather, we will not miss you!" the King reads one day on a placard posted on his palace walls. To-morrow the Queen cries with rage on hearing that someone has covered the walls with the details of her shameless life. It is thus they prepare already the hatred vowed later by the people to the woman who would have coldly exterminated Paris to remain Queen and autocrat. The courtisans propose to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin; the placards threaten to set fire to the four corners of the town, and thus prepare men's minds for something extraordinary. Or it may be that they announce on a day of rejoicing that "the King and the Queen will be conducted, under strong escort, to the Place de Greve, from thence they will go to the Hotel de Ville to confess their crimes, and will then ascend the scaffold to be burnt alive." The King convokes the Assembly of Notables immediately the placards declare that "The new troop of Comedians, raised by the Sieur de Calonne (Prime Minister), begins its performances on the 29th of this month, and will give an allegorical ballet entitled 'The Barrel of the Danaïdes.'" Soon becoming more daring, the placard penetrates into the Queen's drawing room, and announces to her that the tyrants will soon be executed. (*To be continued.*)

TORY BLACKGUARDS AT SHEFFIELD.

AUGUST has been an exciting month in Sheffield. On the first few days we had to resist a campaign of the S. D. F. They held eleven outdoor and one indoor meetings, the former being from our platform. Creaghe, May, Mrs. Usher, Rev. Campion and Cyril Bell opposed them, and defended Revolutionary Anarchism. Our fortnightly paper is started again, we having got a printer at last. There has been lately a good propaganda of "No Rent" and "Help Yourself." Of late we have been mobbed. The police have egged on crowds against us. On August 10th we held an evening meeting at the Monolith. A lot of counter-jumpers, clerks, police spies, and boys, encouraged by middle class cowards, who took precious care to keep their carcasses out of our way, commenced howling at us and singing a lot of nonsensical songs, typical of the rottenness of the age—"Hi-tiddly-hi-ti," "The Bogie Man," and such-like bosh. Finding that none of the speakers could make any impression we went through the crowd and got out. They came after us, not attacking us, but bravely pushing each other at us. One or two learnt a good lesson. We took it all in good nature, and proceeded to the club. Our club is a few doors off a police station, yet a crowd of one thousand collected, and on our throwing back numbers of the *Weal, Anarchist, Freedom*, etc. at them, they began pelting the windows, smashing all our beautiful twopenny panes. The police walked about in the crowd, egging them on and laughing at us, and then the next day the local Tory papers said they were powerless. If ours had been a Tory club, we would have seen the valour of mounted police, and soldiers too. On Sunday 16th, a crowd of 1,200 or 1,500 commenced the same scenes; they quieted down and our men had got away, but our reverend comrade Campion and myself made the mistake of staying. As a lot of lies had been told about us I began to answer them, but we were chucked off the plinth into the crowd. Luckily the crowd were cowards and would run even if two men showed fight. Creaghe brought up a detachment of the boys to our rescue. In the evening, at the West Bar Pump meeting, a huge crowd was waiting, but directly the rowdies began the real working men chucked them out, and a good meeting was held. On Sunday 23rd, the same scenes were repeated, and a man got up and seemed very wild because two "respectable" educated men like Campion and yours fraternally, should be in the movement. He said he pitied us. I pity any young man of the middle or upper classes who is NOT on our side in the next half-decade, for the time is coming when the youth of the country will be in a line of battle for Anarchy or for Tyranny. Since August 1st the local Tory press has advertised us on the average half-a-column in the most brutal manner. Inciting the people to violence seems to be allowed to Tory rags but not to us.

*The Danaïdes were certain young ladies who, according to Grecian Mythology, were doomed by the gods to fill a barrel that had no bottom. The Notables had a similar task to find money to choke what Carlyle calls a "bottomless deficit."

On Sunday 30th we had Comrade Chapman of Liverpool, who spoke in the morning. The rowdism commenced again, but beyond the hurting of our comrade John Bingham, it was not so bad, many of the genuine working-men saying they wanted to hear us, and that we have a right to speak. We hope that the result will be that they chuck the rowdies out next month. We are trying to start our own Anarchist school in September. We take the advantage of this report to exhort Northern groups to support *Freedom* and *Weal*, as our paper is only meant for Sheffield. We take in *Weals* and *Freedoms* still. We don't want to see either of the London papers die, as they must be kept as cosmopolitan papers until other towns besides Sheffield can start their own, and then they will be London papers.

CYRIL BELL.

SMASHING BENSON'S WINDOWS.

Two brave men have set a good example to starving workmen. Henry Bruce and Henry Primmer being out of work, and with nothing but starvation before them in a few days, smashed two plate glass windows belonging to Benson the jeweller, on Ludgate Hill, on Wednesday August 27th. They were arrested and taken before Mr. Alderman Lusk on the following day. Bruce boldly told the Alderman that he had as much right to destroy property when circumstances, not brought about by himself, forced him to do it, as the law had to pass sentence upon him, when he had had no hand in making the law, and that if society forced men to starve, the rich law-makers must not complain if "crime" was the result. The Alderman in committing Bruce and Primmer for trial, talked a lot about "perverted notions," and said the prisoners were reverting to an "age of barbarism" by damaging the property of "innocent people." Innocent people, forsooth! Do not Messrs. Benson, and Alderman Lusk as well, get their stolen riches by a system which forces thousands of workmen to starve? Of course they do, and are not these starving men perfectly justified, not only in damaging the property of these rich exploiters, but in seizing their stolen wealth, which should belong not to them but to the workers. We hope the unemployed will follow the example set by Bruce and Primmer in their thousands next winter. We hope they will do even more, and supply their needs by taking the wealth they have created. It is surely better to go to prison than to die of hunger in the streets. In prison you are better fed than in the workhouse, where Alderman Lusk tells you to go. Therefore be men, take the wealth you have been robbed of, and show the rich that you are not such craven curs as to tamely die of hunger in a land overflowing with wealth produced by your labour. Deeds are worth an ocean of talk and resolutions.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

COMRADES Villeval and Fores, Editors of the *Forcat* have been sent to prison, the first for two years, the second for six months, for inciting the soldiers to rebellion. From a report of the Minister of Injustice there are 4,000 "dangerous people" in Paris at the present time, that is, so many for whom there is no room in this society.

The municipal Council of Cette have passed a resolution in which they accuse the Prefect of robbery. What are we coming to if the respectables have no longer respect for private property.

In the fourth district of Marseilles, in a constituency of 7,632 voters, 2,396 went to the poll. Do Frenchmen begin to understand that the vote is a snare? One candidate called himself a Radical-Socialist, two others called themselves Socialists. The former headed the poll because he had more money to buy the votes.

Our three comrades who fired on the police with revolvers in the skirmish at Levallois Perret on the 1st of May, were tried last week. They boldly avowed their Anarchist principles, and attacked the police for their brutality. Descamps was sentenced to five and Dardare to three years imprisonment. Leveille was acquitted. The brave action of our comrades and their courageous speeches while on trial will spread Anarchist ideas far and wide in France.

ITALY.

In spite of the numerous batches of Anarchists filling the prisons of Turin and Naples, millions of leaflets are distributed broadcast in every village among the farmers and peasantry of the country. These leaflets declare that the Anarchists take upon themselves the full responsibility of all the daring acts against property since the 1st of May.

The Italian comrades refuse to work to benefit capitalists and save a few pence at the end of the week for the propaganda. Hunger has taught them not to work but to plunder their old masters, and this has two good results, it shows us a good example and accustoms us to the doctrine of "take." We learn also how to do without masters.

Signor Mirabelli, Deputy for Cosenza, has asked for an interpellation against the Italian Minister of the Interior, who is continually ordering seizures of the Liberal newspapers.

SPAIN.

It was a grand day for the comrades of Jutiva and the neighbouring villages who crowded at the meeting we announced last week, where our female comrade Claremuret was the principal speaker. As is always the case in Spain, the fair sex was largely represented. Comrade Claremuret made an onslaught on the state, religion, and capital. Comrade Obaya followed, recommending the Anti-Authoritarian propaganda in all its forms; and the enthusiasm with which his speech was received showed how well Anarchist ideas are making headway amongst the Castilian population.

Several comrades have been arrested for a bomb that has exploded in the Municipal Council of Cadiz. They were released after a few days, as no proofs were forthcoming that they had caused the explosion.

GERMANY.

According to the evidence of the statistician, Kaspar, out of 1,000 children of the wealthier classes of Berlin, 57 do not survive the age of five years,

whilst no fewer than 345 children of the poor die before reaching that age. The rich, he says, have the advantage of securing healthy nurses for their offsprings, whereas the infants of the workers are not sufficiently fed, and decay in consequence. Their mothers are not strong enough to nurse themselves, and have to work outside the house. Bad milk with which the children of the workers are fed during the hot season produces fatal diseases. This is also the reason why at that time in the year in Berlin alone, no less than 400 children of the poor die every week of the effects of inflammation of the intestines. In the Report of the Imperial Board of Health for the first week of August, it is stated that in the Wedding and Straliner quarter (the Whitechapel of Berlin) 296 children (against 302 in the preceding week) died of the same disease, whilst in Friedrichstadt and Dorotheenstadt (the parts of the town inhabited by the wealthy) not a single child died.

The Printers' Union of Berlin, which was formed thirty years ago, has just instituted a medical inquiry into the causes of diseases and death among its members. The following facts are now known:—During the last thirty years over 48 per cent. of the members of this Union died of consumption; five out of 1,300 of the effects of lead inhaled. The poisonous inhalation had such a destructive effect upon the gastric, nervous, and respiratory organs, that 8 per cent. succumbed to the maladies which they had contracted.

The official *Reichsanzeiger* (Imperial Advertiser) of August 26th, publishes the Bill for the suppression of the abuse of spirituous liquors which will be laid before the Reichstag on its meeting in November next. It contains 23 untranslatable clauses. According to clause 10, the innkeeper is bound to see that the drunkard is conducted to his dwelling or handed over to the police. The expenses incurred by the innkeeper for the purpose are to be defrayed by the drunkard. Clause 12 regulates that a man of drunken habits is to be restored to minority and deprived of the rights of an adult, and placed under a guardian who may with the consent of the Court place his ward in an asylum for inebriates. In the case where the guardian does not exercise his "rights" in this respect, the Court may intervene and order his committal to such an asylum.

Twenty Chinamen are employed at the State of Canin near Stralsund.

Hieronimus Salger has been forbidden by the Court of Munich to act as a guardian of the children of a labourer who died in consequence of a mishap which befel him while performing his work, as "according to police evidence he for many years has been known as an adherent to the Socialist party."

What appears to be most amusing in the whole tragic-comedy, is the fact that during the whole twelve years Salger has acted as a guardian of many orphans, and even in March last a child was placed under his care.

On the 28th of August, the Supreme Court sentenced Baron von Gumpenberg, of Munich, to two months' imprisonment for having recited a poem by Karl Henckel, entitled "The German Nation," the publication of which is prohibited by law.

The Court of Essen pronounced the sentence of six months imprisonment upon Emil Lusbrink, of Gelsenkirchen, Editor of the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Arbeiter Zeitung* (Worker's Gazette), for having criticised the funeral oration of a clergyman upon the graves of the miners who perished in the mine "Hibernia." Lusbrink's appeal has been dismissed by the Supreme Court.

An additional year of imprisonment was passed on August 27th, by the Court of Schweinitz, upon Max Baginski, Editor of the *Proletarier ans dem Eulengebirge*, for having transgressed the press laws.

The Socialists of Weissentels have resolved to celebrate the anniversary of Lassalle's death on September 2nd (the anniversary of Sedan).

A great amount of virtuous indignation was manifested a few days ago by the English Press at "the scandalous ingratitude of riotous Russian Jews" sheltered at Charlottenburg out of charity funds, on being confronted with an official request to work, produced suddenly sufficient money to pay for their return journey to Alexandrov. The facts, however, are as follows:—Some time ago, a large number of Roman Catholic Polish peasants, emigrating to Brazil crossed the frontier; two hundred and thirty of these peasants could not continue their journey on account of their being quite penniless. They were sheltered in an asylum at Berlin, and in the meantime the Foreign Office entered upon negotiations with the cabinet of St. Petersburg in order to affect their return to Russia. The Tsar's government, however, declined to receive them on the ground that they were not supplied with passports, and it could therefore not be ascertained to which districts they belonged. Last week very irksome work was offered them. They however hesitated to accept hard work for starvation wages. This naturally excited the ire of the Public Prosecutor, who summoned them to sign a document pledging themselves to work. Six of the peasants, however, declined to do so, as they believed that by virtue of this document they would be forced to embrace Protestantism. In vain the Catholic Archdeacon, Dr. Jahnel, of St. Hedwig's, tried to assure them that it was not the intention of the officials to convert them to the Protestant church. The six rebels were arrested in consequence, and forty-seven of the men dispatched to Alexandrov on the 17th inst.; the remaining peasants will be dealt with in the same way. This incident sufficiently shows what the English press can do in the way of checking the emigration of Russian Jews.

THE PROPAGANDA.

THE MIDLANDS.—On Bank Holiday Monday (August 3rd), Socialists from Leicester, Derby, Walsall, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Nottingham, and Manchester, met at Matlock for an outing and social intercourse. The interchange of ideas was interesting and instructive. No better institution can exist than one of these social gatherings, for putting fresh life and go into the breast of any daunted propagandist. The inter-provincialism of dialect reminded one of inter-nationalism on a small scale. There was an agreeable sprinkling of young women, and observation of the very friendly relations between them and the young men tends to negative the tacit doctrine of some Socialists, that there are to be no marriages till after the "Rev." Our Jewish comrades, who with their Manchester comrades formed the next most numerous contingent to Leicester, seemed the most hilarious. Sheffield was in strong force and smoked like its chimneys. Ubiquitous Charles of London, Sheffield, Walsall, *et passim*, nearly dislocated a comrade's arm in shaking hands. This was the only hitch in the day's proceedings. Serious thoughts were entertained of sending for Dr. Creaghe (excuse degrees please). The suave Gorrie—our only known Christian Anarchist—beamed health and benediction all round. We boated, climbed,

sang, and boated till tea, when over sixty of us sat down, merriment being at the climax all through. We then repaired to a distance where we were on "trespass," and sang and danced the "Carmagnole" in a huge circle, though the time and harmony would not have quite met the approval of a cathedral choir-master. Arrangements were made before separating, for next year's meeting and programme; doubtless, the number will be twice this year's. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, that several comrades think the Heights of Abraham, Matlock, would make a good capitol or vantage ground during the military operations of the "Rev." There is a Thermopylae leading to it that a mere handful of men could hold. It was also noticed what capital guest-houses Haddon Hall, Chatsworth House, and such places would make for the army of the Almighty people. B.

GLASGOW.—On Saturday, August 1st, Comrade Scheu paid us a visit, and (in conjunction with Bruce Glasier, Tim and Joe Burgoyne) held a meeting on Jail Square; we had an audience of about 300 people, who listened attentively to Scheu while he clearly showed them the futility of sending men to mis-represent them in Parliament. After Scheu had spoken for over half-an-hour, Joe Burgoyne addressed the meeting, taking "Thrill" for his subject, in which he let them see that the gospel of *getting on* meant getting out of the position of being a *useful* member of "Sassiety," and becoming a *useless* one. Tim Burgoyne then eloquently told the story of tyranny and oppression which caused him to identify himself with the Socialist movement. After Bruce Glasier had spoken, questions were invited, with the result that one man took advantage of the invitation to ask how we would reconcile the difference in the wages paid to a skilled artisan with those paid to an unskilled labourer. In reply, comrade Scheu proceeded to show that under Socialism, there would be no difference, and that every individual would be a skilled workman. This answer did not suit our friend, so he took himself off, and shortly after the meeting broke up, literature to the amount of 3s. 6d. being sold. We have had a great revival of public interest in our propaganda this year, and have had a series of crowded and enthusiastic meetings. Revolutionary Socialism makes great progress in Glasgow. C. F. F.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday 23rd ult., Comrade Mowbray was with us, and ought to have debated with Dr. Daimant; unfortunately, however, the "Dr." did not turn up. We held two very successful meetings on the Hall Quay, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; sale of literature fair, and 6s. 10½d. collected. J. H.

HULL.—Probably many earnest comrades have asked, "Is there any propaganda in Hull? Are there any Socialists there?" And they would as probably be surprised when told that not only are there Socialists and Anarchists in Hull, but that a vigorous Revolutionary agitation has been carried on for years. The credit for this belongs, principally, to the "Freiheit" Club, and secondly, to those comrades of other towns who have visited Hull and rendered valuable assistance. It would take too long to summarise more than a few months work—of our agitation amongst the laborious indoor and outdoor meetings, etc. We have not been asleep this year either. We have carried on a vigorous outdoor agitation. We commenced on Drypool Green on March 22nd, by a demonstration in commemoration of the Paris Commune of 1871, and unfurled a splendid new banner. Comrades J. Sketchley, Andrew Hall, and G. Smith addressed the people, and we had good reason to congratulate ourselves on their numbers and the earnest attention which they paid to our remarks. There were good reports of this gathering in the local papers. On May 3rd, the Trades Council arranged to hold an eight hours demonstration on the Corporation Field, but the Municipal "Property Committee" refused them permission to hold their meeting, the "leaders" backed out in a most cowardly manner and totally abandoned their "demonstration." The comrades assisted by the N. S. S. branch, took the question up as a matter of free speech. The comrades ordered a waggon for a platform on Corporation Field, and after a meeting at Drypool Green, a procession of "fighting men,"—that is, stalwart workers ready to fight if necessary,—marched to the Corporation Field with the new banner with the motto, "Is Liberty worth fighting for?" There were only five policemen there, and of course no disorder. Comrades Hall, Reynolds, Smith, Robinson, Naewiger, and Mr. Bellamy of the N.S.S. spoke from an independent standpoint in defence of the right of public meeting. Nine names and addresses were taken by the police, but nothing came of it, although the local scribes called loudly for our prosecution. The meeting was thoroughly successful, and all the local papers contained full reports of the speeches which were delivered, besides correspondence for weeks on the subject. Meetings have been held regularly every week in Hull this season. Comrades Bullas and Hall of Sheffield, C. Reynolds, G. Smith, C. Naewiger, and G. Cores, of Leeds, have addressed the audiences. We are convinced that Revolutionary ideas are spreading widely in Hull, and though English Revolutionists are not so well organised as they ought to be, yet we are sure that the heaven is at work in Hull, and the change in thought which must precede the Social Revolution is making real and substantial progress in this district as well as in other parts of the world. G. S.

NORWICH.—We had some grand demonstrations at Norwich on the occasion of the opening of our new Club. Big meetings were held in the Market Place on Sunday, Mowbray, Coulon, and Mollet addressing them amid great enthusiasm. On Monday, eighty comrades sat down to tea at the opening of the Club. The festivities were opened by singing "No Master," by William Morris. Stirring revolutionary speeches were afterwards made by Mowbray, Coulon, J. Headley, and Poyntz. Our comrade Louise Michel was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present. After the meeting, songs and recitations were given by comrades, and dancing was kept up till late. The Club promises to be very successful, and Anarchism is making such a way in Norwich that a local paper wonders if they are going in for "another battle of Ham Run next winter." This is a reference to a famous unemployed riot at Norwich in 1887, when the people helped themselves to food. Mowbray was afterwards sent to prison for nine months by "Justice" Grantham, for boldly telling the starving people to help themselves. W. G. C.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

Darley	-	-	-	0	2	0	C. E. Skerritt	-	-	1	1	0
J. T. D.	-	-	-	0	2	0	C. S.	-	-	0	2	0
Two collections at Wanstead	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6	8

A Meeting will be held at the Autonomie Club on Sunday next, Sept. 6th, at 4 p.m., to arrange for the Chicago Martyrs Celebration.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

- Commonweal Club*.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- London*.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

Comrades and friends in Sheffield willing to support the Sheffield Anarchist School, please communicate to Cyril Bell, at 47, West Bar Green. Adults and children of either sex admitted. Fees voluntary.

A GRAND CONCERT will be given on Saturday, September 12th, at 273, Hackney Rd., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, admission by Programme, 6d., to be obtained of all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Unless comrades and friends give us more monetary support, this will be the last weekly issue of the "Commonweal." We are sorry to make this announcement, as we have in hand a translation of Louise Michel's famous play, "The Strike," the first instalment of which, if the paper continues, will appear in the next number. Our deficit amounts to £1 weekly, if comrades will guarantee this sum, we can keep the paper going, not only through the autumn, but through the winter. If this is impossible we shall have to stop publication. We shall not make another appeal.

DEATH TO THE TYRANTS!!!

EVERY day the failure of the New Trade Unionism becomes more and more apparent. This is even so upon the showing of its leaders. We hear on the authority of Mr. Fred. Hammil, the President of the Busmen's Union, that among these organised workers nearly a thousand men have been discharged. Their places have been taken by the blacklegs whom the companies have engaged upon the pretext that the shortening of the hours of labour from fifteen to twelve hours a day, have made these "new men" necessary; the "new men" being now used to oust the old hands. Mr. Hammil points out also, that the companies having, as they think, terrorised the men by these wholesale dismissals, are now bringing pressure to bear upon those who remain, to sign agreements to go back to the old hours, which many of them through fear have done, while some of the blacklegs who have taken the place of the old hands are working for 4s. 6d. instead of 5s. a day. Mr. Hammil talks about another strike, and says that the discontent among the men is "seriously dangerous." We hope that it is, and that it may quickly take a form that will be very "dangerous" to the directors of these companies. But if the men strike they cannot win by "peaceful and constitutional action." The companies have engaged too many blacklegs for that. It must be made positively "dangerous" for any of these people to take a bus out of the yard. No quarter must be given to blacklegs, and the "leaders" must not attempt to paralyze the revolutionary action of the men by "peace at any price" councils, like those given at the recent strike.

The busmen must thank the leaders of the Dockers' Union for their present position. If these gentlemen had not allowed the Dock Companies to oust the casual labourers by importation of blacklegs last November, the Bus Companies would never have tried on the same ingenious dodge. The leaders of the dockers shrank from a fight, because it would involve "violence" and possibly bloodshed. If the same craven spirit is shown by the leaders of the busmen, the capitalists will attack the unions everywhere, and wholesale discharge of union men become the order of the day.

During the late Bus Strike the bus directors were greatly horrified, because, they said, the men were starving the horses. These directors have no objection to dooming the men to starvation; they do not care if their wives and children die of hunger. Mr. Hammil tells us that a "Companies' and Bus Masters' Association" has been formed, and the men who are discharged in shoals are boycotted all round, and that it is impossible for them to get employment at their old trade. The same policy has been pursued at the docks, and what chance have discharged men of getting employment at any other trade, when the labour market is filled with unemployed, when an old trade union like the London Society of Compositors has 1200 men, or 10 per cent. of its members out of work. The capitalists have entered into a deliberate conspiracy to crush the workers by starvation. What does it matter to them if women are driven upon the streets, if little children die of hunger, so long as the idle shareholders may get a good dividend? They care for the horses, the horses must not starve, they are valuable property, but as to the men, "Let them cower beneath the whip of Capital, the lash of hunger."

The consideration the directors have shown for their valuable

property, the horses, has suggested to some, that the death of a few of these valuable animals by poison, might perhaps show these gentlemen that it is dangerous to drive men to desperation. I do not think so, the horses lives are too valuable, they have harmed no one, but I hold a different opinion concerning the lives of the inhuman scoundrels, who are avenging themselves upon the workers who have revolted against their tyranny and slavery, by starving their wives and children to death. For these cold-blooded murders, these craven hounds are responsible. Let the workers remember this, that the first man who loses a child through hunger, should send a bullet through the heart of one at least of the masters, who, by depriving the father of employment, has done this hideous deed. Nothing but the sudden death of a capitalist despot, will teach his brethren to pause in their war of extermination against the workers.

What are the busmen going to do? If they are not too dispirited and broken down, they will strike, and what does a strike mean? Serious street fighting, in which the policemen will be powerless, and then, if the rich think they can trust them, they will order out the soldiers, and the middle classes will have the opportunity they have been longing for so long. They will then be able to massacre the workers. We hope that the spirit of revolt is strong enough in the army for the soldiers to refuse, but it is possible that a regiment might be brought down, that could be bribed or coerced into murdering their brethren.

Let us picture the scene that would follow. Imagine it if you please fine gentlemen of the capitalist classes, who "Don't hesitate to shoot."

The soldiers have fired, the massacre is over. There on the cold stones lie the bodies of your victims; an old man, his silvered hair reddened with blood; a nursing mother, the babe at her breast cries piteously, unheeded, she will never caress her child again; a brave lad, handsome and graceful, filled with the hope of youth, he dreamed of a new and fairer world, of sweeping away injustice and cruelty, and there he lies, his blood weltering up from a wound in his breast. It is a brutal massacre like this that the middle classes are preparing for, and sooner or later it will come about. If the workers are hindered by fine sentiments of humanity from killing their tyrants, their tyrants will have little scruple in murdering them.

Well, let them begin. Whether the massacre is made to quell a strike, a no-rent campaign, or a bread riot, it will teach the people one thing, and that is, to have as little respect for the lives and property of these cannibal ogres, the rich, as any Anarchist living. Do these monsters know that their warehouses, banks, and factories, with all their accumulated wealth, lie unprotected in the midst of the people? Do they know that the red blood that crimsones the stones of the street, flares up into flame, and in the midst of the roar and blaze of fire, their wealth would vanish like an empty dream? Do they know that the very science which famishes and murders the workers at the bidding of the capitalists, has provided the poor with a simple compound, which, properly used, places them at their mercy, while the "palatial residences" in which the rich "reside," are so widely scattered in remote suburbs, that no force at their command can prevent the slaughter of the noxious vermin, by the blowing up of their holes. If the capitalists murder men, women, and children among the poor, then there is no reason why mercy should be extended to the capitalist tiger, his dam, and her cubs.

Let the rich begin the war of extermination. We can retaliate, and it shall be a war without truce and mercy. Dynamite and revolvers are cheap, and the people will soon learn how to use them.

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA.

(Continued from page 106.)

BUT it is especially against the corn monopolists and the farmer generals that the placards are used. Every time there is an effervescence among the people the placards announce the "St. Bartholomew" of intendants and farmer generals. These sweaters are all detested by the people; the placards condemn them to death in the name of the "council of the people"—in the name of the "popular

parliament," and later on, when the time arrives to make a riot, it is against the exploiters, whose names have appeared so often in the placards, that the popular fury is directed.

A tremendous part was played in the revolutionary agitation by the placards, and if it were possible to bring all the placards together that appeared in thousands during the ten or fifteen years which preceded the revolution, we might get some idea of the part played by this agitation in bringing about that uprising. The placards though jovial and mocking at first, grew more and more menacing as the day of revolution approached, till they urged the people into open revolt, when the "day of liberation and vengeance" dawned at last.

Burning and quartering in effigy was very common in the years before the revolution. Among the ministers of Louis XV., the most detested among the people was his chancellor, Maupeou. One day when a crowd gathered in the street, voices were heard to cry: "the decree of parliament which condemns the Sieur Maupeou to be burnt alive and his ashes thrown to the four winds;" after which a figure of the chancellor, arrayed in all his decorations, was carried to the statue of Henry IV. and burnt amid the shouts of the crowd. On another day they hang to the lamp-post the effigy of Abbé Teray, in ecclesiastical costume and white gloves. At Rouen they quarter Maupeou in effigy, and when the police interfere with a procession they form, they carry, hanging by the feet, the figure of a corn monopolist, the corn falling in a shower from its nose, mouth, and ears.

These effigies are splendid propaganda, and far more likely to attract public attention than any amount of talking or writing, which appeals only to a small number of the converted. Of course some "superior persons" may look upon the burning of effigies as childish, but it is worth noting, as has been well pointed out, that some of the most notable events in the Revolution: the attack on the house of Reveillon—the capitalist who said workmen ought to live on sevenpence a day—the execution of the tyrant Foulon—who told the starving people to "eat grass,"—and Berthier his son-in-law, would never have occurred if this action had not been suggested by the execution of straw figures years before.

The Revolutionists of this period used every means in their power to get up riots and tumults, so as to accustom the people by the preliminary skirmishes to descend into the streets and defy the police, troops, and cavalry. Thus the people gained courage for such grand outbreaks as the 14th of July and the 10th of August.

"Every circumstance of public life in Paris and the provinces was utilised in this way. If public opinion has obtained from the King the resignation of a detested minister, there are rejoicings and illuminations with which to celebrate it. To attract the people they explode petards, and let off fuses in such quantities that, in certain narrow streets one treads cautiously." If money is scarce they stop the passers-by, and demand of them "politely, but with firmness," say contemporary writers, "a few sous to divert the people." Then when the crowd is closely packed, the orators begin speaking, to explain and comment upon these events, and clubs are organised in the open air. And if troops or cavalry arrive to disperse the crowd, they hesitate before employing violence against these peaceable men and women, so much the more as the explosion of the fuses before the horse and foot soldiers, amid the shouts and roars of laughter of the public, cools the impetuosity of those who would advance into the midst of the people."

"In provincial towns, the chimney-sweeps parody the 'Bed of Justice' of the King, everybody roaring with laughter to see a man with his face blacked taking off the King or his wife. Acrobats and jugglers give their performances on the marketplace among thousands of spectators, and they let fly in the middle of their droll performance, some shafts aimed at the rich and the powerful. A mob forms, the talk becomes more and more threatening, and then 'Woe to the rich or great man whose carriage appears in the midst of the excited scene; he will certainly be roughly handled by the crowd.'"

Thus those middle-class propagandists spread the spirit of revolt. When intelligent men cannot be found to get mobs together, jesters are employed, and then, once the mob is collected, the men of action step to the front, and by their deeds make propaganda. All this was done on one side of the general revolutionary situation, starvation, and misery among the masses; their discontent growing fiercer every day, as they hear of fresh scandals among the rich idlers, and on the other the pamphlets, the placards, the executions in effigy. All these fill the people with courage and fury, and the mobs become more and more "dangerous." To-day the Archbishop of Paris is beset in a cross way; to-morrow it is a duke or count who is thrown into the river; on another day the crowd amuse themselves by hooting the members of the Government as they pass through the streets; the acts of revolt vary infinitely before the day, when a spark is sufficient to kindle a revolt, and a revolt a revolution.

Those who read the works of middle-class historians are frequently assured that these revolts proceeded from vagabonds, idlers, and scoundrels, but unfortunately it can be proved that the people who set the idlers and scoundrels at work were portly middle-class gentlemen, who, with their pockets filled with gold, sought the "ill-famed taverns" of the poor quarters of Paris in search of allies armed with clubs, whom they egged on to hoot my lord the Archbishop of Paris. No doubt the pious Puritans in the previous century could also have been found in similar places, when it was necessary to find ringleaders for the mobs that attacked the palace of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. Nay, don't the rich incite to riot and disorder at the present day, when political opponents or Anarchists are concerned? Of course they do; but riot and disorder is perfectly justifiable when the interests of the

rich are concerned, it is only when the poor attempt to use the same weapons that the strong arm of the law is invoked to crush the "sedition."

But perhaps the most interesting portion of French revolutionary history to Anarchists is the revolt of the French peasants, and the means by which it was brought about. While the Revolution of the middle-classes was directed against the governmental institutions of the day, the revolt of the peasants was a social revolt, which had for its object the restoration of the communal lands, stolen by the nobles, to the people, and which, after raging for four years, resulted in forcing from the "democratic" National Convention what the peasant had already obtained by "riot and disorder."

"We know that the Revolution would only have ended in a microscopic limitation of the royal power, if peasant France had not risen from one end of the country to the other, and maintained during four years—Anarchy—the spontaneous revolutionary action of groups and individuals, freed from all tutelage of governments. We know that the peasant would have remained the mere beast of burden of his lord but for the Jacquerie (peasant revolts) from 1788 to 1793—that is the epoch when the Convention was forced to consecrate by law what the peasants had already obtained by deed—the abolition without compensation of all feudal dues, and the restoration to the communes of the land which had been stolen by the rich under the old regime. It would have been hopeless to await the justice of the Assembly, if the vagabonds and the Sans Culottes had not thrown into the parliamentary scale the weight of their clubs and their pikes."

The revolutionary agitation among the peasants was not carried on by attacks against the Queen, but by an agitation directed against the local tyrants and sweaters, the nobles, the wealthy clergy, the corn monopolists, and the rich middle-class. Pamphlets and "flying leaves" were useless, as the peasant could seldom read. Therefore rude caricatures, roughly printed or drawn by hand, were scattered through the villages, with inscriptions brief and strong, attacking their enemies both at court and at home. In these rich lords and ladies are represented in a horrible form as "vampires sucking the blood of the people," thus was hatred stirred up among the peasants against their tyrants.

Sometimes a revolt is produced by a written placard fastened to a tree, promising the approach of better times, and telling of the revolts that had broken out from one end to the other of France.

Among the peasants, secret societies were formed under the name of "Jacques," to set fire to the grange of the lord, to destroy his game, and sometimes to kill him. On several occasions a dead body is found in a manor-house pierced to the heart with a knife, attached to the blade of which is a piece of paper bearing this inscription: "This is from Jacques."

Sometimes a lord driving home in his carriage to his domain is attacked on the verge of a ravine by peasants, who, with the help of his postillion, garrote him and roll him down to the bottom of the ravine. In his pocket is afterwards found a paper, "This is from Jacques." On another day at the junction of two cross roads, a passer-by comes upon a gallows bearing this inscription, "The lord who takes his rent will be hanged on this gallows, and whoever dares to pay rent to the lord will share the same fate." And the peasant who does not want to pay rent is easily prevailed upon to refuse, especially as he feels there is hidden force behind him which will protect him in his refusal.

Placards are appearing continually stating that there is no rent to pay, that they must burn the chateaux and the rent books; that the Council of the people has passed a decree as follows:—"Bread! no more rent or taxes." "A word of command that flies through the villages. A word of command that can be understood by all, which reaches the heart of the mother whose children have not eaten for three days, which stirs the mind of the peasant harassed by the rural police who have wrung from him his arrear of taxes." "Down with the monopolists!" "and the magazines are forced, the convoys of corn stopped, and the revolt breaks loose in the province." "Down with the tolls," "and the barriers are forced, the toll collectors bludgeoned, the towns lacking money, revolt in their turn against the central power which asks it of them." "To the fire with the register of taxes, the account books, the archives of the municipalities," and the papers burn in 1789. The central power is disorganised, the lords emigrate, and the revolution extends more and more its circle of fire."

Like all great popular revolutions, the French revolution shows us the great scale the disorganisation of the State by the popular revolt. Thanks to the propaganda carried on for years before by middle class revolutionists and men of the people, "of whom history has not even preserved the names," not only were the people filled with the spirit of revolt, but it even extended to the sons of the people in the armed forces of the King, and when the day of revolution came, the soldiers refused to fire upon their brethren, and the mighty monarchy of France collapsed like a house of cards before the popular storm. But you may read the story of the French Revolution in Carlyle, we are only dealing now with the methods by which that tremendous upheaval was brought about.

Now, can we make any use of the methods adopted by the English Puritans and the French middle classes? I think so. Already we have made some use of these means of propaganda. The sensational leaflet has already made its appearance—"The German Emperor—Damn Him;" not to mention others also of a startling character. As to the placard, does any inhabitant of Norwich forget that ominous threat that appeared on their walls in a written placard in 1887. "If

work is not found for the unemployed, they will quickly make some," and which caused such mighty consternation in the breast of the doughty Chief Constable, especially as Mowbray was released from prison at the same time, that he called out a strong force of special constables to defend the houses and shops of the rich from sack and pillage. Later, another appeared, calling upon the shoemakers on strike to pay "No Rent." A similar announcement appeared in the East End during the Dock Strike. "No Rent in the East End till the Docker gets his Tanner." At the same time another was posted on the walls,—"Down with the Sweaters. Let all the sweated poor thrown down their work and declare a General Strike." All these placards have made far more propaganda, by the talk and interest they have excited, than any amount of abstract teaching. They are a means of attraction to the educational propaganda, they force revolutionary ideas upon the attention of the people who would otherwise not trouble their heads about them. Let us then, not only put the middle-classes in fear of their stolen wealth by placards and leaflets, but let us hold up the sweaters, rack-renters, and grinders of the poor, to mockery, ridicule, and detestation. Burning these tyrants in effigy is still better propaganda. Do our friends remember how Norwood was hung on the gallows during the Dock Strike, or how the Social Democrats flung an effigy of Endacott to the crowd in Trafalgar Square, who promptly tore it to pieces? We Anarchists have not forgotten the intense excitement among the police force and the general public in London, by the mere announcement of our intention of burning Sir Charles Warren in effigy on Clerkenwell Green. The capitalist press took plenty of notice of this propaganda, and we may be sure that the attention of the people was attracted by it.

Let our comrades everywhere burn or hang policemen, lawyers, rulers, sweaters, and rack-renters. Let them attack and threaten the slave-drivers in leaflets and placards, and we shall not have to complain of the lack of public interest in our educational propaganda. The more active we are in "Revolutionary Propaganda," the larger will be our audience, and the greater the public interest in the doctrines of these "terrible Anarchists" who are never quiet, and of whom everyone is talking. We must stir up the same spirit of mocking audacity by leaflets, pamphlets, and placards. We must spread more and more the Spirit of Revolt among the people by our words and actions, as did the middle-class revolutionists of the last two centuries, and we shall soon see that our labour has not been in vain.

THE MODERN SHYLOCK and his 40 per cent.

ON August 18th, the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in Brunner, Mond, and Co., chemical manufacturers, was held at Liverpool.

The report of the directors for the working of the half-year, ending June 30th, shows a profit of £187,964, which, with the amount carried forward from the previous half-year, gave a total of £198,003. The directors proposed a dividend on the ordinary capital at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum, absorbing £117,500; a dividend of 7 per cent on the preference capital, absorbing £15,353; and recommend £50,000 to be carried forward to reserve and £12,650 to be carried forward, £2,500 being written off the patent account.

A dividend of 40 per cent.!! At this rate the shareholders will get "their" capital back in two-and-a-half years; but what about the men who slave for the benefit of these pot-bellied gentlemen? In Tom Mann's paper, the *Trade Unionist*, appears a frightful account of the tortures suffered by the men who slave in these chemical factory hells, for the benefit of greedy monopolists. Read there how the "teeth and gums of the salt-cake men employed are eaten away by the acid given off by the fumes; read how lime men are forced to work in a "fine mist of lime," their faces so swathed up for protection against the lime that breathing is a terrible effort, and after all the lime gets in and "inflicts its bite." The packer, also, to whose work "the duties of the lime men are as child's play," has to enter a chamber which has for several days been charged with "chlorine gas," and work amid a "tremendous heat" in an atmosphere charged with its "deadly fumes." They work under these conditions ten or twelve hours a day; thus these men are slowly murdered in a most horrible way, by a process which might make a "sworn tormentor" of the middle ages shudder, to supply these modern Shylocks with their 40 per cent. The Spanish Inquisitions are mild compared with the hideous tortures inflicted upon the workers by the pious and godly middle classes in their greedy pursuit of gain. Mr. John T. Brunner, chairman at the recent meeting of the shareholders, who was so thoroughly exposed by H. H. Champion in the *Labour Elector*, is a Gladstonian M.P., whose heart bleeds over the wrongs of oppressed Ireland. We wonder if his sympathetic heart is deeply pained, when he rattles in his pockets, his share of the 40 per cent. dividend, crimsoned with the bloody sweat of his tortured men. But Mr. Brunner and his brother shareholders are only types of their class. No matter whether the capitalist belongs to one political party or another; whether they are called Tory, Liberal, or Radical, they are the same cruel, remorseless devils, fiends who devour the poor, monsters to whose ears the groans, the tears, the cries of agony of wretched humanity are as music, so long as their grasping fingers can gather in the gold, the produce of the workers' toil. Starve no longer, wretched workers, for the pleasure of these wretches, take your own, the wealth you have created by your slavery, and if these devils resist you, a sharp knife or a bomb of dynamite will rid you of them for ever. After all, it would be a blessing to humanity to sweep these demons from the face of the earth.

TRIUMPH OF "CONSTITUTIONAL ACTION."

It is not long ago since we had a psalm of thanksgiving from the "Labour Press" over the return of some forty Labour representatives to the Australian House of Commons. These people were going to carry all before them, and we were almost led to expect that the Australian workers would get the Social Revolution in a fortnight, by strictly "legal and constitutional means" of course. Now it appears there is a row in the Labour party, and one section, the smallest, composed of Protectionists, are calling the others "traitors," because in the words of Mr. Kelly, one of the Protectionists' Labour members, "they are voting for a ministry containing such men as Mr. Mc Millain, the treasurer, and "Shoot 'em, down Smith." Those who read our accounts of the Great Strike, will remember that these ministers did their utmost to crush the strikers by main force, and now the majority of the "Labour party" are going to do their utmost to keep these scoundrels in office, because they have "promised" some "reforms." Three cheers for Parliamentary action, which has resulted in this glorious triumph! Of course, one section of the "leaders" are in the pay of one political party, while the others take the gold off the other. We shall see the same sort of thing here soon, but of course the workers who believe in "leaders" will always be sold. Those who would like to read the details of this interesting little row are recommended to search the columns of the London *Daily Chronicle* for Tuesday, August 25th. Go on voting, you stupid asses; pin all your faith to your "leaders," and see how they will trick and befool you. Put them into Parliament, and they will select people like Norwood, Livesey, Raikes, and Matthews, to govern and rob you. "Long live the law and the Constitution!"

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

THE great attraction in France to-day is the Anarchist trip of comrade Sebastian Faure, who is going to lecture all over France, stopping at every town, where one comrade, at least, will invite him. It is a tremendous task he undertakes, but the result will be immense for Anarchy. He is the best debater we know, and we may predict that anyone going to listen to his lectures, is sure to be captivated by the charm of his eloquence and the simplicity of his arguments. He will come over to London about Christmas.

Fourmies is in itself an epoch in the revolutionary struggle against masters, the whole district being on strike again, and the troops remaining since the 1st of May. The cavalry charged the mob, several strikers falling into the river; two manufacturers are ruined, others are bankrupt, and the factories are closed altogether. Now, if only half of the French towns had as good a record as little Fourmies, the revolution would be an accomplished fact, for the bourgeois would soon cease to pay the taxes if the workers refused to produce on the old system; and to produce on the Anarchist system would mean "No Master, high or low."

SPAIN.

If proofs were needed to ascertain the widespread views of Anarchism in this country, one has only to look on the various Anarchist papers, where one can see five and six columns in each paper devoted to the worker's movement, strikes, meetings, etc. If the reports were of Social Democrats they would not come to Anarchist papers for insertion, that is plain.

ITALY.

The Anarchist paper *La Favilla* has re-appeared in Mantua. It had to stop its publication on account of the devilish tricks of the Government. We wish success to our comrades in Mantua.

The power which the Italian Monarchy has over the Swiss Republic is shown by the high-handed tyranny towards our valiant comrade Malatesta. Although his time of imprisonment is over long since, the Republic dare not release him. So much the worse for the bourgeois, the sufferings of each one of us means popularity for our ideas; the capitalists could not help us better.

A new Italian group has been formed in London by our comrades in Soho; their meetings are well attended.

GERMANY.

An Anarchist trial will take place in Berlin in the course of this month. Eight persons are accused of having distributed prohibited prints. Two of the defendants were arrested in Stuttgart a few months ago and brought to Berlin.

"Bread Duty" is the title of an article which appeared in No. 198 of the *Breslau Volkswacht* (People's Guard), and in consequence of which legal proceedings were instituted, not only against the author and editor, but also against the compositor, printer, proof reader, and some other persons connected with this paper.

An official return shows that between July 1st and 15th, 145 suicides occurred in Berlin.

Twenty-three thousand men were employed last year in Krupp's cannon factories.

On August 29th, the Court of Essen pronounced the term of three months imprisonment upon a miner of Braubauerschaft for having incited the miners of "Wilhelmina Victoria," on April 28th last, to disobey the law and strike.

It is reported that the suppression of the Red Carnation Choral Society at Schöneberg, near Berlin, was due to the discovery that some of its members were strongly imbued with Socialistic ideas.

Referring to a report in the *Daily News* by its Paris correspondent (Mrs. Crawford) about an interview she alleged to have had with Liebknecht, shortly after the Congress, in which he is said to have spoken in terms of praise of the Emperor, the *Vorwärts* of the 4th inst., (Liebknecht's paper) states that during his recent stay in Paris, Liebknecht had no interview with the correspondent of the *Daily News*, nor with any other English journalist.

ANARCHISTS IN THE POLICE COURT.

Two of our comrades, Leggatt and Jane, have recently been summoned before some of our "justices" of the peace. Leggatt was brought up by an officious policeman on the charge of obstruction and "abusive language," the "abusive language" consisting in telling the clod-hopper in blue, that as Leggatt was one of the public, and policemen are supposed by a legal fiction to be public servants, therefore the policeman was Leggatt's servant. The policeman showed how much the legal fiction was worth by accusing Leggatt of "abusive language," for telling him he was a "public servant," and strange to say the alderman was equally indignant when Leggatt gave him the same information, and threatened to commit him for contempt of court. "Public servants," of course they are not, they are our masters and rulers.

Comrade Jane committed the offence of speaking on Wanstead Flats in defiance of the "authorities." He refused, however, to appear before the local beaks, in answer to a summons, which, though issued on the 31st of August, ordered him to appear on the 5th of that month. As this was not possible our comrade did not go, which did not prevent the intelligent local beaks fining him £3, or in default, twenty-one days. The warrant for our comrade's arrest has not been executed yet, though he went down and spoke again on the prohibited ground last Sunday. Leggatt and Cantwell also spoke to about six hundred people without the least police interference.

THE PROPAGANDA.

DEAR COMRADES,—One of our great difficulties in getting speakers from other towns and opening up new stations is, meeting the expense of the railway fare. That being so, could not we avail ourselves of the different trips, until someone invents a means of—I won't say robbing the railway companies,—but preventing them robbing us. We in Leicester, feel the desirability of fresh lecturers, and have had probably more of them than any other town; but when the distance is a hundred miles, and the collection only comes to what will pay half the fare, we don't like it. What I have to suggest is embodied in the following examples:—On the 13th, there is a half-day trip from this town to Manchester, fare 3s. 6d., and on the 15th, a day-trip to London, fare 5s. In each case, if a meeting were organised and a speaker wanted from here, over 10s. would be saved. Similarly, if we wanted speakers from Manchester or London, and there happened to be a trip to Leicester. I am aware that collections would not be as large on week-days (when trips take place) as Sundays; but this could, I think, be remedied by two things, advertising the meeting with some of the money—that makes the difference between the trip-fare and the full-fare, and collecting for deficiency on the succeeding Sunday, when a local speaker could fill the gap. We should require to notify one another of the trips of course. I feel sure that the people would soon get accustomed to the week-night addresses, and attend them as well as the Sunday ones. It would probably create greater interest in the audiences, bring ourselves closer together for mutual encouragement and advice, and the be means of starting branches in towns where there are none.

Yours in the Cause, T. B.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

"COMRADE,—Please allow me to contradict your statement that Anarchists were excluded from the Brussels Congress by a unanimous vote. The English Nationality Committee accepted the mandate of the only Anarchist delegate sent from England, and reluctantly bowed to the decision of the whole Congress on the matter, as they were in a great minority thereon. It is not a matter of any moment, but incidentally I may inform you that Dr. Aveling was not the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Yours fraternally,

J. HUNTER WATTS."

[Hunter Watts is right when he says that the delegate of the Autonomie was admitted by the English section, but their foreign comrades did their best to expel him, and his position was made as "unpleasant" as possible. We think also that the English Trade Unionists and Social Democrats, who profess to love "Free Speech," might have done something more; surely they might, at least, have entered a protest against the expulsion of Anarchist workmen, who had as much right to be in a "Socialist" Congress, as any Social Democrat or Shiptonite Trade Unionist. All "Labour organisations and Socialist Societies" were invited. Have not Anarchists as much right to the title of Socialist as the Parliamentary humbugs who only usurp the name?—ED.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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NOTICES.

LONDON.

- Commonweal Club*.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

- Aberdeen*.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

- London*.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

Comrades and friends in Sheffield willing to support the Sheffield Anarchist School, please communicate to Cyril Bell, at 47, West Bar Green. Adults and children of either sex admitted. Fees voluntary.

A GRAND CONCERT will be given on Saturday, September 26th, at 273, Hackney Rd., for the benefit of the *Commonweal*, admission by Programme, 6d., to be obtained of all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE :

Gertrude. (Secretly married to Vladimir.)
Mache,
Reita, } Sisters, betrothed to two brothers who have been hanged.
Vladimir.
Neme,
Zwiriki, } Revolutionists.
Orloffski,
The People of Warsaw.
The Grand Duke and his suite.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY :

Eleazar, a Financier.
Gertrude, wife to Eleazar.
Marius,
Eother, } children of Eleazar by a former wife.
Nicaise.
Silvester, styled Baron Ulysses.
Madame de Bleuze, a sick woman.
Madame de Roseray.
Blanche,
Marguerite, } daughters of Madame de Roseray.
Fischermen ; Miners ; Crowds ; Soldiers ; Foolish old Women ; Mashers ; etc.

PROLOGUE.

(*The Rose Legend.*)

(The Scene is outside a villa near Warsaw. Clumps of trees and statues are disposed about the stage. The villa is sheltered by a hillside which hides the Modlin road from view and which faces a suburb. It is a bright moonlight night and the ground is covered with snow. In the background two gallows are dimly seen, with corpses hanging from them.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Gertrude, Vladimir, before the villa (*Gertrude is in mourning and both characters are in Russian dress.*)

Vladimir. Are you not cold, Gertrude?

Gertrude. No.

Vladimir. It is brave of you to come (*Gertrude smiles.*). I am proud of you. You yourself will give the signal so soon as the Grand Duke has passed.

Gertrude. 'Tis what I was looking forward to doing. The situation of this place near the Modlin road along which he is to pass, the solitude in which I live since my father's death makes it natural that I should be chosen.

Vladimir. Don't think that ; we have chosen the one most to be trusted. This signal means our lives, — nay more than our lives, a people's freedom, — more than that perhaps. Warsaw this time may be as the spark to fire the world.

Gertrude. Do you believe that mere love of freedom can fire men's hearts?

Vladimir. Certainly. The slavish mob of men only become free Humanity by means of an ever growing yearning of vast multitudes after truth and a true ideal,—a yearning which is like the attraction of steel to a magnet.

Gertrude. Ah, there are things stronger than the ideal, our desires and lusts. Evil is stronger than good ; or rather there is no evil and no good ; each one follows his bent.

Vladimir. Gertrude, dearest, the artificial laws of violent men have caused these fatal inclinations of which you speak. True harmony will only be established upon the ruins of the old world.

Gertrude. Dreams ! You, for example, follow your own bent,—towards Utopia.

Vladimir. Is not the Utopia of one age ever the reality of the next ? Only the ideal is true. What is law but the ideal ? What is death for freedom but the ideal ? Are we not happy because all depends on you this fearful night ? Again an ideal !

Gertrude. Yes, truly !

Vladimir. How oddly you say that ! Everything about you is strange ; 'tis the reason I love you. Why are you so cold at this moment, which may be our last ?

Gertrude. Why do you wrap yourself up in these misty dreams of yours ?

Vladimir. Is it my fault if in your presence my thoughts take too wild a flight ?

Gertrude. Explain to me the signal.

Vladimir. It is impossible to make a mistake. You see that rock halfway along the hill. From that rock so soon as the Grand Duke and his escort has passed, you must raise the torch in your hand,—the torch which is to be our guiding-star. Ah, why can not I remain near you ?

Gertrude. I had rather be alone. Be calm, Vladimir.

Vladimir. How can I be calm when I am about to gain all that I love,—freedom and you. After our victory, will you still refuse to acknowledge yourself my mate before all of them ? Will you not then cease to make a mystery of our union, of our love, of our child ?

Gertrude. You speak of victory. Is not victory quite uncertain ?

Vladimir. 'Tis impossible that we should be beaten this time. Do you remember how sad you made your father and me by insisting that our marriage should be kept secret, that the birth of Marpha should be concealed. You are like your own sphinx-like smile ; 'tis your unknown depths which trouble me and attract me to you. I adore you, adore you to death,—as the Hindoos used to worship their gods.

Gertrude (coldly). Here are your friends.

(*To be continued.*)

WHY CREAGHE WON'T PAY POOR RATES!

Comrade Creaghe is doing some more practical propaganda, by refusing to pay poor-rates. He has taken the opportunity to explain his views on the subject, in the *Sheffield Independent*. His letter is so good and interesting that we reprint the whole of it:—

TO THE EDITOR.—I have been summoned to the Town Hall, to show cause why I have not paid and refuse to pay poor rate levied on me. My answer is in the first place that I do not wish to do anything that I ought not to do, and I think it is wrong to continue paying such demands. It is wrong because the whole system is wrong which is supported by these payments, and to pay to support an evil institution, to pay to support anything or any system which is wrong, is plainly immoral. Suppose, for instance, a law was made to support brothels, if such a thing could be done ; would not all here cry against it, and advise every one to resist payment of taxes levied for the purpose ? And yet that would not, in my mind, be nearly so immoral as payment to support poor houses.

Why have we poor houses ? I may be answered because we have poor—but that is not the real reason, for poor houses have been established, not because there are so many poor, but because those people whose selfish interest makes other people poor, fear that these should revindicate their right to live upon the earth, which is the inalienable right of all, and should claim the share that is due to them of the production which results from the labour of the workers. Poor houses have been established because the monopolisers of the means of life, while trying, in the reign of Henry VIII. and the "Good" Queen Bess, to put down vagrancy by hanging beggars by the thousand, found them increasing in such numbers that they began to plunder the rich, and so these rich, for their own sakes, and not at all for the sake of the poor, reluctantly established this prison system, which they call poor relief, and, instead of hanging the poor, shut them up in houses which are practically jails, and most grudgingly gave them food, in order to prevent them taking it by force.

Now, I am totally opposed to any plan or any system which has for its object merely the keeping of the poor alive, instead of doing justice to them ;

for I know that if justice were done there would be no poor, as there would be not rich either. "Man was not made", as has been said by Oscar Wilde, "to live like a badly fed animal", no, nor even like a well-fed animal, and even if the poor were well treated in workhouses, which they are not, but on the contrary, are treated like criminals or human rubbish, still they would feel the degradation of being shut up and fed in such places. Besides, it is most immoral and degrading to men to accept as a boon, whether from the so-called ratepayer or from the pious charity giver, that which they should demand as a right. As a right they will one day demand all that shall make poverty impossible, and I am one of those whose chief object in life is to induce the poor to make this demand as soon as possible, and, therefore, it is clear that I hate poor-feeding systems of any kind, be they poor-law systems or charity organisations.

The poor, instead of accepting any dole from the hands of their masters, must some day or another fight for their rights, and the sooner the better. The poor are the people who, when they are allowed to work, produce all the wealth of the community. While they are allowed to work by the class that owns all the means of production they are allowed to live—they are allowed to feed and clothe themselves. But as soon as any of them are feeble through age or sickness their places are taken by others more robust, and the enfeebled ones, who require really more care than before, are cast aside as human rubbish, or walled up in the Workhouse jail. Then, again, when the owners of the products of labour—the masters, the capitalists—find that the workers have supplied them with more things than are in demand, they then dismiss them to wander about and starve, though they are as well able to work as before, and most willing to do so, in order to support themselves and their families.

Shall I pay rates, the only object of which is to make this system bearable—for this is really the object of your Poor-law system; it is nothing more than a safety-valve for the benefit of the rich. But I don't want the system to be made bearable, and I think it most immoral to do anything to make injustice bearable for a time, or to endeavour to prolong it in the interest of a class.

But there is something more worth saying, and it is this, and it will serve to show the injustice of present day society. It is well-known that there would be no need whatever for poor rates, if in the so-called workhouses the inmates were allowed to work. Workhouses could be made self-supporting, and a good deal more, if in the rural districts the inmates were put to till the soil, and in other districts were put to other useful employments—yes, and the poor paupers would be much happier. But though people in the newspapers and out of them are always talking as if the more we could produce the better for us all, as it certainly ought to be, yet they soon find out, your shrewd business men do at least, that abundance when only secured with the object of profit for a few is not a desirable thing beyond a certain point. Your profit-mongers have seen that if paupers were allowed to support themselves by their own labour there would no longer be anything to make out of them by contracts, jobs, and trade swindles, and so that profit may be made—quite useless profit except to those who get it—the paupers must be condemned to idleness!

Let me tell you here that it is the same thing all round. If the people of England were allowed to make what they wanted for themselves, and exchange their products among themselves, there would be no room any longer for the profit-monger—the landlord, the capitalist, and all the greedy harpies that hang on to them, would have to go to work like the rest.

On principle, then, I refuse to pay poor rate, and if the law with its usual brutality says to me you will have to violate your principles, you must do what you believe it wrong to do, for we who represent the law will force you to do so, then all I have to say to the law is, come and take your pound of flesh wherever you can find it. Thanks to the law itself I have been left in that position that I can defy the law.

I had a practice which enabled me to live, but did not permit of my paying rent, but the brutal law sent its minions, and because I could not submit to be robbed, put it out of my power to earn a livelihood.

J. CREAGHE.

THE COMING STORM.

It is apparent on every hand, that the great social storm is already looming in the distance, and in spite of all the precautions that will be taken by the capitalists, parsons, and other people who have not the cause of suffering humanity at heart, the disaster which will follow in its train, is as yet incalculable. But one thing it certainly will do. It will blow down privileges which have existed for centuries; it will purge from our midst the drones who at present live upon the workers, and suck vampire-like, the best blood of our sons and daughters. The storm will cleanse the sinks of corruption and infamy of the aristocratic class; the class which speaks of the worker as belonging to the "great unwashed, the vulgar class, etc." and when the storm has expended itself, out of the ruins caused by it, will be built a new society where all are equals, where the wolf of want is not continually at our door.

Already the distant rumblings of this terrible storm are to be heard. Ask those men standing at the corners of our streets and alleys, why they are forcing this storm on, and you will receive, perhaps, the following answer: "Why do we force it on? Why, because we are out of work and hungry and covered in rags, yet on every hand we see plenty, good food, good clothing, good homes. What have we done, that we have not these necessities likewise? Why should we tramp through the streets for weeks and months, and yet not obtain work? Is not something wrong somewhere, that we are forced to go on like this, year after year, and ultimately perhaps, have to seek a home, when we are old and decrepid, in a workhouse?" Yes, these men will rise like a mighty avalanche, and bury all obstacles in their mighty embrace. When they know the power that they possess, then and only then will the storm break.

It is a great wonder that society has lasted as long as it has, considering the wretchedness and poverty that stares us every where in the face. Its crimes are so glaring, its hypocrisies so transparent that it is a matter for astonishment that it has not long ago ceased to exist on

account of its own rottenness. One man may own millions of pounds, grand palaces to live in, thousands of acres of land on which he can enjoy himself, while the toiler, slaves throughout his whole life, and when he comes to die, he finds that he is as poor—or poorer—as the day when he first started to work. His wife and children are clothed in shoddy garments, his food is of the adulterated class, his children are bundled off to earn a few shillings as early as possible. But what about the man who is weeks or months out of work. His clothes wear out, he begins to look dilapidated. Work he can not get, and if he begs, he is imprisoned for being without any visible means of subsistence. If he sleeps under some shed or door-way, he is locked up for being a vagrant! What is a man to do when he finds himself in this plight? Is he to meekly lay himself down and starve? Or shall he trust to Providence and wait till "it" seems fit to fill his empty stomach? Or shall he take that which appeases his hunger and keeps life within him? There is a question which is so plain, which ought to be carefully considered by every worker viz: "Shall I starve or steal?" If he has any brains in his head, he will certainly arrive at the conclusion that it is cowardly to beg or starve therefore he "takes", and no sensible person will blame him. It is useless blinking the fact, that the Social Revolution is close at hand. Whatever may be the results that follow in its train, it can not make matters any worse for the workers than they are at present. One thing it will do, yea more! It will make a clean sweep of kings, bishops, priests, land- and money-grabbers and usurers. It will crush out the drones and other parasites who at present feed upon the workman's labor. It will leave the worker a man, and not a mere slave. The Social Revolution will give to man the right to live and enjoy life, and have the fruits of his labor to better his own condition. In the new society (which will rise, Phoenix-like out of the ashes of our present society) it will be recognized that all men are equal, and that all men have an equal right to life and its pleasures. There will be no workhouses nor palaces, no princes nor beggars, no masters nor slaves. All will be brothers for all are equal. May the day of the Revolution soon be at hand, is the cry of every sensible man. Men of to-day ought to toil without ceasing to bring this "day" nearer to us. Each can do their iota, each man ought, to be a teacher to him, that has not yet seen the light. And when the day of Revolution comes, we will be ready to strike the blow which will give us Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

VICTORIOUS SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

THE Trade Union Congress was not a revolutionary assembly this year. No one expected it, the surprise has been that it has not been frankly reactionary even from a New Trade Union standpoint. It was notorious that the old school had endeavoured to pack the Congress, and had also tried to shut out the New Unions, by increasing the amount of the fees to be paid to the Parliamentary Committee for admission. Both schemes failed however, and the Congress has practically stuck to its resolution of last year regarding a Legal Eight Hours, with a slight qualification, that it shall not be introduced in any trade where a majority of the organised members protest by a ballot vote against it.

The Trade Unionists are therefore in advance of the members of the Fabian Society on the Eight Hours question, a matter which it might be well for these "moderate Socialists" to consider. Social Democracy is victorious all along the line, and in the gloomy years of trade depression, that are now upon us, there can be no question, that its power will increase, and Social Democrats of all schools will become the successors of Broadhurst, Shipton, and Co. and rule despotically in their stead.

But there is nothing in this to discourage Anarchists:

Social Democracy will run its course. Its leaders will only have the same power as their brethren in Germany, the movement will have its rise and fall, and as Republican Individualism of the Bradlaugh, Auberon Herbert school has given place to Social Democracy, so will Social Democracy fall before Anarchist-Communism. Perhaps one of the best proofs that we are in a revolutionary period, is the complete revolution in thought, that has taken place even among such reactionary gentlemen as Trade Union delegates in the short space of five years.

Five years ago the great Broadhurst ruled, and seemed so powerful that nought could overthrow him. Where were the leaders of the New Unionism? John Burns was a revolutionary orator, a leader of "riotous mobs" a "blatant agitator at street corners", Cunningham Graham was comparatively unknown, he had only just entered parliament, Tom Mann was lecturing to crowds of unemployed, on the Eight Hours question, and Keir Hardie was treated as a "presumptuous young man" for daring to lift his voice against the great Mr Broadhurst. In those days, it would not have been possible to have got more than 10 or 12 votes for a legal Eight Hours Day in a Trade Union Congress.

Now an Eight Hours resolution by Keir Hardie, who was once so contemptuously snubbed, is carried by an overwhelming majority. But look what has happened in the meantime to lift these leaders into popularity. The 8th of February, the breaking of club windows, the sacking of shops by starving and desperate men, the 13th of November, the Great Dock Strike, and the almost universal uprising of the sweated against their oppressors. What vast movements may lie in the future, which shall do for Anarchism, what these events have done for Social Democracy.

The phantom of the General Strike upreared its head in the Congress. Even mild Mr Burt admitted, though with sorrow, that a general

cessation of labour *might* be necessary in the future; just as he declared that the pauper and the millionaire were monstrosities that must disappear with advancing civilization. And sooner or later the General Strike must come to the front, whether Social Democratic labour leaders like it or not. They demand a Legal Eight Hours Day. What chance have they of getting it? Will either great political party give it them.

They admit the impossibility of this themselves, and moreover one of them, Mr Threlfall, declares that election pledges given by Liberal, Tory, or Radical, candidates are worthless. Are they going to send a majority of labour candidates to the House of Commons, to get it for them? They also admit that they are not likely to get more than 20 there in the next parliament, and it's hardly possible for these to force this measure through, against the combined opposition of both capitalist parties. But thanks to the Social Democratic propaganda, many workmen believe that an Eight Hours Day would prove their salvation.

And when these men are starving by thousands, they will not be inclined to wait till a capitalist Parliament gives them what they demand. There remains then but one method to take it. Partial strike are useless for this purpose as has been demonstrated by the Scottish Railwaymen and the Carpenters and Joiners.

The only method likely to succeed is a General Strike, a complete cessation of work in all trades and industries. Two millions men were represented at the Congress, if these alone ceased work on a given day, they could paralyse every branch of capitalist production. And sooner or later this will come about. When the day of action arrives, let the Anarchists go among the people and urge then not only to strike, but to seize on all the accumulated wealth, the produce of their labour, and all the means of production, distribution and exchange: land, capital, mines, railways, factories, machinery, etc. By this action we will make an end not only of long hours of labour, but of capitalism and landlordism, and sweep away completely all poverty and misery, all the oppression of the poor by the rich. "Down with the idlers and thieves! Wealth, freedom and happiness for all!" must be the battle cry of the people.

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC POLICEMAN.

SHORTLY after the formation of the first Socialist Society in Aberdeen we were favoured with a visit from Comrade Morris, reviewing that visit our Comrade said that he did not think the Socialist movement likely to make great progress here, because of the strong radical element existent in our midst. This enraged Comrade Leatham and a war of words ensued; whatever may have been our opinion then, as to whether, or not, the radical element was calculated to interfere with our progress, there can not now remain any "possible, probable, shadow of doubt", and we can now see that Comrade Morris spoke with his characteristic wisdom.

The following may serve to illustrate the above assertions.

Quite recently we were informed that several members of the Aberdeen Socialist Society were to stand for election to the Town Council. We have recently been favoured with their programme, which contains the following "revolutionary" measures; a complete inspection of the Gas Works, and an 8 hours day for municipal employees. The Community to take over the liquor traffic, the profit to be devoted to the building of artisans dwellings.

Doubtless our late Comrades can deal with the two last mentioned parts of their programme effectively. But we fail to see what claim any propagating such ideas can have to be called Socialist. However we may leave for the meantime, their miserable tinkering to the tender mercies of the "majority".

Additional proof of the reactionary policy being pursued by this Society was witnessed recently by their organisation of a demonstration on the Land Question. The following is a copy of the resolution put to the meeting.

"That this meeting, believing that the land of every country should belong to the whole people of that country, demands as immediate steps towards the complete restoration of the soil to its rightful owners (1) that statutory power be extended to County Councils to acquire such land as is at present out of cultivation, and that they be empowered to a farm it in the interest of the community; and (2) that a tax be imposed on all land values, to be gradually increased until it amounts to 20s. in the £1."

It was expected that this moderate proposal would secure the support of the Trade Council, and accordingly James Leatham asked the Town Clerk for the use of the Gordon College Grounds, for the procession to assemble in. This was done on behalf of Trades Council and the Socialist Society, and was done a day previous to asking that Councils co-operation. The Council now became enraged at this undue liberty with their good name, they refused by a vote of 49 to 13 to accept Mr. Leatham's apology, and would not give their support. Thus their prostitution of principle was rewarded.

An invitation to take part in the demonstration was received by the Aberdeen Revolutionary Socialist Federation. We agreed to attend on condition that we were allowed a platform of our own from which we were to speak on the land question from a "Socialist" point of view. This was granted, and we immediately set to work, making all preparations necessary for a good display. The result of our work was that we had a beautiful banner bearing the inscriptions "Revolutionary Socialism" on one side and "No Master" on the other. There was also an excellently executed picture, illustrative of "the real secret of England's greatness".

There was also a Cart on which was erected a gibbet and from which there hung a figure representative of Capitalism, by some unforeseen occurrence, it bore a striking resemblance to the G. O. M. On the figure there was a card bearing the words "His soul to hell may fly", other mottoes on the Cart were "Dynamite the social sore", "Speed the Revolution", "Vive la Commune", "Damn the British Constitution", etc. This was the means of attracting a deal of attention while the audience was assembling, however this was not to last long, murmurs were heard that the two cards "His soul etc." and "Damn the British Constitution" should be taken down. Mr. Leatham then appeared on the scene; he said that they were giving offence, and that Hyndman would not speak if they were to be carried in the procession. He said they would have to come down, which we refused. He then said that he would go on the cart and take them down, for his brave rutterance he was awarded a beauty cheer, from the Democratic Trades Unionists, and others of that ilk, however this apostle of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" thought discretion the better part of valour, and walked away for two Policemen. They also were set at defiance, and for some time things looked rather like the initiatory stages of the revolution; ultimately we agreed to take them down, but only under the most stern protest. The procession then marched off, Capitalism dangled most beautifully from the gibbet, and must have made many of the onlookers take the shivers. This will serve as a specimen of the doings of the Social Democrats in Aberdeen, it shows how men will betray the cause because of the hope of getting into Town Councils etc., and certainly shows that Social Democracy means "the Coming Slavery", we will therefore continue to show that it is far from being "The only thing that will do".

As some of our Social Democratic friends may perhaps think that Comrade Duncan exaggerates, it may be as well to quote the account in a capitalist paper, the Northern Daily News of August 31st. The reporter of this paper thus describes emblems carried by the Revolutionary Socialist Federation:

"The chief feature of their share in the procession was a fish cart—unwashed. On the front of the cart was erected a gibbet, from which, suspended by the neck, was the effigy of a man in full dress with tall hat, and provided with an eyeglass. Around the hat was a placard printed in red with the word "Capitalism" upon it. On front of the gibbet was a placard with the words "Dynamite the social cure" and behind that was another placard with the words "We'll have our land or die". On the back of the effigy was a large card containing the words "His soul to hell may fly", and affixed to the cart were other placards containing these words: "Vive la Commune", "All wealth to labour doth belong", "We'll turn things upside down", and "Speed the social revolution". On the cart itself were seated two young men, one clad in a red vest and the other with a red cap and a black mask. In addition to the cart the only other emblems carried by the revolutionary party were a hideous picture, representing a poverty stricken room, with a female figure stretched dead upon the floor, weeping children, and the words beneath, "The real secret of England's greatness", and a banner having on one side the words "Revolutionary Socialism", and on the other "No master".

Some of the respectable Trade Unionists objected to the revolutionary sentiments on the placards and to quote the report of the Northern Daily News:

A request was made to the men in the cart to pull down the placards containing the words "His Soul to Hell May Flay" and "Dynamite the Social Cure", but they refused to do so. The officials of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union and of the Shipwrights' and Shore Labourers' Societies then approached Mr. Leatham, the leader of the Aberdeen Socialist Society, and protested against the objectionable banners and sentiments; and as it was evident the demonstration would be a failure unless something were done, the Revolutionists were again urged to agree to the wishes of the majority. This they continued strongly of object to, one of the young men on the cart making an excited harangue, in which he endeavoured to show that the figure on the gibbet was not meant to represent any individual, but simply a principle. That explanation, however, did not satisfy the objectors, and very unwillingly at last the young man, amid protests from his confrere on the cart, began to take down the placard with the words "Dynamite, the social cure". As he was doing so, Mr. Leatham advanced with an inspector of police and a constable, and demanded that the objectionable sentiments should be removed. The occupant of the cart, however, resented this instruction, and said he did not remove the cards because the police were there. Some one in the crowd shouted out, "By what authority do you do it?" to which the emphatic reply came—"There's no authority here".

Therefore it stands upon record even in the capitalist press, that the Social Democrats have now become such lovers of law and order, that they call in the assistance of police! then to crush the Anarchists. The less we hear about Revolutionary Socialist Democracy in future, the better. Is this not a clear proof that a Social Democratic state would be a worse tyranny, than the rule of the capitalist. The effigy and placards have made excellent revolutionary propaganda in Aberdeen. They even attracted more attention than the great Mr. Hyndman. Cannot our comrades every where do more of this propaganda, it is a fine method of advertizing our principles, especially when Social Democrats try to suppress it by the help of police. "Mr." Leatham should apply to the "Scotland Yard" of Aberdeen, he would make a splendid police inspector. "Police Inspector Leatham", it sounds very well; an admirable title for this sham Socialist. Ed.

SHAMEFUL SENTENCES.

Six months imprisonment for the two starving men, Bruce and Primmer, who broke Bensons windows. Another poor devil Robert Wood, who broke the windows of the Mansion House, and besides attacking property insulted "law and authority" at the same time, got twelve. Who shall say that the propertied classes are not frightened. And they have reason. In the same paper in which appears the account of these brutal sentences, we read under their now familiar heading of "Shocking Destitution in the East End" that in one of the worst of the foul slums—Knott Street, Mile End—in which the poor are forced to live, a baby six weeks old has died because its starving mother could not feed it. Readers of "No Rent and Pillage" will note that this is the second child murdered in Knott Street within the last few weeks. The father earned 8 shillings a week and had to pay 4s. 6d. out of it for rent! Seven children were dependent on what was left of his earnings. Do turtle-fed city dignitaries gorged with the plunder of the poor think, that they can crush the social discontent, that arises from misery like this by sentences of six or twelve months imprisonment. Thank you, gentlemen, for putting the match to the powder magazine, which will soon blow you to—

Don't break windows starving workmen. Sack the City from end to end. Show the same courage as the Russian peasant who prefers jail to starvation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

Dear Comrades

You ask me to write for the *Commonweal*, a short account of the doings of the Brussels Congress. I am afraid that the following will not prove very satisfactory to many of your readers.

There were practically five subjects for discussion before the Congress Labour Legislation, Party Organisation, Piece Work, 1st. of May Demonstration, The name to be taken by the party.

The Congress did find, on the 1st. point, that the Labour Legislation is really not worth the paper on which it is, or will be written: nevertheless decided to still work for it.

On the 2nd. point, it was decided to organise a Labour Federation with secretaries in each country "if possible"

On the 3rd. point, it was decided to strive for the abolition of piece-work "if possible".

On the 4th. point, it was decided to organise a 1st. of May Demonstration "if possible".

At this moment, the Congress had apparently exhausted its wonderful energy, and stopped with amazement before the question, How are we to style ourselves? are we Socialists, or Unionists, or what?

This last question proved too arduous for an "if possible" Congress and it was resolved to postpone it to 1893. So we shall have to wait until 1893, to know if these people are or are not Socialists; I had better say that we shall wait until 1893, to learn from their own lips, that they are no longer Socialists,

Yours fraternally

S. Merlino.

TO THE EDITOR. Comrade.—With respect to Hunter Watt's letter in your last, where in he declares that the English Nationality Committee accepted the mandate of the delegate from the Autonomie Club, a statement in which you—no doubt erroneously—concur, I wish to call your attention to the proceeding of the English Section respecting the same as reported in the *Daily Chronicle* of Tuesday 18th Aug. which runs thus: "The English section meet this morning, Mr. Charles Hobson in the chair, to discuss certain questions within its own province, the first of these being the admission of Mr. Lambert-Howe, delegate of the London Club Autonomie. It is true that yesterday (Sunday) the delegate's credentials were accepted; but the attitude of the Congress was so decided on the subject of eliminating Anarchists of other nations that it was looked upon as a presumption on the part of the English section to pass the credentials of an avowed Anarchist within its own ranks. In the end it was decided that the difficulty should be submitted to the Congress through the Standing Orders Committee". Now according to Hunter Watt's in *Justice the Chronicle's* reports were "full and fair". And in the face of this it is only necessary to point out that our Comrade Dr. Merlino, notwithstanding his being an avowed Anarchist was admitted to the Congress because he was accepted by the Italian delegation. Well I think that we can well understand what the English delegates "reluctantly bowed to the decision of the whole congress on the matter" meant; especially when the same is supplemented by a declaration of Herbert Burrows (see report of his speech on the Congress in *Chronicle* of Monday 14th) that "he did not know what they (the Anarchists) wanted there at all" and "why Anarchists ever went where there was organisation".

Yours fraternally

W. Wess.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGES.

The 'COMMONWEAL' being now the property of the newly-constituted London Socialist League, all communications should be addressed, "The Secretary, 273, Hackney Road, London, N.E." and remittances made payable at Post Office, Hackney Road.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimsthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A SOCIAL EVENING, arranged by the Freedom Group, to bid farewell to P. Kropotkin on his departure for the United States, will take place at the ATENÆUM HALL, 73, Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday September 26th at 8 o'clock. Speeches will be delivered by Kropotkin and other comrades, and will be followed by a Concert and Dance. Admission by program 6 d., to be obtained of all London groups. The proceeds to be devoted to the Freedom Pamphlet Fund.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

TO LET, for Trade Union Meetings, Lectures, &c., three nights a week, the Large Hall of the London Socialist League, 273, Hackney Road. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[VOL. 7.—No 282]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

JAMES BEDFORD, SWEATER!

TO THE WORKERS OF NORWICH.—Fellow workers you will it seems play the game of sending men to the House of Commons to "represent" your interests and the muddle-puddle, politicians have been very much bothered to secure a candidate who would fit in the groove of Norwich Liberalism. After Ben Tillet and others had been canvassed as to their suitability and forthwith rejected, we now hear that a real live *working* man has been secured in the person of James Bedford tailor, late of Hackney Road, London, E. and N. present of Bethnal Green, a guardian of the poor, etc., etc. I think as a workman and a tailor especially, that it is my duty to enter the lists against this so-called working-man, not to get into his place, for that I have no wish as Norwich working men themselves know, but in order to prevent if possible a weather-cock politician and pseudo reformer from misleading and disappointing the hopes of men whom I have worked amongst. Before I went to Norwich in 1886 I had the misfortune to work for this parliamentary candidate and almost the last job I had from him, some trousers which were part of the contract for Shoreditch Union, and this man Bedford, the president of the Railway Workers Union, paid the munificent sum of 4½ to 6d. per pair for whole fall trousers, a president of a Trade Union indeed, he ought to have been a president of a sweating den. This man puffs himself as a self made man—and if there be a god he certainly has been relieved of a great responsibility in this case—who believes in trades unions which do not hurt his business. He also asserts that he has and does pay union wages. Will Mr. Bedford please reply to this challenge. I will meet him on any platform either in Norwich (which I prefer) or London. And I will challenge his wages book of 1886 for my proof, that he paid as follows with few exceptions.

	Trade Union Price.
Morning coats, bound... .. 7s.	15s. start.
" " double stitched ... 5s. to 7s.	13s. "
Vests average all round ... 1s. 6d. to 2s.	4s. 6d. "
Trousers, tweed, fly ... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.	4s. 6d.
" worsted, bound tops, faced, buttons, etc. ... 2s. to 2s. 6d.	4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.
Contract trousers ... at 4½d. to 6d. per pair	not recognised.

The above gives an average of about 11s. per suit where as the average of a trade union made suit would be about 23s. more as Mr. Bedford seems annoyed at one of his former employees saying he is a sweater perhaps he will really tell us now what he is, and I ask working men of Norwich before voting for this man to hesitate and consider well the whole matter a working man, to qualify for that term the Trades Unions Congress insists that the delegate shall have worked at his trade during the last year. How long is it since Mr. Bedford worked at anything except scheming how to rob the workers whom with he comes in contact especially as employees. As a member of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors as well as an Anarchist Communist I ask the Railway Workers Union to choose a railway worker as their president if they need one, and send Mr. Bedford back to his sweaters den.

C. W. Mowbray.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE II.

Gertrude, Vladimir, Zviriki, Nemo, Orloffski, and other Revolutionists. (All the new-comers salute Gertrude.)

A Revolutionist. Vladimir has doubtless told you, Gertrude, what we expect of you. You have not thought of refusing.

Gertrude. You were right.

Zviriki (looking at the hillside and the neighbourhood). 'Tis a foreordained site for what we intend; the whole suburb will see the light. The Grand Duke will be a prisoner with all his men before he is twenty minutes journey from this plan.

Vladimir. The chances on our side are so great that they astonish me.

Gertrude. What will you do with the Grand Duke and his escort?

Nemo. Make them hostages or corpses as implacable necessity may ordain. Will the crowd be merciful or vengeful? We know nothing of the line they will take and can no way influence it.

Orloffski. Sometimes the crowd amid all its anguish is yet pitiful; sometimes it remembers all the blood which has been shed by its masters and then, forgetful of all else the crowd does justice.

Nemo. Two of our comrades were hanged yesterday.

Gertrude. You speak gloomily. For my part, I care nothing for causes; results are sufficient for me. Will you want neither arms nor fighters? That is the principal thing.

Orloffski. Fear nothing. Boldness will multiply our resources; the whole town is with us.

Zviriki. Everything can be turned into a weapon when we are determined to conquer,—our corpses themselves if need be. Long live death, if death frees us!

Gertrude. How old are you, Zviriki?

Zviriki. Sixteen, Madame. In such fights as ours, age and sex matter nothing; old men, women, lads will all take part.

Gertrude. I am glad to hear that freedom has such warm defenders.

Zviriki. Thank you for that kind word, I will think of you as I think of freedom.

Nemo. The moment is at hand. To our posts, comrades.

All. You are right, Nemo. Good bye, Gertrude.

Zviriki (to Gertrude). You are a brave fighter.

Exelunt all, save Vladimir and Gertrude.

SCENE III.

Gertrude, Vladimir.

Vladimir. Stay a moment. I am in fear for you—ambushes, darkness, cold,—I fear them all. I care nothing for my life, for our comrades' life. We sacrificed them long ago; but I cannot tear you from my heart. Do you know that a moment ago I was jealous of Zviriki? I am mad, am I not?

Gertrude. Go with the others, I beg of you.

Vladimir. And our child,—what is she doing?

Gertrude. She is asleep.

Vladimir. Till I see you again, darling!

Gertrude. Good bye, Vladimir.

Vladimir. No, not good bye! Your words seem ice bound.

Gertrude. Is not the night gloomy and ice bound? Did not friends cry, "Long live Death!" just now? Leave me, I beg.

Vladimir. How many lives depend upon you! (He kisses Gertrude's hand and goes off, but returns after taking a few steps and gazes at her; he joins his hands and at last really goes away.)

SCENE IV.

Gertrude, alone.

Gertrude. I longed to be alone. One day Nemo said that treachery to some people is like the taste for blood in wild beasts. This dreamer, this Vladimir wonders I should hide my life as I do! Am I not tied enough as it is, without closing all ways of escape against myself? I do not wish to drain my pleasant-cups to the dregs,—rather I would break them while they are yet full, break them after merely tasting them. Once, when I was a child, I dreamt of my reading during the day. I thought Lady Macbeth stood before me as a giant like ghost, big as the world itself. She washed her hands in the sea, and the whole Ocean grew red. Is that, then, what I shall become? (She looks dreamily at the horizon.) My life will be like some horrible story,—yet I let it go on as it will, as if I were only reading in a book. I like chat young Zviriki; but I must cease collecting soul-studies. They tried, "Long live Death!" Did they feel death coming, I wonder?

Warsaw will be a very nest of death to night. Warsaw will have death under her wings! The people who trusted in me, the man who adored me, the child that was born of me—all will vanish in torment.—I shall be free, with the world before me.

SCENE V.

Gertrude, Rita.

(Rita is already touched by age, but still beautiful. She carries some roses in a scarf.)

Rita. I come to embrace you as a sister, Gertrude. What you are doing is well done. I have some roses for you and for those over there. (She points to the gibbets in the background. Gertrude looks at her in silence.) You have heard of the two brothers who were hanged together after the great insurrection twenty years ago and of two sisters who were betrothed to them. One of them is dead. I am alone now.

Gertrude. I have been told the story.

Rita. The gibbets were erected on the very same spot as those they put up yesterday.

Gertrude. How did you manage to get roses at this time of the year?

Rita. I have spent all I had in buying them. I shall want nothing now, since I shall soon be which the others. The flowers are red,—red as the blood which has so often bathed the earth.

Gertrude. Why should not you live?

Rita. How can I explain how I feel sure of death? Much in the way in which birds know night is coming. See, there is your nosegay. (Rita gives Gertrude a nosegay of roses.)

Gertrude. Thanks. Good-bye till I see you again.

(Gertrude moves away and lets her nosegay fall by some trees. As Rita pursues her route, she looks back and notices the red spot on the snow caused by Gertrude's roses.)

Rita. Already a spot of blood! No, they are Gertrude's flowers. Why has she thrown her nosegay away? This suggests treason. I will stay and see in what fashion the signal is given. The living must be considered before the dead. Twenty years ago it was a night like this—a night wrapped in snow. The town was on fire; at midnight the crowd was like bees in swarm; but the citadel had been warned and troops arrived from all parts.—There are traitors about to night, just as there were twenty years ago. Gertrude is certainly one,—Gertrude! This time treachery shall be detected.

(Rita hides herself behind a statue. Gertrude, also hidden behind a statue, has been listening to Rita's last words.)

Gertrude (aside). She was watching me as I thought. Happily I come prepared for accidents. (She draws a dagger and feels its point.) Only the dead tell no tales. (She strikes Rita from behind and the latter falls, face downward, to the earth. Gertrude leans over the body.) She is dead. So this is murder, is it? My heart beats no more quickly. 'Tis cold, though! (She shivers as she looks at Rita's roses, which lie scattered around her on the ground.) 'Tis like my dream,—the dream in which I saw Lady Macbeth washing her hands and making Ocean red. (She breaks off some twigs from the fir-trees and scatters them over Rita's corpse.)

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

"Justice" in the City.

On Friday, September 19th, Arthur Newton, a "human beast" was sentenced to six months imprisonment for a corrupting and debauching a mere child. This sentence came from the same judge who on the Monday had passed sentences of six and twelve months on three men, who had shown that they were determined not to starve in a land of plenty, by destroying the property of the capitalist robbers. We ask any rational middle-class man who is the great criminal, the man whom, addened with hunger destroys "property", of the loafing scoundrel, who surfeited with his an essay life upon stolen wealth wrong from the labour of the poor, shrink from nothing that will to gratify his monstrous lusts. But Mr. Newton is a "gentleman" and, therefore Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder is quite sympathetic. Naturally! everyone knows that young girls were constantly used to gratify the lusts of worn out rouses, till another vice came into fashion and "Phrynes in frills" of a certain fashionable theatre were succeeded by the "telegraph boys" of another still more fashionable place of entertainment, honoured by the patronage of royalty. No doubt the prison authorities will also take care, that Mr. Newton's temporary seclusion is rendered as light as possible. By all means let him have every delicacy in season and out of season, with plenty of champagne to wash them down. Take care that he is provided with every comfort. Why should the poor fellow suffer, when greater criminals are allowed to escape scot free, because they have royal blood in their veins.

More Criminals.

JOHN WEST had the wicked audacity to belong to a Trade Union, and went out on strike to better his conditions. Did ever you hear of such awful wickedness. But he was punished. Thanks to the laudable efforts of the law and the police in maintaining the "freedom of labour"! John West found himself in the streets with a starving wife and three children. And what did John West do. Did he smash windows or sack shops. No he wandered up and down with his wife and children, sleeping at night in doorways, out houses and water-closets, and the family were half starved, only getting such sustenance, as they could beg. "Oh," says the kind hearted police, and the just and noble law of the realm, which previously deprived the father of employment "Here's a man and his wife neglecting their three children

Have em' up before the beak". The beak sends them for trial: And what Mr Bumble would call "a perverse and ill conditioned lot of wretches" on a jury, finds them "Not Guilty". Ought not the poor to love the just and noble laws of this "free country". You must not beg you must not smash windows, you must not steal—and now you are not even allowed to starve quietly. We wonder the rich don't pass an Act of Parliament making it illegal for the poor to live at all.

Poor Mr. de Cobain.

Some people are badly used in this wicked world. Here's poor dear Mr de Cobain trying to clear his character, by getting a troublesome witness out of the way, by a trumped up criminal charge, and the law and Government steps in and spoils his little game. Shameful! Now if Mr Cobain had committed the same offence two years ago, and had had the good fortune to have had certain illustrious personages as his companions, he might even have had the assistance of the Prime Minister of England in hushing up the case. As it is, he ought to be well contented, that he was allowed to escape. We wonder who gave him notice. The Government can't wink at everything, and certain unmentionable offences are getting so common among the middle and upper classes, who, like all snobs, like to imitate their betters, that some of the worst offenders must at least be exiled to foreign parts.

But to send them to prison would be too cruel. Prison is for starving workmen, who wander about without a home, or in despair smash windows. Law and order exists to protect the rich, in their robbery of the poor; it was never intended to act as a whip for the pleasant vices of the Somersets, the Verneys, and de Cobains.

The No Rent Campaign.

OUR readers will remember the case of the tenants of Jubilee Dwellings, who after living for some time in these fever breeding dens and losing three children by diphtheria, suddenly had their rent raised by 3d. per week by a kind and benevolent landlord. Thanks to our No Rent Propaganda, the tenants have unanimously refused to pay the increased rent, and for the last four weeks Mr. Sharp has had no rent at all from Jubilee Dwellings. He determined to crush the rising spirit of revolt and put the brokers in upon a workman Edward Miles. Miles chucked the broker's man out, and was summoned in consequence to Worship Street Police Court. We went down to the Court to assist Miles with our testimony, as to the unsanitary condition of the property, and witness the proceedings. The broker's man had a doleful tale to tell. He took possession he said when Miles was not at home, but when he been there a little time Miles returned and naturally inquired, what he was doing in his rooms. On explaining his mission according to this truthful individual, Miles flew at the bailiff like a tiger, nearly strangled him, and threatened to bash his head against the wall and throw him downstairs. Some water was thrown over the broker. "And then" said the broker's man in apologetic tone, "I thought it was not safe to stop any longer, so I left." "I should think so," said the magistrate. Miles had however a different tale to tell. "I come home and found this man sitting down reading the paper, I said to him, what are you doing here?" He says: "I am in possession." "Where is your authority," says I. "I shan't shew it to you," says he. Then I took hold of him and put him out. The broker called Mrs. Saunders, a neighbour, as a witness, and she confirmed Miles account in every particular, "Did Miles throw any water over him." "Yes sir, he did, throw a little water over him." "Very well, if you had merely put him out," said the beak. "I should have said you would have acted quite rightly, as he did not show you his authority, but as you threw some water over him I shall bind you over to keep the peace." We do not think that the proceedings will do much to assist Mr. Sharp in collecting his rent.

An Anti Property Association.

I think it is time that Anarchists and revolutionists did the same as our Sheffield comrades, and formed an association for backing up all attacks upon property. This association might specially take under its care, such cases as those of Bruce, Primmer, and Miles. And if hungry men smash windows, or help themselves to wealth that the capitalists have stolen from the workers, or assault brokers, who try to steal the furniture of the poor who refuse to pay rent to robber landlords, the Anti-Property Association could look after their wives and children, while the men are in prison. It could be a purely Anarchist body, composed of freely federated groups, each preserving its own autonomy, but each group assisting the others with money subscribed or collected by the various members, in the event of a serious outbreak of hostilities.

We are convinced that the people would be much more determined in their resistance to landlord and capitalist robbery, if they felt they had an organisation at their back, which would help them in any trouble. What do our comrades think of this proposal?

Some Anarchist Pamphlets.

We have received four Anarchist pamphlets from our comrades of the Freedom Group, which no Anarchist, or enquirer into our ideas, should be without. They are "The Wage System" "The Commune of Paris" "Anarchist Communism" and "A Talk about Anarchist Communism between two workers". The first three are by our comrade Kropotkin, and the last by our comrade Malatesta, who has suffered so much at the hands of the Swiss Government.

Those who want to know, what are the ideas of the Anarchists, are advised to read these pamphlets. We specially recommend the "Talk about Anarchist Communism" to those who wish to have Anarchist

theories put in plain and simple form. But Kropotkin's "Anarchist Communism" is simply overwhelming in its logical strength, and we defy any honest man who reads it throughout carefully, to resist conviction of the truth of the new theories. These pamphlets can be obtained at the Commonweal office, or from the publishers of Freedom 26 Newington Green Road London. The reader is advised to buy them all. Their total cost is 5d.

WHY WE ARE ANARCHISTS.

OUR Comrade Louise Michel has received the following letter from a stranger; we insert the letter and a translation of her answer.

DEAR MISS:—You have been represented in various periodicals and newspapers, (which I have read at various times) as the leader of the school of Anarchists and of all those who wish to undermine the national Governments of civilized countries. I write to ask you whether you have not been misrepresented upon this matter, and if not, how and by what system of reasoning have you come to believe that we shall reach a perfect state of Society by destroying all Government, than by helping or forcing Governments to make laws which shall better the social condition of the people. I apologise very much for troubling you and remain,
Yours Sincerely S. B.

I should have been satisfied with answering by post the question which Mr. S. B. has put in such an open handed manner, if this question was only asked by one man and if my views only were to be expressed.

We are Anarchists because it is absolutely impossible to obtain justice for all in any other way than by destroying institutions founded on force and privilege.

We cannot believe that improvement is possible, if we still keep up the same institutions, now more rotten than in the past, or if we merely replace those whose iniquities are known by new men.

These latter become in their turn what the others were, or else become barren.

After the gradual changes of past centuries the hour has come when evolution cannot be separated from revolution, as in all birth they must be *accomplished* together. You can no more retard the birth of a system than you can that of living being.

In what would you that we should help those who govern their work being only exploitation and wholesale murder—it has never been otherwise: the reason for the existence of a state is nothing but the accomplishment of some crime or other in order to assure the domination of a privileged class.

An equal division of wealth would also be as mad as capitalism is criminal: to expect any amelioration of misery by modifying laws is a piece of stupidity of which we are not capable: we have seen the work of men whose illusions have only been able to perpetuate misery—millions of years being insufficient for the least amelioration of the lot of the workers. We can now see the fin-de-siècle cutthroats and assassins. That is better. We can see power on trial—we can judge it for what it is worth.

The land which belongs to all can no more be decided than the light which also belongs to all.

When free groups of men will use for the general welfare machines which reduce the hours of labour to a few, and in many forms of production the toil of rough work will be annihilated, there will remain for the intellect of the time, some time for the pursuit of art and science; and when men are delivered from the struggle for existence, they will also be delivered from crime and grief.

The ideal alone is the truth—it is the measure of our horizon. Time was when the ideal was to live without eating an other up. Is it not so still under another form which exists in the so-called civilized countries where the exploiter eats up the exploited? Do not the people in flocks fertilize the soil by their sweat and blood?

That is what we want to destroy—this annihilation—this eating of man by an other man.

The old bogie of "Society" is dead. It is time that she was buried with the worms burrowing in her vitals, in order that the air may be pure for young Anarchy, which will be order and peace under freedom instead of order kept by the murder of the multitudes.

How did I become an Anarchist? This is how. It was during a four months voyage for New Caledonia while looking at the infinity of the sea and of the sky—feeling how miserable living beings are when taken individually—how great is the ideal when it goes beyond time and beyond the hecatombs as far as the new aurora.

There I deeply felt how each drop of water of the waves was but microscopic, but how powerful it was when joined to the ocean.

So also ought each man to be in humanity. As for the third question I am not the least bit in the world "chief" of the "International school"; the word "directrix" which my comrades have joined to my name is worth nothing either, for each of us gives freely according to his conscience the courses of instruction with which he or she has charged him or her self.

What would you have? Our tongue is poor, the words are old and so they ill express new ideas.

And finally is it not time that our limited tongues should fall into the ocean of speech and of human thought? What will be the language of mankind delivered to the new Aurora—Anarchy?

LOUISE MICHEL.

THE MAHATMAS.

THIS is an age of bubbles and booms. We have had the great Stanley boom, the great Booth boom and now we have the great Mahatma boom. We have found also that booms are very much like the bubbles and the bubbles are very much like the booms. Both are utter frauds, there being more wind and water not to mention gas about them than anything else. Given a large number of wealthy idlers with a great desire for fresh amusement and the supply of booms and quacks to create them is unlimited.

The great Mahatma boom arose in a curious way i.e. because a Free-thought President forgot that the first principle of Secularism, the necessity of free speech and free discussion upon advanced platform. Why should not Mrs. Besant be allowed to lecture on Secular platforms as much as she pleased, the best cure for such fads as Theosophy is argument and ridicule and not suppression. Mr. Foote thought otherwise, and Mrs. Besant utilized the opportunity in very dramatic manner to make propaganda for the new theories she has embraced. And the mere announcement that she had received certain mysterious communications "precipitated" from what Bryant and Mays match girls would call funny old codgers resident in the caves of central Asia was enough to thrill an idle fashionable world in want of new sensation and provide reams of copy for unemployed journalists.

Now we don't question Mrs. Besant's sincerity in this Mahatma business. Mrs. Besant is honest and sincere in all her opinions, but when she talks about letters "precipitated" through space, we are rather inclined to think, that either somebody has been "having larks" with her or else she is the dupe of a clever impostor.

For our part we don't think we should have thought the subject worth discussing, save from the fact of its bearing upon the crisis, which is approaching. Mrs. Besant dealt with this in a very interesting lecture delivered at Brixton September 15th. According to this discourse, it is the Mahatmas, who have been at the bottom of all the great revolutions that have happened in the world's history. It is to hypnotic suggestions from these masters of magic and mystery that we owe everything from the invention of gunpowder and printing down to the French Revolution and the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Truly the "masters" have much to answer for. As things are at present, it may be doubted, whether the Mahatmas had not better have left the world as they found it. Those who doubt this statement may be advised to read Thorold Roger's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" and compare the condition of the serf of the middle ages with the slum dweller of the present day. We are pleased to hear that all these great changes were experiments on the part of the "masters" and that the coming revolution is also to be an "experiment". Well in that case we would prefer that the Mahatmas would leave humanity to work out its destinies unaided by their suggestions. We have had enough of experiments. Mrs. Besant talks of "strange figures moving" in the French Revolution. We suppose she refers to Mesmer and Cagliostro, but though these gentlemen appeared some years before that great convulsion, we do not find, that either played a very active part in the actual crisis. It is quite true that in troubled times, quacks political, religious, and mystical come to the front, but that is mainly because the times are troubled and so are men's minds, and it is quite natural that credulous people should flock around, those that profess to be able to tell through superhuman means what is likely to happen. The mere fact that we hear so much of the mystical jargon of Theosophy is a sure sign that we are on the verge of a revolutionary crisis. But if Mrs. Besant claims Cagliostro and Mesmer as messengers from the Mahatmas, perhaps she will also lay claim to Drs. Forman, and Lamb, the conjurers who prepared love potions to ensnare lovers for the amorous dames of the Court of James I. or to go further back, we might take Friar Bungey, or Bolingbroke the conjurer, whose spells and conjurations made some noise in those times of trouble and unrest, which preceded the Wars of the Roses; but all this proves nothing, save that when the minds of the people are highly excited with the expectation of great events, the quack finds a splendid harvest in the pockets of the credulous rich, who want to know the future. This is, perhaps, why the conjurers are usually found mixed up in the scandals, that precede the revolution and not in the actual crisis itself. Thus it would be quite in accordance with history, to find Madame Blavatsky connected with the Baccarat Case. Conjuring and card sharpening seem to be intimately related. But if Bungey, Forman, Cagliostro, & Co. all came from the Mahatma's, why did they not mention it, and how comes it, that we never heard of the Mahatmas before, till Madame Blavatsky appeared, a worthy successor to the quacks, conjurers, and impostors, of the past.

This is all the interest that Theosophy has for Anarchists. Its appearance with all the talk of Mahatmas and miraculous wonders, which cannot stand the test of really judicial and scientific examination, but need for their elaboration, darkened rooms and credulous dupes, is but one of the innumerable signs of an approaching revolutionary crisis. Animal magnetism, the power of a strong will over a weak one, will account for all the wonders of "moving pianos" "precipitated letters" and "showers of roses". Madame Blavatsky like Mesmer, Cagliostro, and innumerable other impostors, was an excellent mesmerist, and by her will power could persuade her friends to believe anything.

As to us, we have not lost faith in the old gods, to bow before these new ones, the Mahatmas: the miraculous hermits, who govern and revolutionise the world, not from the heavens, but from the mountains of Thibet. These new "Mumbo Jumbo's" have little attraction for us, we cannot even be blavatskyed into believing in them; we lack imagination perhaps.

WHEN LABOUR FIRST IN STRENGTH AWOKE.

(Air: Rule Britannia.)

When Labour first in strength awoke,
And smote to break the galling chain,
No self-linked fetters stayed the stroke,
But rebel workers sung this strain—
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

But now to laws they bid us bend,
And bow our will to rulers' word;
O let this smadness find an end,
And once again the cry be heard—
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

Had men not listened to the lie
That traitors, fools, and tyrants urged,
The day for war had now gone by,
For Earth had been of slavery purged!
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

No more for us the foolish prate
Of Freedom propped by any sway!
Of right supported by the State,
That each man's freedom takes away!
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

Our own right hands our weal must make,
And *nothing* now of any kind
From our own liberty shall take
One jot, or thought or action bind.
Rule, O masters, henceforward in your graves!
We will never, never, never more be slaves!

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRIA.

A Congress of Austrian miners will be held in Prague on the 27th and 28th inst.

SWITZERLAND.

The Italian Anarchist Schicchi was conducted to the French frontier on the 13th inst.

Our valiant comrade Malatesta has at last arrived in London.

GERMANY.

A shocking fight between German Marines and Heligolandiers took place on the Sedan anniversary at a dancing hall in Heligoland. Ten men were seriously wounded in the fray.

On August 28th the watchmaker Echten and Weissenfels was condemned to three months imprisonment for an offence against the youngest son of the Emperor. As His Imperial Highness is only a few months old, his name is not yet to be found among the crowned heads of the Almanach de Gotha.

Ten charges were brought against Albert Schmidt, Editor of the "Burgstäedter Volkstimme" (Voice of the People), nine for having transgressed the press law and one for a speech held at a meeting.

From October 1st the "Volksfreund" (People's Friend) of Riesa will appear in Meissen.

The Court of Magdeburg sentenced the Socialist Loof to six months imprisonment for having criticised the Bible at a meeting in Suedenburg.

RUSSIA.

It is reported from Odessa that at Byelaya Zerkov near Kieff the Chief Commissary of the rural police has been killed.

A letter has been published in a Moscow paper from a village priest, named Vilimonov, who writes as follows from the village of Mussirma, district of Zivlisk, province of Kazan:

There are persons who have already gone two or three weeks without bread, have barely managed to keep themselves alive on grass and leaves of trees. In one family several children, from seven to fifteen years of age, have been so fearfully weak from hunger, so ghastly pale, and so emaciated that they can no longer keep up on their swollen feet. In the hut is a jar containing a green powder produced by rubbing the dry leaves of lime trees between the hands, which has been the only food of this family for a month past.

Owing to the prevailing misery acts of brigandage are becoming alarmingly frequent in some of the southern districts, and especially in the Caucasus where large numbers of hungry men infest the woods, awaiting their opportunities for plunder.

The Government proposes to erect a monument to General Muravyev, surnamed the butcher of the Poles, at Vilna, the scene of the worst exploits of that ferocious Governor. The Poles themselves were called upon to subscribe to perpetuate the memory of their most cruel foe. But, as subscriptions are not coming in satisfactorily, orders have been given to the Catholic clergy to circulate lists. The entire proceeding is arousing keen indignation throughout Poland.

X. X. X.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Commonweal Club.—273, Hackney Road, N.E. Lectures every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Admission free. Membership: 1s. entrance fee, and 6d. per month subscription.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 2.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A SOCIAL EVENING, arranged by the Freedom Group, to bid farewell to P. Kropotkin on his departure for the United States, will take place at the ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, Tottenham Court Road, on Saturday September 26th at 8 o'clock. Speeches will be delivered by Kropotkin and other comrades, and will be followed by a Concert and Dance. Admission by program 6d., to be obtained of all London groups. The proceeds to be devoted to the Freedom Pamphlet Fund.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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[VOL. 7.—No 283.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

WHO ARE THE ANARCHISTS?

FELLOW workmen. We who are addressing you to day, are Anarchists, Don't be alarmed at our name, and throw this leaflet from you, but hear what we have to say for ourselves. We are Anarchists, because we believe in Anarchy. And what is Anarchy? Chaos, confusion, disorder say our enemies. We answer that Anarchy has another meaning and that is "No Government," "No Government," what would we do without Government you say; Let us ask you another question, what does Government do for you; For instance if you go out on strike for an increase of wage or to shorten your hours. What happens, then Government sends its police and its soldiers to bludgeon and shoot you down. Has not this been at Leeds, Southampton, Motherwell and Bradford? If on the other hand you wish to hold a public meeting to voice your grievances what does Government do? It arrests the speakers, throws them into prison and if the people resist, bludgeons and shoots them down in free England, coerced Ireland, republican France and democratic America, we find everywhere that Government exists mainly to protect the property of the rich and to keep the poor in their present state of slavery and misery. This is why we Anarchists are enemies of Government. But why are you Anarchists always in rebellion against the law, why are you always appearing in police courts for resisting and obstructing the law and its guardians? We answer because law is simply legalized injustice, because law is made not to secure justice to the poor,—whenever did a poor man get his rights, in their court of "justice",—but to legalize every act of robbery and oppression, committed by the rich. If a poor man is starving and takes a loaf of bread, this is a crime against property and must be put down. The law awards him three months imprisonment. A rich man steals some article of luxury, he is too mean to pay for; "Kleptomania," says the law and restores him to the bosom of his afflicted family. The law is the rich man's law and lets him go scatheless, while it falls with brutal force upon the poor. Law and Government what good do they do you? If they are such good things, how is it, that their supporters and creators are such scoundrels? Where is there a greater humbug and trickster than the member of parliament, the lying politician who promises you wonders if you will send him to the House of Commons, and does nothing when he once gets there. And yet this comedy is played again and again at every general election, and you always allow yourself to be tricked and cheated by these smooth spoken rascals. Then we have the judge, or magistrate who sends poor men to jail for taking bread when they are hungry, or for "intimidating" the mean spirited wretch, who takes the food out of your mouth and starves your wife and children, if you strike against the tyranny and injustice of your capitalist master. Then we have the lying, crafty, and knavish lawyer, whose whole life is spent in cheating and robbing the poor in the interest of the rich. Then the perjured and brutal policeman, who bludgeons if you go on strike or attend a public meeting, and arrests your daughters on false charges of prostitution. And what protection does the law give you against the outrages, the brutality and oppression of these people, we find that it supports and backs them up in every way. Therefore we Anarchists say: Down with the law! Away with Government! Government and law only exist to support the rich in robbing the workman of three fourths of what he produces by his labour. If there was no government and no law, the people would take possession not only of the wealth, they have been robbed of, but of all means of producing it to morrow. Therefore we say, don't trust to Government to help you. Help yourselves, Pay No Rent to the landlords who rob and murder you in their rotten dens in the slums, Take a leaf out of the book of the Irishman and refuse to pay rent any longer for these horrible hovels in which you are forced to exist, and which are so unhealthy that the average age of the working people is only 29 years while capitalists and landlords despite all their debauchery, drunkenness and gluttony live on an average to 55. Thanks to these stinking holes your children die at the rate of 30 in a hundred in the first year of their innocent lives. while only 8 per cent of the children of the rich die in the same time. Refuse in your thousands to pay rent, and who can force

you. If the brokers come receive them as the Irish have done with sticks, stones, pokers, and hot water. Against this resistance the police will be powerless, and the middle class cannot trust the soldiers, as recent mutinies in the army have shown.

Last year 30 persons died of sheer starvation in the streets of London, in the midst of boundless riches. Don't let this happen again. Help yourselves to the wealth you have created. The law can only send you to prison, and it is better to go to prison than to die of hunger in the street. It is better to go to prison than the workhouse, for you will get more food and better treatment in jail.

They are the first steps in the social revolution that we Anarchists are working for. That revolution will be complete, when the people not only universally refuse to pay Rent, and seize upon the wealth they have been robbed of, but when they sweep away all government, make a bonfire of the laws, and find M. Ps., judges, lawyers, policemen and all other legal and governmental functionaries a more honest occupation. The people must also take not only wealth they have been robbed of, but seize upon the land, the mines, the factories, the railways and all other means of production, distribution and exchange. They will then be able to organize their labour in co-operative associations, freely federated together, which will produce and exchange their products one with another. In these associations the people will manage their own affairs without any interference from rulers and governors, wealth will be enjoyed by all, and misery and hunger will be unknown. This is what we Anarchists are working for, will you join us and help us to attain it.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE VI.

Gertrude, the Grand Duke and his Escort (on horseback). (Two men also on horseback and with lighted torches precede the Grand Duke.)

Gertrude (seizing the Grand Duke's horse by the bridle). My lord, Warsaw is in revolt. A signal for the outbreak will be given so soon as you have entered the Modlin road.

(Several officers of the escort dismount and detain Gertrude.)

The Grand Duke. You are dreaming, my girl.

Gertrude. Go on to your death, then.

The Grand Duke. How did you come to know of these things?

Gertrude. 'Twas I who was to give the signal.

The Grand Duke. How come you to betray your associates?

Gertrude. Betray! The word is harsh, my lord. You will learn my motive later.

An Officer (perceiving Rita's dead body). My lord, there are corpses here.

Gertrude. The woman was watching me, my lord. I took her life to save yours.

The Grand Duke. What reward would you have?

Gertrude. Have I deserved to be trusted?

The Grand Duke. We shall see presently. Do not give the signal for an hour yet. This delay is all I ask of you.

An Officer. Must we leave this woman at liberty, my lord.

The Grand Duke. Yes, leave her perfectly free. (To Gertrude.) Remember, in an hour's time. (Aside.) Is this treachery the result of love? The woman is very beautiful.

Gertrude. Trust to me.

(The Grand Duke and his escort disappear behind the hill.)

SCENE VII.

Gertrude. Rita stretched beneath the fir-twigs.

Gertrude (who speaks in detached phrases). So this is treachery. I feel no more remorse for treason than I did for murder. I follow my

way through life as easily as if I were gliding downstream. Vladimir and the others are about to die. My child is pitilessly abandoned. Am I a monster? I am thus. There is no more to wait for. (She enters the villa.)

SCENE VIII.

Rita (who raises herself with difficulty). If I could only drag myself to them, I would warn them. Death nails me to the earth.

SCENE IX.

Rita again stretched on the ground. Gertrude with a sleeping child wrapped in a cloak in her arms.

Gertrude (placing the child on the ground before a statue). A she-wolf would not leave her cub in such a place. The child sleeps on this winding-sheet of snow as in her cradle—sleeps between the corpse and the hecatomb of corpses that is to come. Perhaps she will sleep for ever now. (Gertrude looks at the cloak.) Her name is embroidered on it,—Marpha. That tells nothing. I am no more of the mother than of the sweetheart. I shall love the Grand Duke no better than I have loved Vladimir, Vladimir whom I sacrifice. The time has come.

(Gertrude takes a torch and lights it, ascending the hillside mean while. At the top she raises the torch above her head, so as to throw the light towards the suburb.)

SCENE X.

Gertrude, with the torch. Nemo.

(Upon seeing Nemo, Gertrude throws down the torch and disappears, the half extinguished torch shows up Rita's body and the sleeping child.)

Nemo (believing Gertrude still present). Gertrude, the Grand Duke was seen to leave the citadel long ago. When did he pass here? Gertrude! Where are you?

Rita (in a feeble voice). Nemo, Nemo, listen.

Nemo (perceiving Rita and the child). Oh!

Rita. Nemo, Gertrude has betrayed the city to the Grand Duke.

Nemo. Is it you, Rita. Come with me; we will fight to the end.

(Rita raises herself from the ground and falls back dead.)

Nemo. Ah, there is no longer time even to warn them. Poor Rita, poor Rita! The child too! We are about to die; I had better leave it here. I won't leave it. (The noise of the crowd is heard outside. Nemo takes the child in his arms.)

SCENE XI.

Nemo, with the child in his cloak. The Crowd

Nemo (giving the child to a woman). Save this child. It is mine. It is the child of vengeance.

(The woman takes the child in her arms and disappears in the mob.) (Trumpets sound and there are distant cries of "Long live Order; Long live the Grand Duke.")

The Crowd. Long live freedom!

Vladimir (entering, to Nemo). Who has betrayed us?

Nemo. Gertrude!

Vladimir. Oh, it is impossible.

(Cannon without.)

Nemo. Fire shall be our rampart.

(He picks up the torch and sets fire to the villa. The flame shows the crowd surrounded by soldiers.)

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

(To be continued.)

(This play commenced in No. 281, all back Nos. kept in stock.)

THE GOD IDEA.

Nothing is more natural than that the belief in God, the creator, regulator, judge, master curser, saviour, and benefactor of the world, should still prevail among the people, especially in the rural districts, where it is even more widespread than among the proletariat of the cities. The people unfortunately are still very ignorant, and kept in ignorance by the systematic efforts of all the governments, who consider them, not without good reason, as one of the essential conditions of their own power. Weighed down by their daily labor, deprived of leisure, of intellectual intercourse, of reading, in short, of all the means of a good portion of the stimulants that develop thought in men, the people generally accept religious traditions without criticism and in a lump. These traditions surround them from infancy in all the situations of life, and, artificially sustained in their minds by a multitude of official poisoners of all sorts, priests and laymen, are transformed therein into a sort of mental habit, too often more powerful than even their natural good sense.

There is another reason which explains and in some sort justifies the absurd beliefs of the people,—namely, the wretched situation to which they find themselves fatally condemned by the economic organization of society in the most civilized countries of Europe. Reduced, intellectually and morally as well as materially, to the minimum of human existence, confined in their life like a prisoner in his prison, without horizon, without outlet, without even a future if we may believe the economists, the people would have the singularly narrow souls and blunted instincts of the *bourgeois* if they did not feel a desire to escape: but of escape there are but three methods,—two chimerical and a third real. The first two are the dram-shop and the church, debauchery of the body or debauchery of the mind; the third is social revolution. This last will be much more potent than all the theological propagandism of the freethinkers to destroy the religious beliefs and dissolute habits of the people, beliefs and habits much more intimately connected than is generally supposed. In substituting for the at once illusory and brutal enjoyments of bodily and spiritual licentiousness the enjoyments,

as refined as they are abundant, of humanity developed in each and all, the social revolution alone will have the power to close at the same time all the dram-shops and all the churches.

Till then the people, taken as a whole, will believe; and, if they have no reason to believe, they will have at least the right.

There is a class of people who, if they do not believe, must at least make a semblance of believing. This class comprises all the tormentors, all the oppressors, and all the exploiters of humanity: priests, monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, public and private financiers, officials of all sorts, policemen, *gendarmes*, jailers and executioners, monopolists, capitalists, tax-leeches, contractors and proprietors, lawyers, economists, politicians of all shades, down to the smallest vender of sweetmeats, all will repeat in unison these words of Voltaire:

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

For, you understand, "the people must have a religion." That is the safety-valve.

There exists, finally, a somewhat numerous class of honest but timid souls who, too intelligent to take the Christian dogmas seriously, reject them in detail, but have neither the courage nor the strength nor the necessary resolution to summarily renounce them altogether. They abandon to your criticism all the special absurdities of religion, they turn up their noses at all the miracles, but they cling desperately to the principal absurdity, the source of all the others, to the miracle that explains and justifies all the other miracles, the existence of God. Their God is not the vigorous and powerful Being, the wholly positive God of theology. It is a nebulous, diaphanous, illusory Being that vanishes into nothing at the first attempt to grasp it; it is a mirage, an *ignis fatuus* that neither warms nor illuminates. And yet they hold fast to it, and believe that, were it to disappear, all would disappear with it. They are uncertain, sickly souls, who have lost their reckoning in the present civilization, belonging to neither the present nor the future, pale phantoms eternally suspended between the politics of the *bourgeois* and the socialism of the proletariat. They have neither the power nor the wish nor the determination to follow out their thought, and they waste their time and pains in constantly endeavoring to reconcile the irreconcilable.

MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

(The above pithy paragraphs are from Michael Bakounine's "God and the State" of which we have a few copies for sale.)

NOTES.

TWO ANARCHISTS SENT TO PRISON.

THE Stratford "Injustices" are doing their little best to stamp out Anarchy. They will find that they have undertaken a stiff job. The cause which was not killed by the murder of our comrades at Chicago, or by imprisoning and persecuting Anarchists in every quarter of the globe is not like to fall before the petty malice of the Nupkinses of Stratford. Our comrades Jane and Goulding have been sent to prison; Jane for two months, and Goulding for one. We thank the Stratford "Injustices" for drawing the attention of the public to the "pernicious nonsense" which Mr. Forrest Fulton M. P. was so severe upon. Yet strange to say Mr. Fulton and his wealthy friends the beaks seem very much alarmed at the possible effects of the "pernicious nonsense," or why are they not content to leave it to the sober judgement of an enlightened public. Is it possible that Mr. Forrest Fulton and his friends have uneasy consciences. That they know in their hearts, that this "pernicious nonsense" is the truth and that they are indeed thieves robbers and sweaters who live upon the plunder of the poor. It would seem so, and therefore they try to crush the people, who speak these unpleasant truths. They try to stifle "free speech" and free discussion. With what result? It is like pouring oil upon the flames of popular discontent, and the new theories and new ideas reach people who would never have heard of them, had not the law with its magistrates, police, and lawyers combined in an endeavour to crush them out.

Mr. Forrest Fulton on Anarchy.

Mr. Forrest Fulton M. P. we suppose is a good specimen of the average lawyer and politician. Yet this "well educated" gentleman was content to display his ignorance. During the trial of our comrade Jane, he said he did not know what defendant was, but he believed he called himself an Anarchist; he then proceeded to inform the court that he did not know what an Anarchist was; but he supposed it was something that covered mischievous opinions. Later on, although he had confessed he was ignorant of the opinions of our comrades, he talked about the "pernicious nonsense they persisted in spouting". Now if Mr Fulton did not know, what the opinions of our comrades were. If he was so ignorant as all this; how did he know that it was "pernicious nonsense" they were "spouting". Really Mr Fulton's "genius" is something remarkable. He licks the Mahatmas into fits. But if he does not know what an Anarchist is, we will hasten to inform him.

An Anarchist is a person who holds very "mischievous opinions". He believes that the world would be free and happy without masters or rulers, and that it would greatly add to the general felicity, if we could get rid of such pompous idiots and blatant asses as Mr Forrest Fulton M.P. As a lawyer and M.P. he is a startling example of the truth of the proverb "How small is the wisdom with which the world is governed."

FABIANS ON ANARCHY

THE spread of Anarchist ideas has even alarmed the Fabians, and several of these gentlemen are to lecture on Anarchy at St. James Hall Restaurant. On October 2nd. Sydney Olivier will lecture in the French Chamber on "Socialist Individualism." And on October 16th Bernard Shaw lectures in the Banqueting Hall on "The Difficulties of Anarchism." Those comrades of ours, who live in the West End will probably attend.

James Bedford Sweater.

Pity the sorrows of a poor Capitalist; seems to pervade the whole of the piteous howl sent up in the columns of the Evening News and Post on Monday last by Mr Bedford, he had not courage enough to answer through the columns of this paper. Full of bunkum and brag, Mr Bedford has been (sic) dying to meet yours truly on some platform; but strange to say, I have had to follow him, not he follow me. I went to Hampstead last Sunday to meet this Gentleman, Sailor, Tailor, Railway man, [what price one man one ticket] but lo and behold! no Mr. Bedford was there; pressing business had detained him elsewhere.

By the by, what a funny compound this gentleman seems to be.

James Bedford used to be an enthusiastic advocate of thrift and temperance. He was fond of telling working men, how necessary it was to leave off drinking, and take to teetotalism. We have heard it said that he was fond of recommending the study of that interesting little work "How to live on sixpence a day". As a Guardian of the Poor, this was an excellent little manual from which to deliver lectures to those who applied for outdoor relief, or to "perverse paupers" who did not consider the workhouse fare good enough. Still, after the disclosures by comrade Mowbray, it may be doubted whether Mr Bedford was quite disinterested in his advocacy of temperance and thrift. Perhaps he thought that these excellent virtues might in time produce him workmen who would be content to "labour and live" upon nothing at all.

Boycott Haile the Sweater

Our comrades Turner and Tochatti, in connection with the Shop Assistants Union, have been carrying on a vigorous boycotting agitation against a cheesemonger named Haile, in Harrow Road. The Early Closing agitation is generally a tame enough affair, but our friends have managed to put some revolutionary energy even into that. The result is that the Harrow Road is blocked every Thursday night, by a dense crowd of some three or four thousand people.

A MOURNFUL FATE.

"WHAT DOES'T THOU, LABORER?"

"I rise at dawn, when the cocks are crowing their last watches; when the horizon has hardly tinged the slopes. I join my big red oxen, and go to till the soil which is hardened by a torrid summer. My hard feet are cut and blood-stained from the sharp stubble, into the furrows so painfully traced, and at the bottom of which sleeps the scattered and hidden manure, I pitch the wheat, the oats, the barley, and the rye. When winter comes, the north wind bites, and my hands chap till they are as knotty as the trunk of an old maple, while I trim the vine for ever in the fields; from winter which strips hill and plain, to summer which covers them with harvest. From summer to winter, from early dawn till night sets in, I work almost without intermission. I eat black bread and salt pork. Sometimes—very rarely—on holidays, I taste a little fresh meat."

"And whither goest thou?"

"To ruin. The phylloxera has devoured my vines, and the wheat which I am obliged to sell at a low price, I must buy back at a high price. My land is mortgaged. I am tracked by creditors, sometimes as unfortunate as myself; and by the tax-collector who demands that which I cannot pay him. I am going to destitution and to ruin after having laboured hard all my life."

"What dost thou, slum-dweller?"

"What do I do? I am astir with the light. I shuffle hastily into my poor duds, and with tired frames, the wife and myself set out for the body of the town, confounded by the multitude of early risers swinging along with heavy tread, rushing to be engulfed in the factories from which shriek the whistles of the greasy, well-fed, well-cared-for engines. From morning to night I toil hard and fast for a mere pittance, and these times of toil are my happiest. When the stoppage throws me on the streets, I suffer hunger; and hear the wife and little ones asking for bread."

"And whither goes't thou?"

"To miserable old age. My wages hardly suffice for daily sustenance. In times of crisis, I pawn my watch, the counterpane, everything. Sometimes also, I go with bursting heart to lay in the cemetery a child dead from famine-fever. I am going where all the other workers like me, go to misery, after having toiled continually."

"What dost thou, little workwoman, frail darling seamstress with the large eyes whose pupils are dilated by anemia, with the frizzy golden locks that make an aureole round the pale chlorotic face?"

"What do I do? The same as my companion, the sweetheart, my brother, and my father; I hasten to the centre of Paris—Paris, which laughs, and shouts, and dazzles. Shortly after day-break I draw on my down-at-heel boots, put on coquettishly my old dress, which is nevertheless always in the latest fashion. I confine my rebellious ringlets in the hat trimmed during the spare hours of Sunday. Then I trot off to the workshop. Where, from twelve to fourteen hours, without sun or fresh air, my little hands ply the needle; sewing costly stuffs, making artificial flowers into brilliant wreaths, burnishing gold and silver, helping to turn the fly-wheel of the machinery that is slowly killing me. At midday there is a poor and hurried meal that does not make rich blood."

"Where am I going? When the hard day's work is done, home with my companions through the streets and boulevards sparkling with light; and merry or sad, I am pursued and beset by young and old who make me tempting offers. I hurry towards the faubourg, towards my garret. My companions, alas! are separated from me. In times of stoppage, some go to the hospital to cough away their lungs and sleep upon the dissecting-table; others go to furnished mansions..... Who can say where?"

"Where am I going? Where do we daughters of the workers go to? Some to the streets!.....the majority, where their fellows go: to work, to suffer, to listen in bad times to the wailing of little children."

"Where am I going? Where do poor wretches like me go to, but to misery, after having laboured and suffered?"

"What dost thou, soldier?"

"I live in the barracks and hear the rude words of the officer, I perform my exercise and like a passive machine, I must obey, I think low and I speak still lower, I have no money and gloomily I tramp the streets of the garrison towns, I handle the tools that kill, and I regret the tools that give life. Every bugle-call reminds me that my will is dead."

"Whither go you?"

"Whither? Whithersoever they drive me, to exercise, to drudgery, to a military march. At a signal, to the frontier. Perhaps some evening I shall lie stretched on a plain moaning with fever; or it may be, stiff, my face imbedded in a pool of blood. Whither am I going? If I escape, to the workshop, to the fields, where my brothers are; and like them, to misery, after having worked and suffered."

"Whither go ye—all ye who have neither land nor houses, nor money, nor tools?"

"Whither go we? Whence we came; to labour and to misery! We are the immense multitude who have created everything—produced all; yet possess nothing, and reap only misfortune, though we cry but for a little less fatigue and a little more bread. JEAN MAUBOURG.
(Translated from "La Révolte.")

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS AND ANARCHY.

THE article on Scotch matters in last week's 'Weal has given much amusement to many who do not call themselves Anarchists, but who do not like the bossing tendency of our State Socialist leaders and especially the tendency they show to be respectable in view of the coming general election. I give a case in point to show what I am driving at. When Bruce and Primmer broke Benson's wires, *Justice* said such conduct was reprehensible. Now *Justice* is the private property of H. M. Hyndman, who is running for a seat in Parliament, being candidate for the Chelsea division, from which Sir Charles Dilke was ousted. This paper is called the organ of the "Social Democracy,"—whatever that means—but unless pressure is brought to bear by the proletariat members of the S. D. F., it frequently goes reactionary. Thus it was that this so-called revolutionary journal spoke so meanly respecting the action of our comrades who are now enjoying the bounty which the state provides for those who act in a manly way when they are oppressed. But our old friend White (the coster) could not stand this, and called Hyndman over the coals at the last council meeting for his conduct. Now anybody who has worked with H. M. H. knows that, however much good he may have done in propaganda work in the past, he lacks moral courage, so that when White went for him he backed down, and in a recent number of the "Social Democracy," we find Bruce referred to as "our comrade who has done good work in the past." This policy has disgusted many of the oldest members of the S. D. F., who are now raising funds to present a testimonial to Bruce on his leaving prison. Hyndman has thus been once more hoisted with his own petard.

ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.

FAMINE AND REVOLUTION.

To those who bear in mind the historical connection between famines and revolutions, there is something extremely significant in the news of the suffering, daily increasing in severity and extent, in Russia from lack of food, resulting partly from the failure of this year's cereal crops, but more largely from the systematic robbery practised by the officials of that brute beast the Czar. Already the people in many villages are eating grass, and the bark of trees. And the Czar what does he do? Why he repeats the action of all governments that have ever existed, he sends his bloodstained hirelings, the soldiers, to hunt down these hungry mobs of starving peasants. This same Czar kows well that the ignorant masses, which the Nihilists might in vain strive to turn against him by arguments addressed to their intellects, will be quickly transformed into revolutionists by hunger. It was not pity for the people of Russia, but fear for the security of his throne, which prompted his recent decree forbidding the exportation of rye, a measure which is now being supplemented by various other plans of relief. To suppose however that any or all these measures are likely to prove adequate to the case, is to overlook the fact, that almost the sole industry of Russia is agriculture, and that a failure of crops so extensive as this present one appears to be, leaves scarcely any resources from which to draw relief. Should the distress prove as great as now seems inevitable, it is not impossible that the present Czar will travel heavenward in a manner similar to his father. The coming winter, however, may (and let us hope it will) see extraordinary events in Russia.

It was famine which precipitated the French Revolution, which put an end to absolutism in France, and the same may occur in Russia in the present year, one can only add Beaconsfields well known saying, "Blest be the hand that dares to wield the regicidal steel, that redeems a nations sorrow by a tyrants blood." Let us hope they will not stop at merely one tyrant but keep on until they have rid their country of all these human wolves.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER of the Editors of the "Père Peinard" (comrade Sicard) got two years and 3000 francs fine for an article on the great manœuvres lately. But this time they changed the 3000 francs fine into two years, so that it is 4 years that our comrade would have to endure had he been silly enough to be there to answer the charge. We have now about a dozen of the "Père Peinard's" Editors wandering abroad, some are now in London and our English comrades would do well to help us in getting some job for these pioneers who have done so much to keep up the spirit of revolt amongst the masses. Let every group in England do what they can, they can get all information from the teachers of the Anarchist school.

A comrade, wheelwright by trade, had to leave France with his wife and child. A Professor of Spanish and French, and a general labourer (late editor of the "Père Peinard") are amongst the refugees arrived last week. Our comrade Darnaud a retired captain with a cross of the Legion of honor has just published a leaflet in French: "The Separation of Beasts from Men." The Père Darnaud, as he is called in the province of Ariège, spends his leisure and money in spreading Anarchist brochures among the farmers and the labourers. He shows them, in his writings, how communism would be a necessity under anarchy, and how it would lead to happiness, people who now linger in misery and degradation.

X. X.

GERMANY.

THE Anarchist trial referred to in a former issue of the 'Weal, took place in Berlin on September 25th. The particulars are not yet known to us as the case was tried with closed doors in spite of the protest of Counsel for the defence who declared that it was in the interest of public order that the details should not be kept secret. The accused were: 1. Karl Wagenknecht of Posen, engineer; 2. Albert Behr of Berlin, painter; 3. Christian Briemeier of Constance, bookbinder; 4. Georg Tanner of Switzerland, bookbinder; 5. Waihel of Wurtemberg, joiner; 6. Allweyer of Stuttgart, joiner. One of the defendants, the goldsmith Kopp, could not be found out. The prisoners were accused of inciting the people to join a treasonable conspiracy, and of circulating prohibited literature, particularly the Anarchist paper "Autonomie" which is published in London. The Court sentenced Wagenknecht to six months imprisonment, Behr to two years and six, Briemeier to eighteen months, Tanner to six months, Allweyer to a year and Waihel to two years.

On Sept. 21st the Editor of the *Breslau volkswehr* (People's Guard), was sentenced to one's year imprisonment. His crime consisted in having written an article in which he criticised the journeys of the Emperor.

The sentence of nine months imprisonment has been passed upon the Socialist Meyer of Magdeburg for having excited to class hatred by saying at a meeting on March last that he did not think that the revolution of 1871 was the last one.

The Cologne Gazette says: Reports from Mülhausen, Colmar, Gebweiler, Münster, Markirchenthal, Hauptweig and Upper Alsace agree that an important crisis in the textile industry is impending. The usual orders from North America have been withheld this season, consequently many factories have perforce to limit their operations and dismiss a great number of their hands.

The *Neues Muenchener Tageblatt* (New Munich Gazette) was seized by the authorities on September 23rd in consequence of an article in which is attacked the system of standing armies and the military pomp of the Emperor, who, it said, would exhaust Germany's resources and leave her after the next war completely ruined. The journal added that the Bavarian people should have an eye to the money expended in receiving an Emperor who was doing all he could to destroy old Bavarian traditions and replace them by Prussian laws in opposition to the national spirit.

The Pope has instructed Cardinal Mermillod to organise a Catholic International Congress to be held at Fribourg in 1893, to discuss the establishment of a Catholic "Democratic" Union which shall embrace the Catholic working classes throughout Europe.

In the German official Gazette is published this notice: "Case of Prince Bismarck, residing at Varzin and represented by the forester Westphal - the day labourer Ulrich, address unknown. The "suit" is based upon the three following points: (a) The above mentioned Ulrich owes for rent not paid 36 marks (a mark is the equivalent of a shilling); (b) for two fowls and a turkey, which the said Ulrich has agreed to furnish according to contract, 5 marks; (c) for days of work due in addition to the rent, 65 marks—making a total of 106 marks." November 18th is the date fixed by the tribunal of Rummelsburg in Pomerania for the hearing of this "case."

POLAND.

ACCORDING to the Galician papers preparations have been ordered by the Russian government authorities in Warsaw and other parts of Russian Poland for "loyal" demonstrations and festivities on the part of the Poles in celebration of the 100th anniversary, in 1893, of the second partition of Poland, and the incorporation of the great Province of Podolia in the Russian Empire.

AMERICA.

THE New York Central Railway Company has directed the dismissal of all the alien labourers in its service. This measure particularly affects Canadian workmen.

Three thousand "hands" employed in the glassworks at Millville, New Jersey, have been locked out owing to a strike of the boys who help the adults in their work. The boys left the factories as a protest against the employment of 14 Jews.

X. X. X.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

H. R.	1	0	0	Burglar	1	0
M. P. Harse	2	6		E. Hall	7	6
W. Ogden	2	6		Citizen	4	0

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Hackney Triangle at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30.
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2, Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Smeinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street.—A Concert & Ball will be given in the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W., on Monday October 12th at 8.30 p. m. The programme will consist of selections by the Liedertafel Verein C. A. B. Club, 49, Tottenham Sreet, under the direction of Mr. Flik; the Choir of the "Club Autonomie" under the direction of Mr. Steinbach and several artistes who have kindly given their services. An Orchester will also be in attendance. Tickets 1s. may be obtained at the School and at the various Clubs.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps, care of R. Gundersen, 98 Wardour Street, Soho, W.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

LIBEL ACTION AGAINST THE "COMMONWEAL"

Bedford tries to send Mowbray to Jail but Fails.

Last week, Comrade Mowbray received a summons, calling upon him to appear before Justice Jeune on Tuesday, to show cause why he should not be criminally prosecuted for libel, for the article entitled "James Bedford Sweater." Mowbray went and shewed cause, and Justice Jeune has decided that the article was not a criminal libel. So Mr. Bedford has failed in his efforts to send a poor workman to jail for showing up the low wages paid by this immaculate "labour candidate."

If Mr. Bedford is not a sweater, why does he not accept Mowbray's challenge, and meet him on a public platform. Is it because he is afraid, for very good reasons, and therefore prefers to gag his accuser, by shutting him in stone walls.

If Mr. Bedford goes on in this style, he won't gain much popularity among the workers, even though the Liberal Four Hundred may accept with rapture such a "Labour Candidate."

D. J. NICOLL.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

ACT I.

Songs of the Waves.

(The scene is a wide beautiful bay of the sea. Sky and water as far as the eye can gaze. On the beach are young barefooted girls with baskets on their heads returning from fishing. On one side are some lauts where nets are drying.)

Chorus of Girls.

(Barcarolle.)

Sounding Ocean tumbling moves,
Singing songs of rising waves;
Hasten, men, to wives and loves,—
'Neath the sounding sea lie graves,
Lie graves.

Ever-groaning Ocean's rhyme
Tells the waters' raging way:
Water-drops and globes and time
Roll, and roll, and roll away,
Always.

SCENE II.

Marpha (simply dressed and now 16) crosses the stage. She goes towards the girls who point out to her a sail in the distance. She leans up on a rock, waiting the boats arrival.

Marius and Esther (towards the footlights).

Marius (pointing out Marpha to Esther). Do you see that flower of the waves? She is a gracious vision indeed to console me for the life we lead with that termagant who has taken our mother's place.

Esther. This baroness whom our father picked up no-one knows where is a real she-wolf. She has bent him completely to her will. I know the little girl over there. 'Tis little Marpha, old Nemo's daughter. Don't you notice that this innocent dove is wonderfully like the bird of prey who has swooped down on us?

Marius. Many a time the likeness has made me shiver. There are such phenomena in nature.

Esther. Are you in love with this child?

Marius. I love her madly. Not only has she bewitched me; but she has been a very guiding-star to me. Were it not for her, I should not be among those who long to make their lives epical; I should be still bound to the past, as though to a corpse; I should not understand my own aspirations.

Esther. Explain yourself.

Marius. Last year I asked Nemo for Marpha at first. Nemo refused. His daughter could not be the companion of such a young man as I was then. I then became what you have seen me to be since your return from visiting grandmother. So did that change come about in me which I have seen in yourself.

Esther. As for me, it was impossible for me to avoid arriving at the truth. You know that at grandmother's all goes to the poor. I gave as I would. Well, since charity cannot succour all the wretched, I soon concluded that it is merely (what in truth it is) a pleasure to the giver, and no more. It can only reach a limited circle. I then set about seeking for something that would reach Humanity at large. Reforms seemed to me of little more use than charity. Everything was impotent to save,—power, riches, force, even kindness. At last I was converted to Harmony, to equalising justice, in fact to Anarchy. It was not quite my unassisted thought which brought me to that point; I read much. I was fared as air at grandmother's. Love grandmother! Were she alive still, I would have sought refuge with her when the Baroness descended upon us.

Marius. What should I do without you? I could no more live without you than without seeing Marpha, without Nemo's friendship,—Nemo whose disciple I have become. Since this woman has swayed our father's house, suffering has made my heart more sensitive in all ways. I both love and hate profoundly.

Esther. Poor Marius! What will you do when the cyclone which is brooding shall have swept away one or the other of your objects of affection.

Marius. I believe that I should die if one of you were to fail me,—even if father, despite his madness, were to go.

Esther. Does she love you?

Marius. I have never spoken to her of love; but my feeling for her is so intense that she must be sensible of it. She has been bravely nurtured; she is just the right companion for a rebel. Perhaps now she will deem me worthy of her.

Esther. Nemo's daughter may well be brave. In the heroic times which will soon begin there will be some grand and pure figures,—just as there will be monsters.

Marius. Yes this adorable child belongs to the misty times of the new myths which shall be, just as does that other cursed creature.—But you, yourself, Esther, will you never fall in love?

Esther. Love would kill hate. Our hate must be sharp as an axe's edge. We are only executioners. No, Marius, I will take care not to love.

Marius. Not Zviriki even?

Esther. Not even Zviriki. Yet it would please me to die with him. The red nuptials of death are the fairest, are they not?

Marius. Perhaps those nuptials are in store for both of us. Who knows?

SCENE III.

Marpha still waiting by the rock. Marius. Esther. Zviriki.

Zviriki. Good evening, friends. (He gives them his hand.)

Esther. Well?

Zviriki. The strike idea is spreading—a General Strike which will mean the Revolution. The human chrysalis is tearing off its grave clothes,—aye, and bits of its flesh at the same time. Humanity will conquer Death.

Marius. A little ago I learnt good news at Baroness Eleazar's (to whom I went to have an explanation); I heard of the failure of two banks.

Zviriki. If the letters that I am taking to Nemo agree with our own, the struggle is beginning all over the world. Friends, dear friends, I did not hope for such an awakening. I never dreamt it would be so speedy and so wide spread.

Esther. Surely day must come. But look over there; Nemo is arriving.

(To be continued.)

CONFESSIONS OF A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

Fellow Citizens,

I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thought I was once again on a Socialist platform. Ladies and Gentlemen, and why do I call you ladies and gentlemen, when those I see before me are the plain, honest, hardworking citizens of Mudbridge, grimed and soot stained from the smoke of the factories, because the British working-man, unlike his hot-headed foreign brother, likes to be considered as a gentleman, and the partner of his joys and sorrows likes the title of lady. Therefore as it is my purpose this evening to solicit the suffrages of the free and independent electors of Mudbridge I naturally set to work in the right way to get them. Unlike the blatant orators at street corners — I was in the line myself once, but it did not pay — I scorn all demagogic tricks, and address you as ladies and gentlemen (loud cheers).

Ladies and Gentlemen I am not a revolutionist — at least not at the present time, for the profession of revolutionary principles is an insuperable bar to getting into parliament — I do not believe in "bread or lead" or "blood and fire" no, I am a constitutional reformer: A voice in the crowd "You are a Sweater". Who is that gentleman who says I am a sweater? What an infamous expression. Really sir you are very rude. Methinks I recognise a wicked Socialist to whom I once gave some work at starvation wages out of kindness. Of course I did not make anything out of the business. O dear no. I'd scorn the action. (Here he winks the other eye.)

The voice "Who drove women on the streets by the low wages he paid."

Police inspector please remove that person I cannot really allow the peace of a public meeting to be disturbed by the mad ravings of crazy Anarchists. As a future member of the House of Commons, it is my duty to uphold as the same time my own dignity and the authority of the law. (Disturber ejected by police after considerable resistance.)

That misguided individual said I was a sweater. It is a base calumny. It is true I did pay wages a little below the trade union rate. But that was an experiment. I desired to show how odious sweating was, and my heart bled for the sufferings of the poor, while I filled my pockets with gold. It was my purpose to thus demonstrate the necessity for a legal eight hours day, and a minimum of wages. Why, ladies and gentlemen, if everybody paid fair wages and did not overwork their employees, where would be the necessity for legislation, and what would become of my chance of getting into parliament. A sweater! Yes, I am proud of the title, who so fitting as sweater to represent working men in Parliament. Who knows more of the sufferings of the poor, and who knows better the cure for their sufferings? Why I took the chair last night at a meeting of sweated tailors to protest against the infamous exactions of other employers. Another voice, "Yes and they owed yer down."

They howled me down. No some agitators did make a disturbance, but the tailors know me too well, and had to much respect for me to howl me down. Gentleman besides being a sweater, I am a Guardian of the poor. In these times of severe popular distress I would particularly impress upon you, the necessity of having gentlemen of my peculiar humanity appointed to important positions like this, I am pleased to say that I was on the list of candidates of an advanced Radical newspaper. A voice in the audience, "Good old Star," "Cheers for the Star." (Roars of popular applause.)

Since I have been on the Bedlam Green Board of Guardians, there have been several deaths from starvation. Yes there have been several deaths from starvation, but we have kept down the rates. The deaths from starvation were an experiment. To show the iniquity of the present system. While the reduction of rates has made me extremely popular with the respectable tradesmen of the neighbourhood. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a period of severe popular distress. Thousands of honest workmen cannot find work to do. Even I cannot employ them all, at low wages, which keep them thrifty and temperate, out of "kindness." In our parish, we feel for the unemployed, in some workhouses, they give them stones to break. A useless and degrading task. We are more considerate in our workhouse, for there the unemployed are usefully and agreeably employed—they pick—Oakum. (Whirlwinds of cheers.) I need scarcely say after this that I am in favour of Municipal Workshops, where the unemployed will produce shoddy furniture, bad bread, and other useful commodities for their own consumption. I have a plan like my friend General Booth, a man after my own heart, for a Salvage Brigade which shall collect mouldy crusts, tainted meat, cold potatoes and other broken victuals, which when stewed or steamed will make an appetising dish upon which these poor creatures may thankfully dine. Gentlemen, I need scarcely say after this, that I am in favour of an advanced labour programme. Eight Hours, Land Nationalisation and all the rest of it. I observed a wideyed individual crying "Long live Anarchy" at the end of the hall. Well I am in favour of that too, it is an excellent ideal and I am going to Parliament to get it by strictly constitutional means. But it will take time. All these things will take time. Many years perhaps; you must wait patiently. Meanwhile I shall enjoy many advantages at your expense, a salary of £200 a year and what I can make. Here my experience on the Board of Guardians and as a sweater will be useful. I and my old woman—I like to say "old woman," it is so democratic—as labour members are very popular with the aristocracy—will have our feet under the mahogany of dukes while you may be suffering the pangs of hunger in a garret or a cellar. But never mind, amid all this luxury. I will not forget you. I will never forget the kindhearted people, who have given me such a comfortable berth, and have such a small chance

of being rewarded for their trouble kind good creatures. How I love you. Vote for—and God bless you. Here the labour candidate, over come with emotion, sat down.

NOTE BY EDITOR. The above was picked up in the Hackney Road by a comrade. The gentleman to whom it belongs can have it, by applying at the offices of the "Commonweal."

AN ANARCHIST ON ANARCHY.

By Elisée Réclus.

Yet how vast is the distance that still separates us from the justice invoked by the poet in the very dawn of history! How great is the progress we have still to make before we may rightfully cease comparing ourselves with wild creatures fighting for a morsel of carrion! It is in vain that we pretend to be civilized, if civilisation be that which Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has described as "the harmony of individual liberty with the collective will." It is really too easy to criticise contemporary society, its morals, its conventions, and its laws, and to show how much its practices fall short of the ideal justice formulated by thinkers and desired by peoples. To repeat stale censures is to risk being called mere declaimers, scatterers of voice in the market-place. And yet so long as the truth is not heard, is it not our duty to go on speaking it in season and out of season? A sincere man owes it to himself to expose the frightful barbarity which still prevails in the hidden depths of a society so outwardly well-ordered. Take, for instance, our great cities, the leaders of civilization, especially the most populous, and, in many respects, the first of all—that immense London, which gathers to herself the riches of the world, whose every warehouse is worth a king's ransom; where are to be found enough, and more than enough, of food and clothing for the needs of the teeming millions that throng her streets in greater numbers than the ants which swarm in the never-ending labyrinth of their subterranean galleries. And yet the wretched who cast longing and hungry eyes on those hoards of wealth may be counted by the hundred thousand; by the side of untold splendors, want is consuming the vitals of entire populations, and it is only at times that the fortunate for whom these treasures are amassed hear, as a muffled wailing, the bitter cry which arises eternally from those unseen depths. Below the London of fashion is a London accursed, a London whose only food are dirt-stained fragments, whose only garments are filthy rags, and whose only dwellings are fetid dens. Have the disinherited the consolation of hope? No; they are deprived of all. There are some among them who live and die in dampness and gloom without once raising their eyes to the sun.

But these depositaries of power who are charged, whether by right divine or universal suffrage, with the august mission of dispensing justice, can they be considered as in any way more infallible, or even as impartial? Can it be said that the laws and their interpreters show towards all men the ideal equity as it exists in the popular conception? Are the judges blind when there come before them the wealthy and the poor—Shylock, with his murderous knife, and the unfortunate who has sold beforehand pounds of his flesh or ounces of his blood? Hold they always even scales between the king's son and the beggar's brat? That these magistrats should firmly believe in their own impartiality and think themselves incarnate right in human shape, is quite natural; every one puts on—sometimes without knowing it—the peculiar morality of his calling; yet judges, no more than priests, can withstand the influence of their surroundings. Their sense of what constitutes justice, derived from the average opinion of the age, as insensibly modified by the prejudices of their class. How honest soever they may be, they cannot forget that they belong to the rich and powerful, or to those, less fortunate, who are still on the look-out for preferment and honor. They are moreover blindly attached to precedent, and fancy that practices inherited from their forerunners must needs be right. Yet when we examine official justice without prejudice, how many iniquities do we find in legal procedures! Thus the English are scandalized—and rightly so—by the French fashion of examining prisoners, those sacred beings who, in strict probity, ought to be held innocent until they are proved guilty! while the French are disgusted, and not without reason, to see English justice, through the English government, publicly encourage treachery by offers of impunity and money to the betrayer, thereby deepening the degradation of the debased and provoking acts of shameful meanness which children in their schools, more moral than their elders, regard with unfeigned horror.

Nevertheless, law, like religion, plays only a secondary part in contemporary society. It is invoked but rarely to regulate the relations between the poor and the rich, the powerful and the weak. These relations are the outcome of economic laws and the evolution of a social system based on inequality of conditions.

Laissez faire. Let things alone? have said the judges of the camp. Careers are open; and although the field is covered with corpses, although the conqueror stamps on the bodies of the vanquished, although by supply and demand, and the combinations and monopolies in which they result, the greater part of society becomes enslaved to the few, let things alone—for thus has decreed fair play. It is by virtue of this beautiful system that a *parvenu*, without speaking of the great lord who receives counties as his heritage, is able to conquer with money thousands of acres, expel those who cultivate his domain, and replace men and their dwellings with wild animals and rare trees. It is thus that a tradesman, more cunning or intelligent, or, perhaps, more

favoured by luck than his fellows; is enabled to become master of an army of workers, and as often as not to starve them at his pleasure. In a word, commercial competition, under the paternalegis of the law, lets the great majority of merchants—the fact is attested by numberless medical inquests—adulterate provisions and drink, sell pernicious substances as wholesome food, and kill by slow poisoning, without for one day neglecting their religious duties, their brothers in Jesus Christ. Let people say what they will, slavery, which abolitionists strove so gallantly to extirpate in America, prevails in another form in every civilized country; for entire populations, placed between the alternatives of death by starvation and toils which they detest, are constrained to choose the latter. And if we would deal frankly with the barbarous society which we belong, we must acknowledge that murder, albeit disguised under a thousand invidious and scientific forms, still, as in the times of primitive savagery, terminates the majority of lives. The economist sees around him but one vast field of carnage, and with the coldness of the statistician he counts the slain as on the evening after a great battle. Judge by these figures. The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties, one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the misery of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths? Race of Cains, what have we done with our brothers?

NOTES.

Bankruptcy is coming.

THE Argentine Republic is in difficulties which seem to grow worse instead of better, and we hear now that it has issued a forced paper currency fixing the premium on gold at 150 per cent. It has also authorized the suspension for tow years of all monetary payments. These are ominous signs of impending bankruptcy. But when we further consider, that the creditors of this republic, are great English firms, who came to the rescue of Baring Bros, when on the verge of bankruptcy last November and, that these people have some £7,000,000 of almost worthless Argentine securities on their hands, we may reflect that, when the Argentine Republic goes broke, that some of these great people will probably follow it. But at the present time when we can see wild unrest and social revolt spreading all over the world from Chili to China, we may feel certain that, there will be some more foreign governments going wrong, and it is probable that these usurers in the City, will find themselves generally in the same position as the great house of the Barings a few months ago. The whole fabric of modern commercialism is in a very crazy condition. Its foundations are rotten, and the building itself like the erections of the suburban jerry-builders has been run up to sell. A puff of wind would make this house of cards collapse. And that may come at any moment in the shape of a big war or a revolution in Russia. The greed and avarice of modern bourgeoisie, their haste to get rich, their mania for fifty and a hundred per cent has brought this about, and to-day the middle classes tremble, for they know that at any moment they may be buried in the ruins of modern commercialism.

Dynamite in Austria.

Two dynamite bombs exploded beneath a railway bridge in Austria, the other day, unfortunately this happened a few hours before the train conveying the Imperial despot Francis Joseph passed that way. We are sorry His Majesty was not sent to join the late Czar in heaven. Nowhere in Europe save in Russia is despotism more galling than in the Austrian Empire. It is a despotism tempered by dynamite. And the sooner dynamite gets the best of the conflict the better.

Suicide of Boulanger.

THE would be Dictator has ended his eventful life by blowing his brains out at the tomb of his dead mistress. Boulanger was never dangerous to the revolutionary movement. He was but the imitator of a bad imitation. As Napoleon III. endeavoured to imitate his famous uncle, so did Boulanger model himself on Napoleon III. But he failed even at this, and now, conscious of his failure, he has killed himself. If Boulanger had overturned the sham republic of France, he would have only been overwhelmed in the inevitable revolutionary movement, that would have followed. Embryo Napoleons don't kill themselves like love sick Romeo's.

Eight Hours.

Mr. John Rae has an article in the Contemporary this month, in which he points out that the capitalist dread of the Eight Hours movement is quite unfounded. He quotes a large number of instances in England, Ireland, and the United States which all go to prove that the capitalists can get even more out of the workers under an eight hours system, than by working them ten hours a day. Mr. Rae comes to the conclusion that "the likeliest effect of an eight hours day will be the same as the effect of a ten hours day has already been—that the old rate of daily production will be successfully maintained, and that the situation in consequence will be in

no way changed, whether as respects wages, profits, the unemployed or, foreign competition." Why then do the capitalists profess to be so much afraid of this agitation if it will make no difference to them. To this we reply that it is not a simple demand for Eight Hours that frightens the capitalists, but the knowledge, that the workers believe that a legal Eight Hours Day will bring the millennium. And they know that, when the workers find that it will do nothing of the kind, but it will leave matters the same as before, they fear that the people may have recourse to more extreme demands, and may end in going to the root of the matter, by taking possession of all the wealth, the rich have stolen from the poor.

Boycott Haile the Sweater.

LAST week we spoke of the revolutionary energy our comrades Turner and Tochatti had thrown into the Early Closing agitation in the Harrow Road. Every Thursday the road is completely blocked, in front of the shop of a refractory sweater, a cheesemonger named Haile, by a dense crowd, and six mounted and fifty foot police have all their work cut out to keep "order." Sweater Haile has lost his temper and A. W. Lillingstone, the secretary of the local branch of the Shop Assistants Union, has had an injunction served on him, because he issued a bill recommending the public to boycott Haile the blackleg tradesman. We think early closing, strike and free speech agitations are just the times when we should do our utmost to spread our ideas among the people, by distribution of leaflets and other literature. When people are highly excited, they take readily to revolutionary ideas. As to boycotting Haile, we can only recommend the public not to buy his stinking bacon, or his mouldy cheese. It is a curious fact that sweating has always a bad effect on the commodities produced and distributed by that system. Therefore those who don't want to be poisoned, ought not to buy their goods at Haile's shop. Boycott Haile the blackleg tradesman and Damn the Court of Chancery and all its injunctions. We wonder if we shall have another action for libel after this? D. J. NICOLL.

LOUISE MICHEL AT NORWICH.

OUR comrade Louise Michel visited Norwich with Dr. Merlino on Sunday September 28th and addressed two large and enthusiastic meetings. One in the Market place in the afternoon and a still more successful gathering in the Anarchist Hall, Pitt Street in the evening. The local papers give good reports of the speeches of both our comrades. A capitalist paper thus describes the scene in the Hall:

"The motto 'Liberty' was exhibited over the platform, and above the entrance was a large blood-red banner bearing an inscription referring to the 'Chicago Martyrs,' and concluding with the words, 'Hurrah for Anarchy.' On the panels of the door was a printed cartoon representing three figures beneath the sentiment 'Vive la Commune.' On the left a workman in a Phrygian cap kneels upon a pile of money and a general assortment of booty, holding aloft a flaming torch. On the opposite side of the picture a man with pickaxe and shovel on his shoulder waved his hat in the air. Between them is a female figure with arms uplifted. LOUISE MICHEL, at the call of the chairman, Mr. Poyntz, ascended the platform amid great applause."

We quote the account of our comrades speech from the same paper. She said:

"There was no doubt about the possibilities of revolution; but if they were not prepared for it they would, after its accomplishment, fall into the same mistakes which had come about after all revolutions. It was in order to prevent this, and to help bring about the new system of society that she and her comrades engaged in the work. They were prepared to advance their cause, which be it remembered was for the good of the people at large, at the risk of their liberty and their lives. (Applause.) It was no good hoping to get the beneficial changes which she advocated through existing government, because that lived only to grind down the people. Their efforts must rather be against government. (Hear, hear.) Every good cause was corrupted by power. But the lessons of the past would be profitable in the future, and if ever there was a time when they ought to make up their minds upon this question it was now. (Applause.) Men's destinies were in their own hands. Anarchism was justice and the overthrow of capital and government. Both had the same end in view—the keeping of the population in slavery. Every slave must strive to end his slavery. Let them also fight against the injustice, poverty, and crime in present society. The two sources of inequality, poverty, and crime were capital and government. (Applause.) Was the destruction of these things impossible? Can a condition of things without them be realised? Look at home. There was no power, no crime, or inequality in a family where each worked for the good of the others. The Anarchist system did not contemplate the equal division of all things, because that would be absurd. Suppose a family of seven lived in a house, was it reasonable to suggest that each should have a seventh division of each room in the house? There was no legal power in the family, no judge, no policeman, none to enforce the law. Now the future society would be freer than the family was to-day, because the injustice of the present constitution was reflected in the family life. In the society to be established people would work because it would be pleasurable and useful to do so, for none would be the slave of another. Inventions of machinery would not be used to crush the labourer, or to fill the pockets of the capitalists, but would be used for the benefit of the community. The incentive to work would be immeasurably greater, because every man would feel that he was receiving the direct results of his labour. The fact was, if they found so many difficulties in the way of the realisation of Anarchy it was because they had not been

accustomed to trust themselves, nor to reason. They sat down under the present evils because they always would exist. (Applause.) The sentiments of Anarchy were, however, spreading amongst the people. It was a good sign that the young men were joining Anarchists societies, for it showed that the spirit of revolt which animated their forefathers was not dead, and would be employed to a more useful end. In France they had been accustomed to see the old workmen taking the lead in revolutionary movements; but to-day their juniors were adopting the principles of Anarchy and joining in the fight. She was forced to advocate revolution because of the present state of things. It was no choice of hers, but she found herself engaged in the work by necessity. If anyone found himself in the presence of a contagious disease he would be bound, if he knew how, to kill the germs of infection. The present society and system must go, and all must make up their minds to the change. The question of Anarchy was one of self-defence against the present evils. She did not advocate crime and bloodshed; but, owing to the now state of society, she advocated the employment of force to carry out the principles of revolution. (Applause.) Progress consisted in the increase of intelligence, of intellectual development. In past times intelligent people were few, and the others agreed to work for them and obey them as masters. But now the intelligent people were the most numerous, and refused to be treated like slaves any longer. People tried to humbug the workmen by talking about the superior intelligence of the *bourgeois*, and they said, "Keep quiet; don't strike, but vote your representatives into parliament." If they listened to that they would soon find out they had been deceived. The truly intelligent sought means of making himself and his labour more useful. Anarchy meant no property belonging to individuals, but being possessed by the community to minister to its needs. Anarchy meant more enlightenment, increased education, and freedom. (Applause.) Only by its means would these benefits be obtained, and until its principles were carried out men would remain as slaves. Anarchy meant brotherhood; no more crushed classes. War? Yes; against the master, and not against their brethren. These principles were those of justice. If they did not fight for them they would be kept down. Their very weakness was a crime. Let none make a concession to their enemies. They had no right to compromise their principles, which belonged to the community. If any of their views were mistaken they would be proved so, but she believed they were right, and truth would triumph. (Applause.)

Our comrades visit has been a great success and we are convinced that it will aid us greatly in our propaganda.

WAR AT THE WHARVES.

It seems likely that the present struggle at Hermitage and Carron Wharves will develop into a general strike in the riverside industries. Already the Carmen have refused to carry goods or to receive them from these dens filled with blacklegs. The lightermen have decided to follow their example, and on their side, the federated capitalists have decided to sack any man who refuses to obey their "orders." Now unless the Union leaders cravenly cave in or the capitalists surrender, this will mean in a few days, a general strike along the riverside. And in this struggle, if the men would be victorious, they must not follow the "prudent" advice of Mr. Ben Tillet, who tells them that if blacklegs, attack them they are to "apply for police protection!" but must protect themselves. The blacklegs have revolvers, which they have small scruple in using. Let the dockers get revolvers too, and don't let all the corpses be on one side. "Intimidation" is the game and let us have plenty of it. The capitalists have entered into a conspiracy to crush the workers by starvation. A few pounds of dynamite placed in close proximity to the wharves would "crush" capitalists and blacklegs most effectively.

D. J. NICOLL.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

A "mutiny" has broken out on board the Chilean war steamer "Presidente Pinto," at present lying in Hamburg. The officers have been unable to restore discipline, and the commander has requested the harbour police to quell the disturbance.

The forthcoming estimates for the German Foreign Office will contain a greatly increased demand for secret service money. The Bavarian Government will ask the Chambers on their reassembling for a credit of two million pounds for the construction of "strategical" railroad recommended by the military staff.

A great sensation has been produced by the appearance of an article in the "Fränkische Volksblatt," a Catholic paper published at Würzburg, proposing the disintegration of the German Empire, and the re-establishment of the presidency of Emperor of Austria.

In Germany it was formerly the custom when a soldier or sailor of the standing army or the navy left the country to pronounce a fine of 200 marks or 40 days' imprisonment in contumacious against him. The "authorities" have now decided upon a more stringent course. The Correctional Tribunal of Dortmund has determined to punish such "offenders" when they return by a fine of 1000 marks, or, in default, imprisonment for four months.

AMERICA.

Americans did not care much about the fifty-eight of Pennsylvania who have been shot dead by the Pinkertons within the last few years, without any inquest, investigation, or punishment whatever, the Pinkertons being employed by the coalbarons and great railway companies; but now that these men are employed by private firms at racecourses to knock the people about at their will and pleasure, a good many people are waking up at this

serious mance of public liberty. At the Brooklyn Jockey Club's race-track at Gravesend about a fortnight ago the Pinkertons were very much in evidence. They hustled all the passengers, seized men and women, and beat them with their clubs and tore their clothes half off their backs. Actions will be brought against them, but the result is doubtful.

A general strike of railroad employees and coal miners in the Pittsburgh district commenced on the 1st inst. Nearly ten thousand men have left work. They demand an increase of wages.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Club Autonomic.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30

Thursdays: Hoxton Church at 8.15

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and

Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Phillips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and

7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall

Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimethorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3;

Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street.—A Concert & Ball will be given in the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, W., on Monday October 12th at 8.30 p. m. The programme will consist of selections by the Liedertafel Verein C. A. B. Club, 49, Tottenham Street, under the direction of Mr. Flik; the Choir of the "Club Autonomie" under the direction of Mr. Steinbach and several artistes who have kindly given their services. An Orchester will also be in attendance. Tickets 1s. may be obtained at the School and at the various Clubs.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps, care of R. Gundersen, 98 Wardour Street, Soho, W.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

It seems at the present moment that strike at Wharves is not unlikely to end in an ignoble fizzle. Instead of declaring a general Strike at once directly the leaders saw that the dock directors, wharf owners and all the employers of labour along the riverside were in a conspiracy to crush the workers unions, they have let the men be crushed in detail. First the wharfen struck, their places were at once taken by the blacklegs of Shipping Federation. It must have then be obvious to all that the employers were in league together. Then the Union leaders should have turned round to the bosses and have said: "Well since you are all banded against us, we will attack you all. This is busy season, and we shall declare a General Strike, unless the black-legs are dismissed, and all the men at the Carron and Hermitage. Wharves taken back upon the old terms." One day of a strike of this sort would have been enough. But the leaders had no heart for fighting, so they contented themselves by calling out the carmen and lightermen, who are conveying goods to and fro from the two wharves. With the result that the carmen and lightermen are discharged and their places taken by blacklegs. The men who on Monday, October 3rd, were in high spirits and ready for anything, are now disheartened by the defeat which naturally followed upon this half hearted method of fighting. So when on last Monday the union gives order for all men belonging to the federated union to refuse to touch or handle goods, coming from the Hermitage and Canon Wharves. The order is in many cases not responded to. There is still perhaps a bare chance, if even at the eleventh hour, if the leader will call a general meeting of the men, and proclaim a General Strike, but the prospect is not hopeful. The timidity especially of the leaders of Dockers Union has ruined all. The black-legs of the Shipping Federation have complete possession of Albert Docks, the "permanent men" of the Dock Company are doing nearly all the work in South, East and West India Docks. And now we hear of permanent men for all the Wharves. The dockers and wharfen who fought so gallantly in the Dock Strike are being ousted by black-legs everywhere, and are turned on the streets to starve, and it will not be long before the Shipping Federation falls upon the scattered fragments of Federated Unions in every port in the country and will crush them pitilessly. Reductions of wages and wholesale dismissals of men will be the order of the day, and those who remain will groan beneath a worse tyranny, than they suffered even before the Great Strike. What remedy is there? "The Ballot Box!" says John Burns. What, can these poor wretches vote themselves bread by returning some of the "many men on the make in the labour movement"—the phrase is Mr. Burns not Burns—to Parliament? We don't believe it. We never knew the ballot box to perform such miracles yet, even at the command of such a mighty magician as Mr. Burns. The workers have had quite enough of most of their leaders at the present time. They are disgusted with their weakness and cowardice and when starving by thousands, we think they are more likely to listen to Anarchists, who tell them to help themselves. If you need food, clothing and shelter, starving workmen, take it. It is yours by right. Help yourselves and if the capitalists, and their government send police and soldiers to bludgeon and butcher you let them take care of their lives and property for both will be in danger. Dynamite and revolvers are cheap, and these assassins who butcher the poor and starve their children, may yet learn that workmen's arms can strike these murderers even though they may be carefully guarded in their splendid mansions.

D. J. NICOLL.

MOWBRAY IN NORWICH.

Bedford unfortunately absent.

On Sunday last Comrade Mowbray paid a visit to Norwich in order to justify his action regarding the attack made on Mr. Bedford. It was rumoured that this gentleman would be present. However such was not the case, and Mowbray had the field all to himself. It must not be supposed however that Mowbray had all his own way. He was

plied on all hands with questions, and was charged with being in the pay of the Tories; no proof was adduced against him on this charge, as his past career in Norwich was too well known for the workers to swallow this. He is willing to meet anyone in debate who cares to back up this assertion. He was also charged with not paying his rent; to this charge he unblushingly pleads guilty. And as he has preached the paying of No Rent for some years now, he is only consistent in setting the example to those who listen to his addresses. He is further charged with owing money to one of the local municipal councillors and secretary of the Boot and Shoe Trades Society. However this charge also is open to doubt, as several friends of Mowbray who knew of his lack of ability to pay Mr. Mason have offered to pay the amount (10s.); but the offer has been refused, and for obvious reasons. Mr. Mason is a supporter of Mr. Bedford, and this 10s. is a very useful weapon to use against Mowbray this is the kind of answer some of the liberal 400 give to the accuser of their "pet" candidate. Why all this shuffling? There is a liar one side or other, which is it? Mowbray has shown his eagerness to meet Bedford in discussion, and the other side hesitate, why is this? Are they afraid, or is it that they yet expect to accomplish their object of closing the prison doors on one who has dared to attack their "darling." A deal was made of the letter of Lewis Lyons who tries to show that he at any rate does not believe Mr. Bedford to be a "sweater." Will Lyons assert that there is no log of the A. S. T. in the East End, and that the log of the A. S. T. does not apply to bespoke trade in the East End. And is Mr. Bedford's trade exempt from the log? Does the A. S. T. recognise the prices of this man as those of their log, and still further does Mr. L. L. speak in the name of the society when he says, "no attempt was made prior to the early part of this year to enforce the log and workshop question." If Mr. Lyons is the chief supporter of Mr. B., it reminds one of the old saying "save us from our friends." One would have thought that Mr. Madden, secretary of City Branch, A. S. T., or J. Macdonald, general secretary of the West End Branch, A. S. T., would have been better authorities on this question than Mr. L. We trust however that Norwich trades unionists will act for themselves by writing to the above gentlemen for information before taking L's word for truth. Let the Liberal 400 be consistent and our opposition drops at once. Let them run their man as a Capitalist Liberal Candidate, and not as a working man's friend and Labor Candidate. The general Meeting of Electors of Norwich will soon take place, and then perhaps Mowbray and Bedford may meet face to face, and truth in the end must prevail.

OBJECTIONS TO ANARCHISM.

As to the so-often repeated objection that nobody would labor if he were not compelled to do so by sheer necessity, we heard enough of it before the emancipation of slaves in America, as well as before the emancipation of serfs in Russia; and we have had the opportunity of appreciating it at its just value. So we shall not try to convince those who can be convinced only by accomplished facts. As to those who reason, they ought to know that, if it really was so with some parts of humanity at its lowest stages—and yet, what do we know about it?—or if it is so with some small communities, or separate individuals, brought to sheer despair by non-successes in their struggle against unfavorable conditions, it is not so with the bulk of the civilized nations. With us, work is a habit, and idleness an artificial growth. Of course, when to be a manual worker means to be compelled to work all the life long for ten hours a day, and often more, at producing some part of something—a pin's head, for instance; when it means to be paid wages on which a family can live only on the condition of the strictest limitation of all its needs; when it means to be always under the menace of being thrown to-morrow out of employment—and we know how frequent are the industrial crises, and what a misery they imply; when it means, in a very great number of cases, premature death in a paupers' hospital, if not in the workhouse; when to be a manual workers signifies to wear all life long a stamp of inferiority in the eyes of those very

people who live on the work of their "hands"; when it always means the renouncement of all those higher enjoyments that science and art give to man—oh, then there is no wonder that everybody—the manual worker as well—has but one dream: that of rising to a condition where others would work for him. When I see writers who boast that they are the workers, and write that the manual workers are an inferior race of lazy and improvident fellows, I am inclined to ask them, Who, then, has made all you see round about you: the houses you live in, the chairs, the carpets, the streets you enjoy, the clothes you wear? Who built the universities where you were taught, and who provided you with food during your school years? And what would become of your readiness to "work," if you were compelled to work in the above conditions all your life on a pin's head? No doubt, anyhow *you* would be reported as a lazy fellow! And I affirm that no intelligent man can be closely acquainted with the life of the European working classes without wondering, on the contrary, at their readiness to work even under such abominable conditions.

Overwork is reluctant to human nature—not work. Overwork for supplying the few with luxury—not work for the well-being of all. Work, labour, is a physiological necessity, a necessity of spending accumulated bodily energy, a necessity which is health and life itself. If so many branches of useful work are so reluctantly done now, it is merely because they mean overwork, or they are improperly organized. But we know—old Franklin knew it—that four hours of useful work every day would be more than sufficient for supplying everybody with the comfort of a moderately well-to-do middle-class house, if we all gave ourselves to productive work, and if we did not waste our productive powers as we do waste them now. As to the childish question, repeated for fifty years (who would do the disagreeable work?), frankly I regret that none of our *savants* has ever been brought to do it, be it for only one day in his life. If there is still work which is really disagreeable in itself, it is only because our scientific men have never cared to consider the means for rendering it less so; they always knew that there were plenty of starving men who would do it for a few pence a day.

As to the third—the chief—objection, which maintains the necessity of a government for punishing those who break the law of society, there is so much to say about it that it hardly can be touched incidentally. The more we study the question, the more we are brought to the conclusion that society itself is responsible for the anti-social deeds perpetrated in its midst; and that no punishment, no prison, and no hangman can diminish the numbers of like deeds; nothing short of a re-organization of society itself. Three-quarters of all the acts which are brought every year before our courts have their origin, either directly or indirectly, in the present disorganized state of society with regard to the production and distribution of wealth—not in the perversity of human nature. As to the relatively few anti-social deeds which result from anti-social inclinations of separate individuals, it is not by prisons, nor even by resorting to the hangman, that we can diminish their numbers. By our prisons, we merely multiply them and render them worse. By our detectives, our "price of blood," our executions, and our jails, we spread in society such a terrible flow of basest passions and habits, that he who would realize the effects of these institutions to their full extent, would be frightened by what society is doing under the pretext of maintaining morality. We *must* search for other remedies, and the remedies have been indicated long since.

Of course now, when a mother in search of food and shelter for her children must pass by shops filled up with the most refined delicacies of refined gluttony; when gorgeous and insolent luxury is displayed side by side with the most execrable misery; when the dog and the horse of a rich man are far better cared for than millions of children whose mothers earn a pitiful salary in the pit or the manufactory; when each "modest" evening dress of a lady represents eight months, or one year, of human labor; when enrichment on somebody's account is the avowed aim of the "upper classes," and no distinct boundary can be traced between honest and dishonest means of making money—then force is the only means for maintaining such a state of things; then an army of policemen, judges, and hangmen becomes a necessary institution.

But if all our children—all children are *our* children—received a sound instruction and education—and we have the means of doing so; if every family lived in a decent home—and they *could* under the present high pitch of our production; if every boy and girl were taught a handicraft at the same time as he or she receives a scientific instruction, and not to be a manual producer of wealth were considered as a token of inferiority; if men lived in closer contact with one another, and had continually to come into contact on those public affairs which now are invested in the few; and if, in consequence of a closer contact, we were brought to take as lively an interest in our neighbors' difficulties and pains as we formerly took in those of our kinsfolk—then we should not resort to policemen and judges, to prisons and executions. The anti-social deeds would be prevented in the bud, not punished; the few contests which would arise would be easily settled by arbitrators; and no more force would be necessary to impose their decisions than is required now for enforcing the decisions of the family tribunals of China, or of the Valencia water-courts.

PETER KROPOTKIN.

PARNELL IS DEAD.

The leader of the middle class revolution in Ireland has passed away. Like Boulanger, he died when all was lost. He died, not in the front of the battle, not in the height of the struggle, but obscurely, like some

wounded wretch, who with a gaping wound from some fearful fight, drags himself away to a hovel, or a ditch, to die.

What a lesson to those who thirst for empire over the souls of men, Who stood higher, only this time last year, than this illustrious leader, who by sheer force of parliamentary strategy, by sheer skill and cunning had the great Liberal party harnessed to his chariot wheels, and kept men who hated and feared him, his obedient slaves.

A trifle changed all this, what the ordinary middle class world reckons a venial offence in one of its members, so long as it does not give any occasion for public scandal, a divorce suit of which the incidents were neither uncommon or unusual. The Nonconformist conscience was shocked! Tender Nonconformist conscience, that can job a fortune out of sweating, that can plunge little children into slavery in its cotton mills, that can massacre savages, in the name of God and the gospel, but shudders affrighted at the awful word "adultery". Yet the Nonconformist conscience believes in its bible, which says that all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Yet the said conscience goes on lying every day of its wretched life; lying in its adulterated goods; lying in the sham morality of its conventional life; lying in its sham christianity, which preates of its philanthropy and fine charity, and is sincere alone in its devilish greed and its heartless barbarity. Good old Nonconformist conscience, which reads its bible and professes to believe, when the bible tells it that a certain Jewish King was a man after God's own heart, and yet this person not only slept with his friends wife, but murdered her husband into the bargain. Yet Parnell who had committed only the first of these offences, is to be damned, damned by the Pecksniffian Pharisees who grind the faces of the poor, who wring from want, misery, and prostitution, their piles of gold, but who are greatly "shocked" if their conventional morality is infringed. We wonder if the test, which the founder of their religion, the man of whom they make a god, applied to self-righteous Pharisees, who wanted to stone the woman who had trampled on the Jewish marriage law, was applied to those whose sweet voices were so loud last year, "Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone," how they would have passed through the ordeal. Would they not, like the Pharisees, have slunk away with shame on their faces. What is the answer of Stiggins, Stead, Stuart, and Co.?

Well they have done their work, Parnell is dead. Slain by men compared with whom, he is probably an angel of light. Slain in the name of religion and conventional morality, by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Slain by a society that is like a whited sepulchre, fair outwardly, but inwardly full of dead men's bones. Slain by men who, have nothing of Christ about them but the name; and rightly so Society teaches, that if a man, through lust or passion, gets a woman into trouble, he must throw her on one side, like a broken and worthless toy, or her "disgrace" falls upon him. Parnell clung to the woman he loved, clung to her through storms of obloquy and calumny, though by doing so, he did much to wreck his cause in Ireland. Let us honour him for this at least.

If the revolt of the Irish party against Parnell, had been an upheaval against his dictatorial authority; Anarchists would have sympathised with it. But we don't sympathise when we know that Parnell's followers deserted him at the dictation of that old humbug Gladstone, the greatest fraud of modern times, who feared the loss of the Nonconformist vote, and who no doubt wanted to get rid of a "dangerous man", for a gentleman whom he could twist round his little finger—Justin Mc. Carthy the leader writer on the official organ of the Liberal party—the Daily News—. The official Liberal gang never liked Parnell, he had too much of the revolutionist about him, and was too intimate with the Irish physical force party for these gentry. But it will be quite safe to grant Home Rule to Ireland, so long as the Mc. Carthyites are the rulers. But what have Irish people gained? as little as the man who lies quiet in his grave, where slander and calumny can wound him no more. The Irish workers may, perhaps, get rid of their English sweat-ers—the landlords—, but they will soon find that the sweaters of their own race, are a great deal worse. No, for their freedom, the Irish people must wait. They must wait for the social revolution, that shall sweep away not only Government and private property, but the hypocrisy and "morality" by which Parnell was murdered.

NOTES.

Amusing Incidents in the Wharf strike.

There have been some amusing incidents in the wharf strike. The funniest perhaps, was when some one threw some bricks and old iron, among a party of police and blacklegs, who were going by at the time. The police burst into the union hall, under the impression that Tom Mann and Ben Tillett had been "throwing things". Fancy Ben Tillett engaged in chucking a brick at the police. The notion is too funny! On Monday too there was some fun, especially when a blackleg, carman tried to drive a three horse team from the Carron Wharf. The scene was very comic, especially when the crowd got in front, and what with hoots and yells, nearly frightened the horses out of their wits. So terrified were these poor animals, that they backed the wagon into a wooden structure, which serves as the ticket office of the Carron Co. and nearly smashed the place to pieces. The blackleg carman had a very exciting time, till he got away with the help of the police. He was more fortunate than one of his companions, whom I saw drive by in a panic, with his face covered in blood, from an ugly cut on his cheek. The wharf men know how to deal with blacklegs.

How Shocking.

The Times announced to its readers, in a horror-stricken tone, on Thursday, that the already strong force of police had been greatly strengthened on the previous day. Some "mad revolutionary" had been distributing bills recommending the people to set fire to wharves and warehouses in order to give the police some employment. This advice seems to have caught on, for a docker was heard to say that he should like to see the Carron Wharf burnt down. This is really dreadful! We wonder who gave "those wicked bills" away. N.B. The neighbourhood swarmed with police on Friday, you could not walk a dozen yards without meeting a policeman, and there was an immense demand for anarchist literature among the dockers, who seemed to expect to find in it something extraordinary. We hope they were not disappointed.

Another Sweater Sold.

Justice Jeune has refused to grant an injunction against the boycotting bill, issued by Lillingstone of the Shop Assistants Union, against Haile the sweater. Unfortunately for sweaters, there is no law yet enacted against boycotting in England. Justice Jeune said very feelingly, that he feared the plaintiffs business would be injured.

It has been injured already, according to an affidavit sworn by Haile that thanks to the boycotting notice, his receipts have fallen off by £15 to £20, as compared with the weekly takings prior to the issuing of the bill, and that for the purpose of keeping his trade together, he has had to reduce the prices of certain goods, and which he is now selling at less than he has paid for them, and that he has every reason to believe that he will continue to suffer loss in his business "and that the said business may be still more seriously affected, if not ultimately ruined, unless you are further restrained from printing and distributing the said bills, and bills of a similar nature."

Bravo comrades! Keep it up.

Funny Mr. Bumble

A poor man applied to the Brentford Board of Guardians for relief, he and his wife together earned only 4s. and 3d. a week, and paid 3s. out of it for rent. "You don't get much meat" said a guardian, "I don't see it" said the man, "You can if you go outside a butcher's shop" said another guardian, a Mr. Brown, who shook his fat sides with laughter at his own joke. What a blessing to live in a free country, where you can "see meat" by going outside a butcher's shop. If we were the poor man, we should not be content with "seeing" meat, but should take some. Even the tender mercies of the policeman, and the jailer are preferable to those of the guardians of the poor, who like Mr. Brown, can only see in extreme poverty and misery, a subject for their "merry little jokes."

No Rent in Jubilee Dwellings.

Our friend Miles is in trouble again. He has to appear before the Shoreditch County Court to show cause, why he does not deliver up the room he occupies at present (rent free) to his landlord Mr. Sharp. Poor Mr. Sharp has not had any rent from Jubilee Dwelling since the middle of August and he is greatly distressed about his "property." He met Miles the other day, and asked him, when he was going to pay his rent. "Never" said Miles. Oh but Mr. Miles can't you pay me something? Can't we come to some arrangement? "I won't pay you a farthing," said Miles and no one else shall, if I can help it. "Oh, I see what it is," replied the irate landlord, "you're the agitator for the whole block." The No Rent Campaign is in permanence in Jubilee Dwelling, the tenants keep their money in their pockets, or spend it on Sunday dinners and the landlord cries for his rent in vain. Not only Miles is summoned but Mr. Saunders also husband of the neighbour who gave evidence on his behalf in the police court. This looks like personal vengeance on the part of Sharp.

There is a sadder side to the question, however, last week, the child of the caretaker was taken away to the hospital, sick with fever. The children of other tenants are blood poisoned through the bad drains.

Poor Miles himself has lost a child by diphtheria from the same cause, and yet Sharp has the impudence to expect rent from a fever den like this. He won't get it; that is one consolation.

Model Landlords.

Yet Mr. Sharp might hide his diminished head before the landlords of Newcastle. Last week a man was brought before the magistrates for housebreaking, and it was suggested that poverty had driven him to help himself. The man's wife said that since Free Education had come in fashion, the landlord had raised her rent. This gentleman thought as she had no school fees to pay, she could pay more rent, and he raised it accordingly. The police and their superintendent confirmed her story, and said that the raising of rent by the amount of the fees remitted was going on all over the place. Shylock will have his pound of flesh and the British landlord will have his "rent." This shows the uselessness of partial reforms, so long as the present system is allowed to exist by which landlord and capitalist can plunder the workers at their will. Nothing but a complete overthrow of capitalism and government by the people taking forcible possession of the land and the means of production will put a stop to the robbery of the poor. Mean while as a step towards this, could not our comrade at Newcastle start a No Rent Campaign among the workers there. It seems to be wanted.

SAVAGERY AND CIVILIZATION.

We have some unexpected testimony as to the blessings of civilization in a sermon of the bishop of St. Johns, Caffraria, reported in the "Mission Field". He gives some startling facts, how our civilization has made "drunken sots" of the Kaffirs and Zulus. He says "We found their tribes more or less isolated, each with its own chief, who with his councillors governed the people according to long-established law and precedent, with the right of free speech in the council, that jealously guarded birthright of every man, even the poorest of the nation. We found them as they still are, an agricultural people, who won their subsistence by patient labor from the soil; people who, in times of drought and famine, only too common, had no poor laws to pauperize them. If the green food ripened in time, they lived another year; not, they died. These are conditions, not indeed favorable to

THE GROWTH OF "CIVILIZATION"

or of wealth, nor did the constant wars and famines conduce to of population; yet under them was bred a people, ignorant indeed superstitious, and suspicious of strangers, but thrifty, self-reliant, independent." Now, thanks to the Gatling Gun, the bible, and whisky bottle, these happy savages have been "civilized" and law order reigns supreme. They have learnt that under its rule "the est purse wins." They are taught that they are British subjects, each man has his own individual rights, and so the old system of collective responsibility is dying out, by which the community was possible for the individual. The men are "so happy" under civilization that they have taken to drink, which destroys their "whole fibre" and they are losing their fine simple natures and are becoming "corrupt and horrid." Have these savages gained much by civilized, and after all, were they not happier in their savagery.

Missionaries profess to take the gospel to the savage, it is interesting to hear from their own lips, that our christianity and civilization, spreads demoralisation and death among them. Would not our unskilled laborers be willing enough to change their lot for the simple happy life of these savage people before they were accursed by civilization. We should think so. The sooner our sham civilization is destroyed, the better not only for our people, but for the whole of the human race.

FUTURE PROGRESS AND PEACE.

THE most enlightened peoples, seizing back the right of themselves disposing of their blood and riches, will gradually learn to look upon war as the most terrible flaw, as the greatest of crimes.

First we shall see disappear those wars which are caused by usurpers of the sovereignties of nations, for pretended hereditary rights.

The peoples will know that they cannot become conquerors without losing their own liberty—that perpetual confederations are the only means of maintaining their independence: that they ought to search after safety, not power. Little by little commercial prejudices will disappear: false mercantile interests will lose the horrible power of covering the earth with blood and of ruining nations under pretext of enriching them. As the nations finally become more alike in political and moral principle, as each of them for its own advantage will call the foreign ones to a more equal division of the good things which is ours to nature or its industry, all these cause which produce, envenom, and perpetuate race hatred will gradually vanish: they will no longer furnish either warlike fury, or pretext for war.

Institutions, better combined than these projects of everlasting peace, which have occupied the minds of some philosophers, will accelerate the progress of this International Brotherhood: and the wars between peoples, like murders, will be numbered among those extraordinary atrocities which revolt man's nature, of which imprints a long uproar on the country, and on the century whose annals have been thus sullied.

Condorcet.

The Majority.

NOTHING is more absurd than the majority for it is composed of a small number energetic persons, scoundrels who are banded together, feeble people who try to be like each other, and of a mass which follows anyone who takes the trouble to lead it.

GOETHE.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRIA.

The capitalist class in this country have been horrified at the two dynamite explosions that took place at Rosenthal.

It is the custom to fire off a Royal or Imperial salute to any potentate on entering a town. Our comrades thought that a couple of bombs might have a better effect on the carcass of Francis, the so-called Emperor of Austria, and so they set to work; they placed two bombs in the drain pipes under the railway where the Imperial train would pass, they set fire to the fuse, but unhappily a little too early, for the explosion occurred too soon, and Francis will be allowed to rule his Slaves for another short time.

Now, why do the Austrian Anarchists resort to dynamite instead of peaceful agitation? Let us look at facts and we shall have an answer.

The Bohemians who are the vanguard of Anarchy in Austria see that commercialism is throwing every year thousands of workers in the street and that 90 per cent of starving people lose their energy and manhood in proportion as their stomach gets empty; starving people, as a rule get so indifferent that they forget their own misery and would be a poor auxiliary

in an open revolt, they are too degraded to be taught anything but violent means of propaganda, talk is useless with paupers, it is bread and bacon they want. Our Austrian comrades have even been compelled by the government to resort to this kind of propaganda, as they are not allowed to educate by leaflets or newspapers. Dynamite can be hidden in the fields better than literature, and when made use of, in the nick of time, a few pounds of that stuff strikes with panic those who possess and fill with joy the hearts of the sufferers in all countries. Let us therefore study, as our Austrian comrades do; with dynamite or nitroglycerine One Anarchist is worth 100 hired assassins of the capitalist class; let us put our faith in it, and as a French tyrant said: the answer of kings is the cannon, so let us say: Dynamite is the answer of the proletariat!

X. X.

BELGIUM.

all the Belgians lose their time in asking for universal suffrage. Bougres were seated, well armed, in a public house of Godveerdegem. m. on Monday the major made his round as usual to see that the ere closed. He ordered the 20 poachers to leave, a scuffle took place the gendarmes and the poachers, in which the former were defeated; grades then went poaching the whole night.

pect for private property is going to the devil in Belgium. X. X.

FRANCE.

was rather a pleasant job to be a delegate to the Brussels Congress for jolly trip, for leaders, to go to foreign countries, especially when you no serious business at heart except banquetting at the expense of the ers.

it now that the trip is over and have to give an account to their respec- groups, the delegates find it very hot as a general rule.

Roanne, St. Etienne, Reims and many other centres they were treated negades for having expelled the Anarchists, not that the Anarchists lost much by the cowardly action of these false brothers, for it is not ongresses that good work can be done, where a few traitors boss the e shop. In every case the delegates have been blamed for their on.

X. X.

GERMANY.

a general strike in the printing trade is daily expected.

At the annual Congress of German Socialdemocrats, which will be held in rt on the 14th and 15th inst. the so-called "young wing" or advanced ocialists will be excluded. It is expected that an entire split will soon take ace.

Another crowd maniac has just gone to sleep with his fathers. The latter years of his life King Charles of Wurtemberg entirely devoted to the study of sorcery, in which, thanks to his liberality and the exertions of an American "Mahatma" on his behalf, he proved himself an adept. It has cost the Court trouble enough to get rid of this Mahatma upon whom he lavished a great part of his fortune. His remaining time, he spent in playing cards with his barber whom he once offered the title of Hofrath (Court Councillor). The new king has issued a proclamation, calling upon "subjects" to render him their "bounden service, loyalty and obedience." In return he promises them his "grace and favour."

?!

ITALY.

Our comrades in Rome have been amused with the Popish pantomime when 10,000 pilgrims were there to kiss the feet of his Holiness Leo XIII. The good father expected a great deal more, and to express his anger he kicked some pilg. s down stairs, who in their turn went in the streets to shout down with the king, and once in the history of politics they agreed with the Anarchists. Down with Authority! It is a good sign of the times when even religious fanatics are asking for liberty. They soon will join us not to ask but to take it.

X. X.

RUSSIA.

The new edict restricting the rights of the Finnish Press has now entered into operation. Two of the principal Finnish papers have already been warned on account of leaders which they published commenting upon the situation in the country. Popular hostility to everything Russian is increasing in Finland and is leading to fights and disorder in the streets of the capital and elsewhere. Thousands of Russian peasants are reported to be dying from famine in the country around Baku.

The agitation in Poland, owing to the tremendous increase in the price of bread, is becoming very serious.

Meantime in St. Petersburg the grain monopolists are keeping back grain in the expectation that its value will rise still higher.

The celebrated Russian writer L. Tolstoi writes as follows to a Russian paper:

Owing to numerous requests for authorisation to publish, translate or play my works, I beg you to publish in your paper the following declaration: I give everyone gratuitously the right to publish in Russia or abroad either in Russian or a foreign tongue all my works written since 1885.

?!

SPAIN.

I don't care a damn what you think of me said a proletariat to a judge in the Assizes Court of Malaga, I may be a burglar from your point of view, but you are not the only person to be considered, I am much more important than you are, I deny you the right to say I must live as you please: I must look upon you and those of your like as my enemies. You can keep me in geol if you are the strongest but you may not say that I am wrong while living as all men should. If men object to my living by useful work, I will take wealth wherever it is.

Our comrade got of with three months hard labour.

X. X.

WANTED all hungry men who are not cowards to help themselves. Unemployed please take note.

WANTED. Slum dwellers to refuse paying rent. Anti-broker brigade ready to help them gratis.

£ 5,000 a year will be given to each correct solver of the following riddle! Why is a bishop like Jesus Christ? (Editor gives it up.)

WANTED EMPLOYMENT for (1) wheelright, (2) schoolmaster, (3) general labourer, all three refugees from French tyranny. Apply to the International School.

WEST END CORONER WANTED. To hush up a little west-end scandal: beats Cleveland street hollow. Apply to Troutbeck.

SHOOTING SEASON! Valuable chambers to be seized in Piccadilly or St. Johns wood districts. Some of the worker's sisters can be had with them. Apply at the Albany.

TO LET as a shelter for the houseless poor the Queen's little cottage by St. James' park (Buckingham palace). Apply in your thousands next Friday at the palace.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday: Hyde Park at 7.30

Thursdays: Hoxton Church at 8.15

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL at the Hall of Autonomie Club on Monday Oct. 26th at 8 p. m. for the Benefit of the Commonwealth. Admission by programme 6d. each to be had at Autonomie and from all Anarchist Groups.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

Remittances to the Secretary should be sent in postal orders or halfpenny stamps, care of R. Gundersen, 98 Wardour Street, Soho, W.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST SCHOOL, 19, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W. Conducted by Louise Michel and A. Coulon. Free Education in English, French, and German. Any friend taking an interest in the School can now obtain a portrait group of teachers and scholars on application to A. Coulon, Secretary, at above address.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

BEDFORD REPUDIATED BY LONDON WORKMEN.

THERE was a very lively time on Sunday afternoon last at the Kay Street Radical Club, to hear addresses from various prominent Trades Unionists, *re* Bedford's candidature for Norwich in the Labor Interest. The proceedings commenced by electing a Railway worker into the chair. The chairman then explained the position of affairs in the G. R. W. U. regarding the president's position and then called on Mr. Mowbray to address the meeting. It is needless here to give Mowbray's speech as it was simply a reassertion of his previous charges against Mr. Bedford, and also a complete refutation of Mr. B.'s allegations against him (Mowbray), both of which have appeared in the "Commonweal." The next speaker was Mr. Harris of the A. S. T. who had interviewed Mr. B. in the interest and at the request of the Norwich Branch A. S. T., he unhesitatingly supported Mowbray's statements, and even went further, he proved Mr. B. to be a man who does not scruple to say anything to gain his end; even to telling what is not the truth, *i.e.*, that Mr. Harris acted without instructions, Mr. H. had written instructions along with another member of the A. S. T. to call on Mr. B. and report to his Branch. Mr. Votier of the National Operative Boot and Shoe Trades Union, a prominent member of his society and one one of its latest delegates to the Trades Congress followed. In a telling speech he showed the unscrupulous character of Mr. B., he showed a letter he had received from this gentleman, in which he warned him of the consequences of his statements, a paragraph of his letter is worth quoting, it is—*And even if true, if I can prove malice, imprisonment will follow.*—This perhaps was the secret of his late attempt to gag Mowbray, said the speaker, and we quite believe it, Mr. Votier said even if he had to tramp on foot to his native town (Norwich) he would do so, in order to stop his fellow shopmates and townsmen being imposed upon by a self seeking humbug like this man. Mr. Walmer of the Croydon Branch, G. R. W. U. then put a few questions to Mowbray, Harris, and Votier, and having heard their answer he expressed himself pleased and perfectly satisfied with the readiness they showed to give every help in settling this matter properly. The next, and by no means the least, help given in the cause of truth, came from Mr. C. Freake, General Sec. Metropolitan Branch N. O. B. & S. Trades Union who said he had never heard of such a piece of impudence in his life as this man, putting up to represent labor. His qualifications to represent labor were nil; his qualifications to represent capitalists and Garret Masters in general were all that class of gentlemen could desire. He (Mr. Freake) at any rate would do his best to let his fellow craftsmen in Norwich know what a grave error they are committing in lending any support whatever to this "sweater," he called him a sweater and if Mr. B. liked he could pull him up for libel (laughter). He for one would sooner vote for an aristocrat, any day in preference to a man who was not removed above the position of temptation, and who unblushingly forsook Mr. Dorrel, over the guardians election. Mr. Freake urged his listeners to do their utmost to prevent the return of this man, at least in the name of labor, and reminded them they owed a duty to the cause of labor and to let the workers of Norwich know the kind of man seeking their votes, and call on them to send this mountebank about his proper business. Mr. Dorrel, Secretary of the United Radical Club, Kay Street, who was Mr. Bedford's colleague on the Board of Guardians then gave a detailed account of this gentleman's double shuffling over the property qualification for member of the Board. He went on the point out that they would not have him (Mr. B.) in the Liberal and Radical Association, and that Mr. B. would have had no chance for re-election if he had not, although a teetotal lecturer, allied himself with Publicans, one of whom was a certain Mr. Jacobs, a well known Tory and House Farmer in the Boundary street area, we believe; he (Mr. Dorrell) had heard that those who were attempting to blacken the character of Mr. B. were in the pay of the Tories; if anyone could prove this let them step to the front and do so. He went on point out that the past career of Votier, Harris, Mowbray, Freake, and himself was such that no charge of his

kind could bear investigation; not so this other gentleman, who had pledged himself to support reforms in Bethnal Green, and to stand by pledges given to working men to support Mr. Dorrell, and yet when put to the test this gentleman turned his back upon his former colleague. The speaker sat down amid tremendous cheering. A resolution was then submitted to the meeting calling upon workmen to repudiate Mr. Bedford's candidature in the interest of labor, and it was passed *nem. con.* Lewis Lyons was not at this meeting, we are sorry for it, because there were many persons present who had a few questions for him. One was, is it true that he told Mr. Alcock that Bedford was a sweater, again, what is the strength of his Union, and who does he represent and yet another, was, is it not a fact that he talks whichever way the quicksilver turns or the wind blows, or his belly guides him, and if not why does he tell so many different tales, perhaps Mr. B. will urge Lewis Lyons to be present and also be present himself at a Demonstration which we hear is being arranged at which Harris, Votier, Freake, Mowbray and Dorrel, will be present, if there are people in Norwich who care for truth in place of wire pulling and would like this meeting to take place Mr. A. T. Sutton, 23 Rose Yard, St. Augustines, Norwich will be glad of subscriptions to defray expenses of train fares and advertising. We feel glad that so many well known men have rallied round Mowbray to give the well deserved snub to the Eastern Star and other Hack politicians who thought they would use the labor movement for party purposes. We trust they will hurry up their "pet" to accept the challenge so often thrown out and never responded to *i. e.* to meet face to face, and let truth prevail. Perhaps Mr. Lyons or some of the late members of his Unions can tell us what is the meaning of his suspension from the London Trades Council.

We should like to also to ask the Editor of Labour Leader who is a fervent supporter of Mr. Bedford, whether it is true that Mr. Bedford is connected with a loan office syndicate; if so he is a usurer as well well as a sweater. If all the "labor candidates," the Leader is so enthusiastic about, are gentlemen of this sort we are sorry for the workers who put their faith in them. If Mr. Colman represents monopoly and money mongering, what does Bedford represent.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

"The achievements of liberty are the epochs of history. Villanage, serfdom, and chattel slavery—the past system of labor have forever disappeared. The labourers of the civilized world have gained the right to starve." The existing wage-system though it began to supersede other labor systems in the fifteenth century has by the recent discovery of steam and electricity applied to machinery been developed enormously. Production *en masse* has supplanted the feeble powers of hand labor until the powers of production and distribution have increased during the past decade a thousand fold. But the poverty of the producers remains not only unchanged but intensified. Millions of human beings die yearly of cold, hunger or exposure. The workers are forced to subsist upon their wages, and when unable to procure employment become objects of capitalists charity. Therein the wage-system differs from those systems which preceded it. Villanage, serfage, and chattel slavery secured the laborer his daily bread. The master class were impelled by pecuniary interest to provide for the existence of their laborers. The person of the laborer was held as property and his sickness or death entailed a pecuniary loss upon the owner. Hence, as property they were cared for, provided for not by themselves, but by their owners. The wage-system changed the relationship by making the laborer a "free" man, dependent upon his wage for subsistence. It also forced him to compete with his fellow-laborer for the chance to earn wages—a competition that constantly tended to reduce wages to a bare subsistence. The competition among the capitalist class—employers—for control of markets also tended constantly to reduce wages to the subsistence point. Out of this double competition,—from above and below—arose the combinations, pools, trusts, syndicates, etc., of capital which has for its object first,—control of markets by regulating prices, and secondly protection against demands of laborers for better

pay and shorter hours. So likewise the laborers formed combinations, unions, etc., their object being to dull the edge of competition among themselves for opportunities to work and earn wages, and secondly to check the demands of employers for large profits through reduced wages and increased working hours. On these lines the capital and labor conflict is always waged sometimes openly, at other times covertly, but never ceasing. These antagonisms, inherent to the wage system create the class struggle, and throw race in conflict with race, and nations are by their necessities driven to retard the progress of their fellows. Each machine, each device added to the processes of production and distribution to simplify its methods or increase its power only serves to intensify the class struggle by sharpening competition. Monopoly, the first of competition, is the triumph on the economic battle-field of the best armed, equipped and officered army. The workers of the whole world constitute the rank and file, and the captains of industry reap the honors and rewards. The wage-system has now reached that development where vast numbers of homeless outcasts in every country, (estimated in the United States alone at more than a million persons) are driven to steal, beg or starve.

Under the pressure of enforced poverty, the workers engage in strikes, boycotts and riots. But the vast herd of the proletariat being unorganized, suffer on, mutely, patiently. The bourgeois (capitalist) class are compelled to employ force to suppress the demands of the laborers for work, or better pay, etc. Thus to-day, in every civilized country, the wage system is propped and maintained by bayonets. Never before in the world's history was society divided into classes upon the question of economic freedom. The contentions of the past arose out of interest affecting the ruling class alone, such as foreign or civil war, forms of government, religious worship, etc. But, now, there is the one question—economic liberty—arraying upon one side the privileged class and their hired retainers, while upon the other side gathers the countless host of the disinherited—the wage-workers.

The labor question, growing out of the wage-system of labor is, therefore, a social, not a political or local or national question, but international and affecting the whole human race.

The capitalist or wage-system cannot provide for or take care of the mendicants it creates. Having reached its full growth, that is to say, having concentrated all the means of existence into the hands of a few who monopolize the wealth created by all, it stands as a barrier across the pathway of progress and liberty. It cannot be made to serve or minister to the wants and aspirations of the people. Its tension is now drawn taut and will snap in twain. Buttressed, walled and cemented with law—statute law—and government; with organized armies of armed officials; with prisons and poor-houses innumerable it defies the people, and dares them to touch any of its vested rights. The hostile attitude of the classes, the growing distrust of the people toward their rulers, the contempt of the rulers for the people, is the characteristic of society in every country to-day. The capitalist system is the essence of force, coercion, authority. No amelioration, no lightening of the people's burden is possible under it. For the peoples—the workers,—complaints it has but one answer—obey! The capitalist system therefore will inevitably, irresistibly drive the people into revolt as the last and only recourse to relief from oppression. The people will then trample law under foot, they will destroy government. Coercive control will cease and Anarchy—the right to voluntarily associate—prevail.

Some circumstance, apparently accidental, will precipitate the social revolt of the people. The miseries which they had endured by reason of enforced poverty will compel them to give heed to the necessities of their existence, their primary needs and immediate wants, and as the social revolution will have been forced upon them, by the fact that they could not attain their natural development in the form of society which they overthrew in order to make room for liberty and the rights of man, their first act will, of necessity, be the application of communistic principles. They will expropriate all wealth; they will take possession of all foundries, workshops, factories, mines, etc., for in no other way could they be able to continue to produce what they require on a basis of equality, and be, at the same time, independent of any authority. The great warehouses and stores and granaries, filled with what their labour had produced, with enormous quantities of food, clothing, etc., for man's nourishment and protection, will be made to minister freely to the wants of all. So likewise, the labourers of the agricultural regions, exploited by landlords and despoiled by money-lenders, will in their turn, take possession of the soil which they till, but from which they did not enjoy the fruits of their toil. Thus there will be no fear for the morrow and every man will sit beneath his vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. A new race of men and women will be evolved from the new civilization, whose progress and advancement, now no longer weighed down with the sorrows and cares of poverty, will bound forward into the light of intelligence, the happiness of peace, and the manhood of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

DYER D. LUM.

DEATH OF A LEEDS COMRADE.

Comrade FRED. CORKWELL, who has for over seven years been connected with the Leeds Socialist League, died on Tuesday September 22nd of consumption. Our comrade was only 26 years of age.

The movement sustains a great loss through his death. He possessed a keen intelligence—as all who knew him will testify—and had not that fatal disease, the “product of Capitalism,” as he called it, which

he suffered from, prevented him, he would have been one of the foremost men in the local Revolutionary agitation. As it was, in spite of his infirmity, he was one of our best and staunchest comrades.

He was one of those men who gathered round Tom Maguire in the earliest stage of the movements in Leeds and took an active part in organising the “unskilled” laborers particularly the Bricklayer's laborers and Gasworkers Unions. His sincerity was thorough. His adherence to the cause could always be depended on whatever fortune might bring to his comrades. In this respect he was a shining example to those “weak kneed” ones who “drop off” at the slightest trouble or reverse. Although practically in the last stage of consumption he could not resist the temptation of going to Bradford on the occasion of the riots there last April so strong was his antipathy to authority, and feeling of satisfaction at signs of resistance and revolt on the part of the people. Our comrade was an Atheist and Anarchist-Communist in opinion. We can ill afford to lose such an acute thinker.

Capitalism killed him. Had it not been for the privations and hardships want of employment brought upon him a few years ago, combined with the unhealthy occupation he was compelled to follow for a living, and want of means to provide proper treatment, he might have lived for years to come, and done a great work in the struggle for freedom. Not that he did nothing, on the contrary, even under such adverse circumstances he was a good propagandist.

Comrades who knew him will all mourn his absence amongst us. Although our Leeds comrades were unable to afford a public funeral, the 40 comrades marched in procession to the graveside, amongst them being E. Carpenter of Sheffield, Maguire, Paylor, Sweeney, Wormald, Allworthy, and many others of his old comrades. A comrade has well written:—

“Past are his ills, which life had never mended. Who that e'er loved him truly will complain? Save that a manly spirit is expended, And that a life ne'er sullied by a stain should be cut short. Such is the pain we keep. Life was his sorest trial, sweet be his sleep.”

GEORGE CORES

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHY.

“Anarchy and Anarchists, can anything be more detestable than these madmen who declare, that their ideal is chaos, confusion, disorder, and murder.” This is what the average middle class man is apt to exclaim, when hears these terrible words. Unfortunately too, the workers listen to the lies of the capitalists and, declare that they too, are lawabiding citizens and will have nothing to do with this party of violence. Everywhere the word Anarchy raises the most determined prejudices, the most bitter hatred, and the Anarchists are selected not only for cruel imprisonment and persecution by the rich, but are condemned to suffer coldness and indifference, if not actual persecution from the poor.

But my friends the unfortunate Anarchists did not choose for themselves the name that they bear. They are as little responsible for it, as the Christians, who have derived their name from a term of reproach hurled at them by the Pagan world, and adopted by them as a title of honour. And has not this been the case with most parties political and otherwise. The Protestants of Brabant were called “beggars” by their Catholic adversaries, they accepted the title, and in the end the “beggars” were victorious over the might of Spain. Radical means revolutionist, a person in favour of a radical change in society, but this name is quietly borne by respectable middle class gentlemen from whose thoughts the idea of revolution is very distant.

Let us tell then how the Anarchists obtained this name of evil sound. In the old International were two parties, those who are known today as the State Socialists or as they prefer to call themselves: Social Democrats who are great lovers of law and authority, the upholders of discipline, of obedience to leaders and who believed that in future the means of production, distribution and exchange would be placed in the hands of a centralized state in which a handful of despotic leaders would rule society with an iron sway,—and on the other hand was another party known at first as “Anti Statist” or “Federalist” who believed that society in the future would be made up of free co-operative associations of working men owning as their common property the land, mines, factories and railways, that these societies would be freely federated for the distribution and exchange of their products, but their would no need for rulers or legislators to make laws for these “free communes” but that each community would manage its own affairs without interference from any government or rulers. These “Federalists” were also revolutionists, disbelieving in the Government and the State, they denied that any good could ever come from parliamentary or legal action and declared that the people must break their own chains by a rising against their tyrants and rulers. Their enemies the State Socialists at once seized upon the fact that they were revolutionists and dubbed them “Anarchists” declaring at the same time that their only desire was to create disorder and chaos without troubling what would follow. This the Anarchists desired and pointed out the word Anarchy—which comes from the Greek—does not mean necessarily either confusion or disorder, but simply “No Government.” Anarchists therefore desire a state of society where all men shall be free, where each man shall be his own master, neither allowing any are to encroach upon his liberty nor desiring to trample upon the liberty of others. This is what mean by Anarchy.

“Very fine,” answer an opponent, “but how are you to obtain it, do not you Anarchists continually urge the people to revolt against

law and authority, are you not therefore rebels, advocates of riot, confusion, and disorder?"

True, we are rebels against law and authority, but search the pages of history and you will find that its best and brightest pages are consecrated to the memory of "rebels," foes of established governments and therefore friends of "disorder and confusion."

What were William Tell, Wallace, Wycliffe, Galileo, Huss, Hampden, Washington, Marat, Blanqui, and John Brown, but Rebels, they all revolted against Government in Church and State, they and numberless host of others as brave, gallant, and true and to-day the record of their achievements stirs the hearts of all honest and earnest men, but who looks with pleasure upon the men who persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, or slew them. Yet these were the lovers of law and order these were they who rushed to the defence of society against daring theories and deeds of those enemies of "property and government" and it is the Anarchists now, who tread in their footsteps. It is men like our comrades who were murdered on the gallows at Chicago, or who are persecuted and hunted down like wild beasts in every country in Europe. For what? Because they love the people, because they dare to dream of a better and purer society and therefore revolt against the shams, the cruelties, and the tyrannies, all which, are comprised in the one word—Government.

Government, that sacred word, which even those workers who have freed themselves from other superstition still prostrate themselves before it in a kind of religious awe. What are the deeds of this noble noble institution, which people imagine we could not do without? Has not government in all ages been the foe of the new ideas, that have regenerated mankind, that have filled the human race with new life and hope. What has persecuted, imprisoned and slain all the rebels and reformers from Christ down to John Brown? Government. And admire the noble instrument that uses to enforce its decrees the cross of the Romans on which the "rebels" were nailed, the dungeons, the man eating oubliettes, the rack, the thumbscrew, and the stake of the middle ages, the gallows, the plank bed, the dark cell of our own philanthropic age. These are the means by which it has always endeavoured to keep man in terror, to keep the people beneath the rule of a privileged class in fear that they might arise, burst their chains, and be free. And who does Government employ to make and administer its "just and beneficent laws? The lying and cheating lawyer, the unjust judge, the smooth spoken, humbugging politician, the perjured and brutal policeman, the jailor, the spy and the hangman. Men whom humanity look upon as brutes knaves, liars, and cheats, or else shrink from in horror and detestation. Strange if Government is so good and necessary, that its instruments, administrators, and creators, are always so cruel, vile, and bad. Surely if an institution is good, these methods and the people it employ should partake of its nature. Or are we to judge law and authority by its servants or by its deeds.

"O" but answer the lovers of authority, "the governments of the past we admit have committed crimes. The Roman Government burn and crucified Christ and Christians because it was a bloody and brutal despotism of the rich and wicked. The crimes of the middle ages and of the crowned and mitred despots who succeeded the barons, these hanging, quartering, torturings, and burnings of reformers were detestable, but these were also the crimes of a small ruling class. And even the brutalities inflicted in prison, the hanging of the men, whose crime is that they are rebels against the robbery and tyranny of the middle class, is also offensive to us, but what we want is not a class government, but a government of the people, by the people, which shall do what the people desire." A Government of this kind has never been known and is practically impossible. Government surely implies that some one is governed, and how can the people govern themselves, unless we have Anarchy; that is no rulers or masters, but every man his own master refusing to let allow anyone tyrannize over him and refusing to govern others.

But this is not what our Democratic and Social Democratic friends mean. Their Government would consist of a number of delegates elected by universal suffrage, delegates of the stamp of the leaders of Social Democracy of men like those, who sat in the recent Brussels Congress and agreed by a almost unanimous vote to exclude all Anarchists. Is it not notorious, that every effort is made to stifle free discussion in Social Democratic organizations both in England and abroad. That the man who dares to have an opinion of his own is never favourably looked upon and is persecuted as much as possible by the leaders of the party. Imagine then what would be the consequence of placing absolute power in the hands of the men like these. Don't you think that if they had a police and an army at their back, that Anarchists would get but little quarter. Think what immense power would be in the hands of these people in a Social Democratic State, which would practically own all means of producing wealth, and where the governing authorities would wield a power with all the national wealth in their hands such as no Government has ever held before. But would they not be elected by a majority and is it not the theory of the ordinary democrat, social or otherwise, that a majority can do no wrong. We, on the other hand, would like to ask the question, when has a majority even been known to do what was right? How does a majority act, and of what is it composed? Take a number of men in a club room, or in a meeting in the street, is the majority there, composed of the most intelligent, the most intellectual men in the assemblage, of those who judge of a principle by its truth and right; or of those who are simply attracted by orators with loud voices and well turned phrases, who believe not in principles, but in names, and who will allow a clever trickster with a smooth flow of fine

sounding phrases, to twist them round his finger. Every-one knows, alas that the majority has always been composed of the stupid and indifferent, of those who never trouble about principles, but who take a sentiment on trust, because a certain person says it. The majority is composed of people who argue like this; Mr. Gladstone is in favour of Home Rule. Therefore Home Rule must be right, because Mr. Gladstone who is a great and clever man is in favour of it.

These are the people who allow themselves to be ruled by their prejudices, who judge of new ideas, by what their opponents say of them. Thus Socialism must be wrong, because Socialists want to divide up all the property of the industrious and honest, and give it to the idlers and loafers. This remarkable inversion of what Socialists want, being the exact opposite of what all schools of Socialists teach, is firmly believed in by the majority, because they are told so by the rich robbers and their hirelings the enemies of Socialism. And it is to a majority of this kind, that our lives and liberties are to be entrusted, in the Social Democratic State.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

Sweater Haile and the Police.

Sweater Haile finding that he could not get an injunction from the High Court of Chancery, against the boycotting bills—that were injuring his business to the tune of £15 to £20 weekly—determined to apply to another department of the law. He went cringing accordingly to Scotland Yard, and asked Sir Edward Bradford to interfere. The despot from Rajpootana, was of course only too happy, and issued orders to the local police to put down the boycotting; so on Thursday Oct. 15th, a man was sent down from Scotland Yard, to see that they did their work properly. On the previous Tuesday, inspector Marlow and the local superintendent of police called on Lillingstone and six other shop-assistants and informed them that they were going to put down the agitation. The meetings were disorderly, because a peeler had been struck with a stone, and if they continued to hold them in defiance of the police "they would render themselves liable to a criminal prosecution". This outrageous act of intimidation on the part of the police was done in the presence of the assistants masters, and evidently with the intention of getting them the sack. Yet we are told that England is a free country, and that "Britons never shall be slaves." Yet directly any section of the workers try to better their condition, they soon find out, how much their boasted freedom is worth. Our friends replied to this by the issue of a fresh bill, in the form of a catechism, in which Haile was denounced as a sweater, and the public were again called upon to boycott him.

Arrest of an Anarchist.

On Thursday night there was a bigger crowd than ever, in the Harrow Road, with a stronger force of police. Four mounted men were drawn up to repel any attack on Haile's shop, and the policemen paraded up and down in front. Our comrade Tochatti and other friends were busy, in spite of the threats of the police, and loud cries were heard on all sides, of "Boycott Haile" "Boycott the sweater". All went well till about a quarter to eight, when at a word from Inspector Hammond two peelers collared Tochatti, and rushed him off to the station. Despite this the agitation went on with unabated vigour, and the crowd continued to call upon the public, to "Boycott the sweater," to the great annoyance of Haile's manager, who is generally known in the neighbourhood, as the "Living Skeleton," on account of his emaciated and meagre appearance. He looks as if sweating did not agree with him.

Before Cook at Marylebone.

On the next day, Tochatti appeared before Mr. Cook at Marylebone Police Court, to answer the good old charge of "obstruction". It is worth noting, that Haile is allowed to block up half the pavement with his egg boxes, but if you walk up and down, giving bills away in front of his shop, that is "obstruction". Mr. Cook was evidently determined to uphold the authority of the law, he said it was monstrous to suppose that people should be allowed to pace up and down outside other peoples shops. So you mustn't walk up and down the pavement now, according to this magisterial idiot. But when is Haile going to be summoned for "obstruction", we are sure his egg boxes are in the way of the passers by.

More Intimidation

On Saturday evening, some comrades went down and "picketed" Haile's shop, to the great indignation of the lean and hungry looking manager. We don't know, whether he lives on the eggs and bacon sold in that establishment, but if he does, they must be very unwholesome. Perhaps he wears the flesh off his bones, by nigger driving the assistants. But at any this functionary was very indignant, and sent for the police. They came, an inspector, a sergeant, and two constables, "I want you to take these men's names and addresses" said the manager. This was accordingly done by a constable. Then the sergeant entreated the pickets "as Englishmen" to go somewhere else and give away their bills. But our friends kept on though warned by an inspector, who said that if he were Mr. Haile, he would prosecute them for issuing the bills, and that if they caused a crowd to assemble, he should run them in instantly. Thanks to police intimidation and prosecutions, the Shop Assistants Demonstration in Hyde Park, was a great success on Sunday, sweater Haile will find out that he has not ousted the agitation yet.

Monsters in human shape.

Down at Ryarsh in Kent, a certain brute named William Goodayle has an orchard, and he caught a little girl picking plums in it. He knocked her down, tied her to a tree, and set a savage dog on to worry her for half-an-hour. The poor little child's mind is quite unhinged, through this atrocious brutality, and she is likely to become a lunatic for life. This Goodayle, this disgrace to humanity, was brought before "Mailing Justices", and they "punished" him by fining him £5. These hellish scoundrels evidently approved this devilish act. The law does not exist to protect the poor, but to defend the property of the rich. Are there no men at Ryarsh? If there are, we wonder the cowardly brute Goodayle, is not suspended, by a good stout rope, from the tree to which he tied the little girl. Room might be found for the magistrates on the other branches. The whole case is but an illustration of how law and property turns the rich into fiends.

The Crime of Poverty.

Some more country "Justices" have also been distinguishing themselves. At the Petty Sessions, at Towyn in Wales, before Mr. Pugh and Mr. L. Lewis Esqs. Richard Owen, a tramp, was sent to prison for three months with hard labour for being without visible means of subsistence. Some magistrates in democratic Australia, have supplied us with another proof, that poverty is a crime. The "British Australasian" of the 15th of this month, reports from Melbourne, that Joseph Harris a poor old man aged ninety-six, "being unable to obtain work, or admission to any charitable institution, was yesterday sent to jail." Do you hear this, ye workers? the law made by the rich to protect their "property", sends you to jail for being without visible means of subsistence; but if a rich brute set his dog on one of your children, and nearly worries her to death, he is let off with a trifling fine. You do well, working men, to ask "What could we do without law and government?" Why, there would be no jails or workhouses to shelter you when dying with cold and hunger. You would have no magistrates to send you there for being without visible means of subsistence. How you would miss them to be sure! But these gentlemen are overdoing it in their zeal for the protection of property. The people will soon come to the conclusion that they might as well do something to be sent jail for; if you can get three months imprisonment for poverty, and they will help themselves. We should start on some of the "property" of these justices, if we were the "tramps". They can spare a little.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRALIA.

Sydney parliament has just been reinforced by 13 Social Democratic members. Nice for the propertied class out there.

Their programme contains the following:—

"There must be no social revolution."

"All avowed Anarchists will be expelled from the Socialist League."

"The League will take no part in unemployed demonstrations."

"The League forbids all revolutionary talk."

These men are more advanced than our Social Democrats, so you see, workers, what to expect if you put H. M. Hyndman, esquire, or John Burns, esq., into parliament.

AUSTRIA.

OUR Austrian comrades beat the record this time! Dynamite seems to grow as thick there as rotten potatoes grow in Ireland. Only last week I mentioned two bomb explosions in Reichenberg and here again we record another infernal and diabolical Machine that has thrown terror and dismay into the minds of the capitalist class.

It is well to remember that many of our comrades there have been most active for years past in that district; some of them are now undergoing hard labour varying from 12 to 20 years. As we see this does not put a stop to the warfare that is raging against government.

Do we ever think of these brave men when we are drinking and dancing in our clubs? Do we ever inquire about the lovely little ones who are here in London, whilst their courageous fathers are shivering in an Austrian dungeon? Stand up! The day is coming when the fight will not be carried on by a few, but by the multitude of white slaves for the regeneration of mankind.

X. X.

FRANCE.

Colonna was an honest worker but honesty is not what a boss required, it is profit.

Now as Colonna did not bring enough profit he was sacked. The outlook was now dreadful, and he resolved to chastise those who stood in his way. He flew at the throat of the Boss, was arrested, and in the police station, he stabbed a bobby and ran out in the street. Another man in blue attempted to arrest him and got stabbed in the heart. Well done! A third bobby and one civilian got the same lesson on political economy. At last the brave worker fell under the blows of a dozen gendarmes who brought him back nearly dead. Let us mention that the crowd stood by and after having heard the reasons, approved the worker who said that the bosses would not have it all their own way. This happened in Marseilles.

Joseph Hélot was before the Court Martial at Toulouse. On the president asking him if he had anything to say, he replied: I have to say that you are a lot of hired assassins, that I will not serve in your army, and that I look upon you as my enemies, not the foreigner.

X. X.

SPAIN.

A few weeks back an attempt was made to take by surprise the barracks of Buen Suceso, to-day we hear of five men being arrested for attempt to break in a Civil prison to release the prisoners and with their help to create a revolt in Barcelona.

They were not successful but it shows that the noble spirit of revolt animates men to bold deeds and it proves moreover that Spaniards are practical and that one or more failures does not dishearten them.

X. X.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lambs Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30

Thursdays: Hoxton Church at 8.15

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimethorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A GENERAL MEETING of London Anarchists will be held at Club Autonomie on Wednesday Oct. 28th to consider future propaganda and the present position of the Commonweal. All comrades should attend.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. A great Public Meeting to commemorate the legal murder of Five of our comrades on Nov. 11th 1887 at Chicago will be held at South Place Institute on Wednesday Nov. 11th at 7 p.m. List of Speakers, etc. next week.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. The Speeches of the men and the report of their trial will be published on Nov. 7th. Price 4d.

All orders should be sent to Comrade Barber, Club Autonomie, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, in consequence of loss on previous issues cash must accompany all orders. Comrades and Groups who had these books from our late comrade Reuter and have not settled for them are asked to send the cash to Barber at above address.

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL at the Hall of Autonomie Club on Monday Oct. 26th at 8 p.m. for the Benefit of the Commonweal. Admission by programme 6d. each to be had at Autonomie and from all Anarchist Groups.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

Printed in the London Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the London Socialist League, by C. W. MOWBRAY, at 7, Lambs Conduit Street, London, N.E.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

"THERE ARE TOO MANY MEN ON THE MAKE."

WE have thought much over these words of John Burns in his speech at Battersea last week, when he summed up the present Labor movement in these words, that may yet become historic "There are too many men on the make in the Labor movement." Mr. Burns understands the subject. There can be no question of that. Nobody has a better knowledge, and in this sentence he pronounces the epitaph of the whole business. When future historians pause to inquire, why the great Labor movement of 1889 did not do more for the human race they will be confronted at once with Mr. Burns utterance "There were too many men on the make," and yet it is all very natural enough, those who have watched the movement from its commencement might have prophesied the end of it, as the result of the preaching of revolt against the tyranny of capitalism by Anarchists and Socialists, there came a great popular outburst against the sweater. It was not the mechanic or the artisan, but poorest and most downtrodden of the workers that rose in revolt, these who are designated contemptuously in capitalistic jargon as "unskilled labourers" though in truth they are entitled to be known as skilled workmen, for all occupations require skill, and the labourer is quite as necessary and sometimes more so, as the most accomplished mechanic. Well after the Great Strike of 1889, the New Unions were formed with lightening rapidity—but as a rule they were composed of men, who tread with contempt and trampled on by the rich and the strong, had small confidence in their own powers. They were therefore too ready to accept every scheming adventurer, who combined religious cant with a front of brass and unspeakable impudence, at his own valuation. The adventurers too on their side saw the chance of an easy breth, with little to do and plenty to get and flocked like a cloud of vultures down upon the dainty feast. As for the original leaders, their only desire was to keep anybody, whose views savoured of Anarchism out of the movement. All they wanted was people who would talk "moderation" and "compromise," "honesty" and "sincerity" were quite secondary qualities. The host of labour was therefore officered by a motley crew, such as Falstaff led through coventry, only those were not a "ragged regiment," if they were they soon found clothes and fine linen not on every hedge but out of the pockets of their dupes. When one thinks of the men who according to our capitalist press were to leading the people through the flowery paths of constitutionalism to the promised land depicted by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward." One is reminded of the story of the sailor in the good old days of Moody and Sankays Gospels Revivals. One night Mr. Moody was delivering himself of thulling discourse on the pleasures of paradise. Suddenly he paused and from his lips came the search in quiry. Let them those would like to go to heaven stand up! First one and then another and then at last all the audience with one solitary exception rose to their feet. This one was a rough looking sailer, who remained obstinately seated. What my man said the fervent evangelist, would not you like to go to heaven? and from the sailor came the unexpected reply, "I aint going to heaven with a bloody crew like this." So the workers with regard to most of their "leaders" had as little chance of reaching even the paradise of Mr. Bellamy, as the sailor with Mr. Moodys disciples and when we consider what many of these leaders were there is no reason for suprise.

Let us run over the classes from which many of the officers of host of labor are drawn. There were gospel smiters who found gospels smiting did not pay, professional philanthropists whose begging letters had ceased to attract the coin of the charitable, "practical engineers" who had never done a days honest labor in their lives, sweaters who attoned for grinding their own employees by glowing speeches on the wrongs of labor from public platforms, briefless barristers who although they lacked common honesty made up for it with fine words and swelling phrases and "sweaters victims" who carried "rogue" so plainly written upon their countenants, that its wonderful the most unway were not warned and last of all cunning intriguers in the pay of reactionists, who entered the movement to swindle and betray the workers with the gold of the rich in their

pockets. These are a few of the men whom Burns denounces as "the many men on the make." Is it any wonder, that a movement largely composed of elements like this should end disastrously. Some of these gentlemen have already been exposed as shameless frauds, not however before they had entailed misery upon thousands upon thousands. Some have yet to open the eyes of their dupes, and they will do it.

Mind we do not say that all the leaders of the labour movement are men like theses. We Anarchists will even grant to our opponents, aye and some of our worst enemies, that they are honest in their convictions. But also many of these honest men are dupes of the worst of the scoundrels and even honest man in bad company are likely to become corrupted. But what remedy does Burns propose for ridding the labour party of the "many men on the make"? The Ballot Box! Parliamentary Action! What will not this attract a fresh swarm of these unwholesome individuals. And what is more in the Parliamentary arena, there is less chance of detecting them than outside. Strikes at least test the metal of a man. He must have some honesty about him if his reputation will survive defeat; but in Parliament it is words not deeds, that counts. The fine talker stands the best chance in that assembly, and perhaps this is the reason that some labour leaders are so eager to get there. Besides the Liberal have promised us payment of members and a salary of £300 a year for talking is not to be despised.

Burns talks of the "mad and suicidal policy of striking." This is true of petty strikes these are out of date, and are as useless against the might of capital as the war canoe of the savage against a modern ironclad. But can Burns gives an instance where a General Strike in an industry or a group of industries has failed, and can he point to a case where Parliamentary action has been a success in obtaining great social charges for the benefit of the mass of the people.

The history of Parliament is the story of lies, chicanery, fraud and humbug as far as the people are concerned. We read there how even men who were honest and sincere became changed by its fatal atmosphere into knaves and humbugs. We have had enough of parliament; enough of laws and lawyers. For the futur we will help ourselves. No the Strike has not failed. The Strike has yet to be tried on its largest scale. The Universal Strike, the Strike against rent to landlords, the Strike against dividends and profits to capitalists. The Strike that shall free the world of labour from its chains. But in Parliamentary action it's not the people, but the many men on the make who alone will benefit. If you want help, help yourselves, the wealth you have created lies with in you reach. Work no for the rich robbers, but rise in your countless thousands Laborers and take your own.

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

(They go near the bank and wait near Marpha. Chorus of sailors on the boat.)

Chorus.

The tempest howls in the shades,
Night fills both land and sea,
The wind roars the sea surges
No flag waves there on the ship.
You sink, sailor, you sink,
You sink.

Shake, shake in the hurricane,
Shake, shake, harp of the wind,
Play the awful melody
Of the ocean, terrible yet grand.
You sink, etc.

Is not all the ocean which opens
Or else is it the earth which perishes.
Who knows what night covers
Is the sea swallowed up.
You sink, etc.

(Nemo embarks with the sailors, who occupy themselves about their bark. Marpha falls on the neck of Nemo; Esther, Marius, Zmiriki, surround him. During this time some young men sing on the bank.)

Chorus.

No it is not the hurricane
Which roars on the beach,
It is the breaking of the sea, the sea.

It is the sea birds
Which come beating their wings,
On the great bitter waves.

(Nemo, Marpha, Zmiriki and Marius return towards the shore.)

Nemo. Forced labour is finished, they will never go back to it.

Marius (looking at two men, dressed to perfection, who are running, to the mob). There are two sinister individuals.

Ether. The fact is, they don't come up to their appearances.

Nemo. On the contrary, there are more important than they look.

Marpha. The biggest has already been up at our house.

SCENE IV.

Sylvester, Nicaire (the two men).

Sylvester. Here my dear Mr. Nicaire are some of our men.

Nicaire (proudly). I am the active and intelligent agent asked for by Baroness to look after the scoundrels who threaten her peace.

Sylvester. Is it you whom they send?

Nicaire. My self. Without having your forethought, I see to my little details.

Sylvester. That is to you, to have "burnings" every where.

Nicaire. Is not everyone a little "burnt." Here with the splendid references which I have it would be difficult. He who will guide me is a man of the best society.

Sylvester. Might I be so bold as to ask the name of this honourable guide.

Nicaire. I need not hide facts from you, dear colleague, my letters are for Baron Ulysse—you know this famous baron, the partner of of Baroness Eleazar.

Sylvester. Certainly, I know him as this Baron Sylvester is myself. The title is even legally mine and it has cost me enough.

Nicaire (stupefied). I as much as guessed it.

Sylvester. It matters little now. The introduction has been made; allow me to show the work which falls to your share to do. Try and discover, not what he shows, but what a certain suspected man named Nemo hides. This man came here 16 years ago—no one knows whence, with a child in his arms—either his or some one else's child—to-day a fine slip of a lass. But, no matter. They are under my suspicion—watch them both narrowly. Luckily the shore is their reception place. Those who go in the open air so much must have terribly secret plans. Well, good luck to you Mr. Nicaire. I leave you as I have to go and see the Baroness; her affairs are mine too, it is time that your services are given and for me you really work. So I will be able to judge of your capabilities as well as I have already done so—for I have some ideas about you already. As I said before, I must leave you, to get to the Baroness. It is a betrothal party.

Nicaire. Whose betrothal?

Sylvester. Mine, by God! I am going to be the son in law of the "bank" Eleazar.

Nicaire. I thought as much.

Sylvester. You seem to be quite a good hand at guessing.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Betrothal.

(A richly decorated room in Eleazar's castle. Other rooms upon into this, forming a "star" of rooms. In some are card tables, in others refreshments—a dancing room—a hothouse full of tropical plants, bananas etc.; a few pots of roses. In this room are carved safes, and a balcony opens upon it, which balcony is of stone and gaudily illuminated.)

Marius, Zmiriki.

Marius. You have never seen her?

Zmiriki. Never.

Marius. She is a sphinx of whom the puzzle must be monstrous.

Zmiriki. I have seen more terrible ones than her. I loved her at one time, she was of radiant beauty. I told you all about that once. It was at Warsaw—the night of the hecatomb. I don't know how it was that any of us escaped the massacre. It was she who betrayed us.

Marius. Yes, so you did, you told me once. And your story seems to me to be bound up with the horrible life we lead here. I feel that there are invisible chains between these events.

Zmiriki. Things are connecting themselves in a wonderful manner. They fit in like the notes of a chord.

Marius. You see that she has thrown little piles of riches everywhere to-night. It is an open defiance to the general misery. The safes are crammed with gold. Here you see gold piled up as you see corn elsewhere. Here she is with my father; can't you hear the rustling of her silk dress? Like the reptile's scales rattling! Come in here, I have a horror at seeing her. (They enter into the safe room and hide behind the foliage)

SCENE II.

Eleazar, Gertrude; Marius Zmiriki hidden. A large wallet is hanging from Gertrude's belt. She is dressed in dull silk, and her head is dressed with golden coins, in an oriental fashion. She has also diamonds on her neck and arms.

Gertrude. Here alone can we hear each other definitely and without fear of being indiscreet.

Eleazar. It is very cold and damp.

Gertrude. You have a fever Eleazar?

Zmiriki (to Marius). Marius, that is the woman of Warsaw!

Marius. Ah!

Gertrude (having heard a murmur turns her head; she sees the roses). I told them not to put any roses here, their odor is disagreeable to me.

Eleazar. Doubtless there has been a mistake, but it is easily rectified.

Gertrude. It is useless to waste time over trifles. We have more to do. Have you prepared Esther and Marius. (Movement behind the foliage.)

Eleazar. My dear Gertrude, you know what great confidence I have in you and how blindly I obey you. Well! This time it was impossible for me to do so.

Gertrude. Impossible! Are you not their father? You should tear them away from the dangers which they themselves seek out.

Eleazar. I could not do it! However, in order that they may avoid the perils which they love so much and condemn them to live in a circle of torture, I can inflict on Marius this dying girl—dying gradually and in agony—and as for Esther, I can give her to this luxurious squanderer of millions.

Gertrude (smiling). You forget, my dear Eleazar, that we are ourselves luxurious squanderers of millions. Baron Ulysses is my partner and I don't wish the rising tide of his fortune to make him raise kingdom against kingdom. We must make him attached to us. I have given him your word of honor. And besides, also on your word, Madame de Bleuze consents to her union with Marius—we can't go back now.

Eleazar. And you will do that?

Gertrude. It is an accomplished fact.

Eleazar. Impossible! You can't have done that. What have I done to you, Gertrude, for you to thus put despair into my house.

Gertrude. Despair because I attach to the house of Eleazar, of which I have in no small way helped to make the fortune, a great vassal, who without being attached would beat down the house. Because I let fall into its coffers an heritage which in other hands would frustrate my designs.

Eleazar. Oh! My children! My poor children!

Gertrude. Your children haunt you: your mind is troubled with them, and your lips constantly let fall their name.

Eleazar. Does not Nemo haunt you still more.

Gertrude. Happily yes! But let us cast aside this puerile sentiment. Your children destroying plans; their presence here is ruin—it is the enemy within the gates, and a redoubtable enemy—these Anarchists, ceaselessly spying out what they call the crimes of privilege. Try and understand me, Eleazar, our era is the spring of gold: the social furrows are ripe for the sowing, the harvest will be great, we can be the kings of gold. Eleazar, listen to me, in forming the corn, the fuel, the metals—all in fact, food, clothing and light even housing—we famish the world and we have it for ourselves.

Marius (low to Zmiriki). That is the enigma of the cursed Sphinx, then!

Zmiriki. Silence! We must know all.

Gertrude. This general strike for which your children are working, and many others besides, and which will be, they say, the revolution—it must not be made by the slaves but by the masters. Machinery replaces arms, with infinitely less expense and infinitely greater profits. Hunger will set to work all those who have little ones in the cradle, or old parents in agony. All will be for sale and we will buy all. Toil will be the privilege of our slaves. We will stop their revolt by throwing out to them an 8-hours day and other reforms which leave exploitation unchanged. To die a few hours earlier or later is all the same. (She places her hands on Eleazar's arms.) Do you understand me now, Eleazar?

Eleazar. You overwhelm me.

Gertrude. Keep your consternation for the surprise which your children are reserving for you. They dream of a brotherhood taking the whole land. I dream of universal repression. They wish to place might at the disposal of right. I wish to place might at the disposal of our privileged. We will see.

Marius (to Zmiriki). Yes! We shall see.

Eleazar. You have a super-human character; as for me, I am a father, and I love my children.

Gertrude. Do you love me no longer?

Eleazar. Always, and more than anything in the world.

Gertrude. Have confidence. Have I not turned the small competence of the firm of Eleazar into a fortune, so enormous that it is

no longer countable? Does not the Eleazar bank buy up all the failing banks? Do we not lend money to the whole of Europe? Soon we shall be doing so to the whole world. When the debt of each state will have surpassed the value of its territory, we shall have all. I shall galvanize the old world, and we can retard the final upheaval. On us alone all will crumble, like the pile of stones which mark a decayed statue.

Eleazar. Your dream is to giddy for me. Gertrude, I feel like dying.

Gertrude. We are near to its accomplishment. The hoarding up of riches is begun, it will be finished at the first cry of alarm.

Eleazar. It is the death of whole races. Gertrude, I am not scrupulous, a financier cannot be scrupulous. But what you propose to me now is to horrible.

Gertrude. Have not I told you that these are accomplished facts. Your name is signed, nothing will take it away now. Do you pretend to pity the proletariat which you and your class have starved for so long? Does the lot of the worker free for ever, differ at all from that of the slave? Unless it does so in that the "free" labourer dies of hunger, dreaming of justice. Whilst the negro and the dog die quietly on what is abandoned to them. If we have only to distribute the easy portion of work refused to the machines, it would only be for the most obedient. It is not our fault. But let us end for this evening, Eleazar. Now, mind you, no sentimental weakness! The obedience of your children, or I go!

Eleazar. (Remains silent, he remains sitting in deep study.)

Gertrude (drawing from the wallet, some market paper, and inkstand and a pen). I pity you, Eleazar, business, with the trouble you have would be painful: sign these powers which let me do it in your name.

Eleazar (first hold the pen without signing, being absorbed with his grief and repeating). My children! My children! (Then he signs mechanically.)

Gertrude. (Puts back the papers in the wallet.)

Eleazar (regaining his senses). Oh! I should rather have died than have signed!

Gertrude. How foolish you are!

Eleazar (going out of the room). Yes, I ought rather to have died!

Gertrude. Not yet! (She follows him.)

(To be continued.)

ANARCHY.

THE ideal of the democracy can only be Anarchy; not Anarchy in the sense of disorder, confusion, but Anarchy in the sense, which the derivation of the word plainly tells (An—not, Archy—command, authority, power, government). Anarchy then is the absence of all government, of all power. Yes, Anarchy thither must be finally led by his aspirations, always towards more liberty, towards a more and more rigorous equality. Yes, Anarchy, that is where we must end some day, led by the power of the democratic principle, by logic, by the fatality of history.

Humanity, once ruled by absolute monarchy, the primitive and most expressive form of government, advances, passing through limited monarchy, through a republic where the president has power, through government by parliament, through direct legislation, towards Anarchy, the most elevated and highest ideal of liberty. Such are the revolutionary tendencies inherent in man.

In fact what is Revolution, if it is not the lessening of authority to the benefit of liberty, the progressive destruction of power to the benefit of the freedom of the individual? Are not limited monarchy, republic, parliamentarism, universal suffrage, if not the symbols of revolution, part of this eternal journey towards freedom. And finally what is direct legislation (as in Switzerland), if it is not a bridge thrown between government and Anarchy, between the old governmental and political society and the new economic and industrial world?

It is an indisputable historic fact that liberty increases as governmental power decreases, and *vice versa*, that power grows in inverse ratio to liberty. So then to take liberty to its zenith (and this is the tendency of democracy) we must reduce government to zero.

The final aim of Revolution is the annihilation of all power: it is—after a transformation of society—the replacing of politics by social economy, of governmental organisation by industrial organisation; it is Anarchy.

Anarchy, dream of lovers of absolute liberty, idol of all true revolutionists! For long men have calumniated you and put you to most indignant outrages: in their blindness, they have confounded you with disorder and chaos, while on the other hand, government your sworn enemy is only a result of social disorder, or economic chaos, as you will be, Anarchy, the result of order of harmony, of stability, of justice. But already prophets have seen you under the veil which covers the future and have proclaimed you the ideal of the democracy, the hope of liberty, and the final aim of the Revolution, the sovereign of future days, the promised land of regenerated humanity!

It was for you that the Hébertists fell in 1893: they never dreamt

that your day had not come! And in this century, how many thinkers have had warning of your advent and have descended into the grave, saluting you just as the patriarchs when dying the redeemer. May your reign soon commence, Anarchy!

DR. CESAR DE PARE.

Beginning early.

SEVEN of the children of the Anarchist School, some of whose parents were not even "Socials," went to a nice little free magic lantern entertainment in Cleveland Street. At the end the bloodthirsty Christians (vide salary of Army chaplains) began singing hymns to some demon-gods of theirs. Our brave little girls and boys were not to be out done, but commenced singing "When the Revolution comes" and the English Carmagnole for which they were chased away by the majority. Bravo! Young Anarchists! May you live under Anarchy!

C. B.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

THINGS are going on at the rate of 80 miles an hour in France. In Limoges a terrific explosion occurred in the cellars of the Halles Centrales which scattered the building into atoms.

It seems that the governments have no longer the monopoly of dynamite; the proletariat begin to see that they will have to resort to the same brute force as their masters if they ever will gain their Freedom.

On the 6th of October private Louis Gugel being a few minutes late was ordered by sergeant Pannetrat to get ready for the black hole. On hearing this Gugel got hold of a Gun and shot at the striped scoundrel but missed him the ball hitting the wall just above the head of sergeant Pannetrat, this is the name of that embryo.

Our comrades in Brest will not forget to give him a good return.

X. X.

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHY.

(Continued from page 135.)

But the majority will then be educated. Maybe, but will it be any more intelligent, is the intelligence of the average middle-class man, who has been educated, any higher than that of the ordinary worker. Every one who has attended Socialist meetings, knows that middle-class people put the same stupid objections, and display the same absurd prejudices as the least instructed of the workers. The majority is representative of nothing but mere brute force, and is quite as likely to elect tyrants and adventurers to be rulers of a Social Democratic State, as honest men.

Besides the ruler is always a tyrant, look at the ordinary politician, now what will he not pledge himself to, to get into office, and what will he not do to keep there. He will promise any reform, to get into power, and commit any wrong and tyranny to stop there. Witness the history of that Gladstone administration, that went to poll with a cry of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, and when in power, gave us two bloody, useless Wars in Egypt and the Soudan, a hundred million budget, and Coercion in Ireland and England. And will the Social Democrats be any better; see how they use their power everywhere to crush their opponents, and judge what they will do when they attain office in a Social Democratic State. Government by the people means simply Government by a small minority of privileged persons; the Democratic Governments of France and America, have shown themselves, at Fourmies and Chicago, quite as ready to crush rebels against their rule by the summary process of shooting them down and hanging them, as the worst despotism in Europe, and by the behaviour of the Social Democratic leaders at the present time, and in the past also, we have no reason to believe, that they would be any better. Nay as they would have even more power in their hands we think they would be a great worse. A Social Democratic State ruled by people elected by the brute force of a majority would be the worst of tyrannies.

But what is it you Anarchist promise, if you wish to do without any form of Government, what would your society be like. We answer we believe in free co-operative associations of working men who would own the lands, mines, railways and factories as their common property. These free communes or free communities could regulate their own internal affairs without any outside interference, they could settle their hours of work and conditions of labour among themselves by unanimous agreement in a free public meeting of all the members of the commune.

Thus each community would be autonomous and independent, federating with the others merely for the purpose of distribution and exchange of the commodities produced. Thus we should have a really free society where men could group with those of similar tastes and dispositions, and work in common, producing wealth for the common enjoyment of all. We Anarchists are firmly convinced, that merely to overturn the present state of society and replace the rule of the capitalist by a horde of state officials, who like all these people would merely batten on corruption and plunder, would simply mean, only a change of masters, and that though we might all be sure of a certain amount of food daily, and be all comfortably housed in model dwellings, yet we should be so regimented and regulated, that life would be almost unendurable, and the tyranny of the democratic State which would regulate our lives, even as to whom we might marry, and what we should eat, drink, and wear, would be more unendurable than the despotism of the capitalist.

This is why we do not believe in extending the functions of government, this is why we recognise, that government is the main obstacle to the improvement of the social condition of the people.

Why the capitalists could not keep their heaps of stolen wealth for a single day, were it not for the army and the police, which government keeps up to protect them. This is why we Anarchists declare that we must destroy the Government, we must demoralise its forces and make government by any party impossible. For this reason we advocate a vigorous propaganda in the army, so that when hunger drives the people to revolt, the soldiers will refuse to fire. Once let the forces at the command of the Government fail it, and what could prevent the revolution.

But what action do we propose. Well! the revolution we demand is a complete revolution in the social condition of the people, and that can only be obtained by the workers themselves taking possession of all social wealth, and all means of producing and exchanging it. When the people make up their minds to take possession of the land, mines, railways, and factories, without waiting for orders from any government, then the revolution will be accomplished.

"But what steps do you want us to take to bring about this transformation. What is your programme, your policy?" enquires the practical man "Mere revolutionary talk of violence and dynamite, will not go down with us. We are not hot-headed foreigners, but sober, steady, British workmen, whose minds are dominated strictly by reason and common-sense."

What a dreadful creature is the practical man. How he started up in the early days of Socialist agitation, and demonstrated that even the practical Social-Democrat was a wild dreamer. Things have altered since then, the ideas of the Social-Democrat are now acknowledged not as wild dreams, but as likely to come sooner or later into operation. and the practical man is left alone to attack the Anarchist, whom even the Social-Democrat declares is "unpractical".

But a practical Anarchist policy is not impossible. Nay, if Anarchism is not mere theory and talk, it can be put into practice, as well as any other creed. Therefore as Anarchist-Communists, our policy, summed up briefly, amounts to this:—Every thing that strikes at Government and private property, is good. All that tends to defend private property and government, is bad. Thus instead of appealing to the State for help, we must help ourselves, and must do all we can to disorganise Government, and to urge upon the workers both by speech and example, to seize upon the wealth of which they have been robbed.

But this agitation should take a form in which we might be sure of general support and sympathy, on the part of the workers. At the present time, we can see that the Labour Movement, at least so far as petty strikes for higher wages or shorter hours are concerned, is played out. Throughout the last year, we have had to record defeat after defeat of the workers, in the struggle with capitalism, and it is clear at the present time, that a strike is hopeless unless it is upon a much larger scale than any attempted before. The leaders of the labour movement see this, and have not the courage to face the crisis; therefore we hear from them continually the cry of "Send us to Parliament" once there we will get you a "Legal Eight Hours Day" and if that is obtained, higher wages, plenty of work, and all the other blessings of life will follow, like a miraculous shower of manna from above.

But alas! the teachings of history and experience do not confirm these beautiful theories. It seems so easy to drop a piece of paper into a ballot box and get what you desire: a labour member who will act like a well conducted automaton, and do exactly what you want.

Alas! labour candidates have a knack of behaving in a very different way from what you expect. The Labour Candidate transformed into a real live M. P. is a very different being to the gentleman who once humbly solicited your suffrages, before the election. Besides, even if you had a large number of labour M.P.s. in the house of Commons, what could they do? They could get nothing from the rich, that would seriously affect their interests, unless these people knew there was a mass of men outside, who were prepared to take a great deal more. Nothing has ever been gained from the rich, except through fear. When they know that their lives and property are in danger, unless they surrender some of their ill gotten wealth, then they will give up a little, to save the rest. They care nothing for the jabber of labour representatives, but they do dread the might of thousands of workers who are determined to have their own. Let the workers join the Anarchists by thousands, let them declare that they will no longer be gulled by Parliamentary humbugs. That they are sick of legal chicanery, and are determined to help themselves, and that if their demands are not granted, they will stop work not only in one trade, but in every industry throughout the country. And then if they are prepared to declare a Universal Strike they can wring any demand they please from the trembling capitalists.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAFLET "AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY" recently published in the Commonweal is now ready. Price 2s. 6d. a thousand. Terms cash.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the Commonweal.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lamb's Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets every alternate Friday at 20 Adelphi Street, S.S. Lectures and Discussions.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—*International Educational Club*, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday: Paisley Road Toll and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A GENERAL MEETING of London Anarchists will be held at Club Autonomie on Wednesday Oct. 28th to consider future propaganda and the present position of the Commonweal. All comrades should attend.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. A great Public Meeting to commemorate the legal murder of Five of our comrades on Nov. 11th 1887 at Chicago will be held at South Place Institute on Wednesday Nov. 11th at 8 p.m. List of Speakers, etc. next week.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. The Speeches of the men and the report of their trial will be published on Nov. 7th. Price 4d.

All orders should be sent to Comrade Barber, Club Autonomie, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, in consequence of loss on previous issues cash must accompany all orders. Comrades and Groups who had these books from our late comrade Reuter and have not settled for them are asked to send the cash to Barber at above address.

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL at the Hall of Autonomie Club on Sunday Nov. 1st at 8 p.m. for the Benefit of the Commonweal. Admission by programme 6d. each to be had at Autonomie and from all Anarchist Groups.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

Printed in the London Socialist League Printery, and published in the name and on behalf of the London Socialist League, by C. W. MOWBRAY, at 7, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, N.E.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

A PUBLIC MEETING

in commemoration of the legal murder and imprisonment of the
Chicago Anarchists

will be held on

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1891, at 8 p. m.,

at the

SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE,
South Place, Moorgate Street, E. C.

Speakers: Alfred Marsh, S. Merlino, Touzeau Parris, Trunk,
Peter Kropotkin, Malatesta, D. J. Nicoll, Louise Michel, Jas.
Tochatti, S. Yanovsky, C. Mowbray, W. Wess, J. Turner.

LOCAL MEETINGS will be held as follows:

Saturday, November 7th, International Working Men's Club,
40, Berner Street, E.

Sunday, November 8th, Autonomie Club, 6, Windmill Street,
Tottenham Court Road, W.

Monday, November 9th, Scandinavian Club, Rathbone Place,
Oxford Street, W.

Tuesday, November 10th, Forward Club, (Commonweal Group),
Charles Square, Hoxton.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

will be held on Sunday, November 8th, at 11 a. m., Regent's Park and
Hyde Park; 3 p. m. Victoria Park.

OUR MURDERED COMRADES.

Never since those last years, when the old Roman world was rushing to destruction, when its priests and rulers saw no way of stifling a new creed which was threatening its very existence, save by slaying its foremost propagandists, has the death of any men so moved that under world, where the poor languish in misery, as the martyrdom of our valiant comrades has done.

Little did the Gays and Bonfields know what they were doing, when they doomed these men to death. What were Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Lingg, in the opinion of these gentry and their employers the capitalists of Chicago. Obscure agitators, unknown save in that city, who only needed rope to silence them for ever. So thought the Southern Slaveholders, when they hanged brave John Brown at Harpers Ferry. So thought the high priests and rulers, when they crucified Christ at Calvary. These were obscure agitators, choke the life out of them, and they will be silent for ever.

The deed is done, but are they quiet. Has not the cross and gallows lifted them up to a height, where they can be seen by all men. Are not their voices ringing to day from a thousand platforms, urging the people forward everywhere, in their revolt against property and privilege. From the cross of Christ, sprang a faith that has swept away alike Roman Ruler and Jewish High Priest. From the gallows at Harpers Ferry, sprang a warsong that stirred the hearts of thousands of men, who marched in armed hosts to free the slave. "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on." Marching on indeed to the destruction of that slavery which his soul abhorred. And from the gallows in the prison yard at Chicago comes what? A movement, an irresistible movement that has swept over the world. In every country under the sun, from China to Chili, a ferment is visible.

Everywhere men are thinking "Is the misery we suffer eternal? Were those men right? when they declared it could be altered, that a better and happier society was possible, if we would only be men, and act for ourselves. If they were only fools and madmen, why did our masters hang them? They had committed no crime, save believing and preaching these ideas, judge, counsel, and capitalist press, all declared, that these men were on trial, not for murder, but for ANARCHY. And it was because they were Anarchists, they were hanged. Because they believed that a society was possible where there should be no rulers or masters but where wealth and happiness should be enjoyed by all.

You who doubt that in this enlightened nineteenth century, in a "free democracy", that men could be hanged for their opinions, merely because those opinions struck at the privileges of the powerful, are asked to read the record of their trial, and you will find that despite the testimony of false witnesses, these men had committed no crime, save in boldly speaking what they believed to be the truth.

This was their crime, none other can be brought against them. For this they died, and to day their silence, their noble silence, is more powerful than any words their tongues could utter. Their blood cries out from the ground against the system that murdered them, against the judges and rulers who condemned them to death; and shall it not find an avenger?

Yes vengeance is coming slowly but surely. On the day when our rotten society crumbles into ruin, when the capitalist robbers and murderers see judgement overtaking them, then the murder of the Chicago Anarchists shall be avenged in the destruction of the false society against which they fought so nobly and bravely.

JAMES BEDFORD, SWEATER.

We hear that Mr. Bedford has been declaring at Norwich that he has a letter from James Macdonald, A. T. S. acquitting him of the charge of sweating. We have inquired of Mr. Macdonald concerning this, and he writes to us as follows:—

Dear Comrade,

I steadily refused to say anything respecting Mr. Bedford's candidature up till yesterday when I wrote to both Mr. Bedford and the secretary of the Norwich Trades Council, and stated, that, as there were no standard rate of wages fixed by the class of workers employed by Bedford that I did not think he could be fairly called a sweater. But that I had no personal knowledge of Mr. B. or his qualification to represent the workers at Norwich. Yours fraternally

JAMES MACDONALD.

P. S. I am not the secretary of the Branch or district as you mention in the Commonweal.

Now any one might note that Macdonald is rather dubious about the matter "He does not think" Bedford could be "fairly be called a sweater". "He does not know for certain. Would it not have been better if Macdonald had taken the trouble to make certain, and to say positively, Bedford is or he is not. Mr. Macdonald says that there is "no standard rate of wages fixed by class of workers employed by Bedford" and that of course means that these men have no trade union. Now if Bedford employs men who have "no standard rate of wages fixed" he employs "non union labour" and therefore he comes before the workers of Norwich not only as a capitalist, but as an employer of sweated labour, i. e. labour paid at a rate, that is considered unfair by the trade union. We should like to ask Macdonald this plain question Is Bedford recognized as fair employer by the Amalgamated Society of Tailors? If not he is a sweater in the popular sense of the word, which means any employer who pays wages below the trade union rate. Mr. Macdonald "does not think" Bedford can be "fairly called a sweater." There are many people however who have no doubt about it. Trade Unionists like Freak, Votier and Dorrel who live in his neighbourhood, and have that "personal knowledge" of him

which Mr. Macdonald lacks Mr. Harris, A. T. S. who has been to his workshop, and made inquiries, and last but not least, the people who have worked for him. And they all unite in calling him a sweater. We are told by Mr. Bedford's official organ "The Labour Leader" that he has commenced proceedings for libel against those who have attacked him. It is quite true Bedford has "threatened" to do so, but up to now, he has taken proceedings against no one except Mowbray. But his action against Mowbray for criminal libel was ignominiously quashed at its outset by Justice Jeune who refused to grant Bedford leave to prosecute, and recommended him to the civil courts. Since then although we have had plenty of blatant brag and bombast from Bedford, he has not dared to prosecute us. We are anxiously waiting for him to take proceedings; but he knows better. He does not want see a long file of his workers appearing in the witness box, to tell the people of Norwich, how well they have been treated by him. Yes, Bedford keeps out of the libel courts for the same reason he does not dare to appear at a public meeting of London work people, because he knows that he will be thoroughly exposed. He is a very sensible man.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The General Strike means no more laws voted by the governing classes and submitted to by the masses; no more taxes to nourish the judges, M. P's., soldiers, police, capitalists, sweaters.

The General Strike means no more wage-workers: the man who works for wages now being the serf of olden times.

The General Strike means universal peace, no more dominion, no more wars, the reign of reason to replace that of force and savagery.

Strike of misery against the fat middle class. The Black flag to float on their mansions, where we will live, instead of being suffocated by foul air, being starved to death, or dying of anemia in order to produce for a Bourgeois.

Enough of suffering! The earth produces enough to nourish all its children.

Work for all, and the produce for all, that's what we want.

Each individual in working as he likes according to his capacity, will have rendered all the services he owes to society; also without restriction he ought to consume according to his needs.

No more monopolists and there will be no more miserable.

No more government and all will be free.

But for this we must have: The General Strike and the Social Revolution.

(This is a leaflet issued by the Paris Cabinetmakers. They are Anarchist-Communists.)

MISERY.

Proletarian, what is your life to you?

Child: the family den, frozen in winter, the days of bread and water, —happy when bread is not wanting!—the cries of mother, the growls of father when he had drowned his sorrows in beer, or when the lock-out comes.

And yet, it is the happiest time of your life: the games with your little comrades make you forget the present and you are still ignorant of the future.

Young workman, apprentice, unless at least misery has already thrown you into the street—the home of the tramps and of the vagabonds.

Apprenticeship, that is to say already toiling work during long hours for the profit of a master; suppressing your brain, which, like that of the young gentleman, could be developed by study; emaciating your young body which thirsts for air and liberty.

Then after this purgatory, perpetual hell, perhaps interrupted by a different but no less atrocious hell, that of the barrack; where you learn to march in step, with your little finger on the seam of your trousers; to submit without a reply to the coarse language of your officers; to hate the people from which you are recruited and to whom you will return in few years; to hate the poor devils like yourself, born a little further off who speak of the same misery in a language different to yours; to let your blood flow, and to make that of other flow, in order to defend this thing which you think truly; your country.

The country, that is to say, poor dupe, the soil of which you don't possess an inch, the factory where they exploit your brothers, the house of the rapacious landlord, the capital of the robber stock-jobber.

Then if the distant wars made for the benefit of capitalists, both stock-jobbing and sweating, have left you alive, back to your place as slave in the workshop, enriching a master who ignores you, often bullied by a brutal foreman.

Be a machine to produce: work, work, as long as your muscles can. So drive away the bitterness of your life and to warm your poor body, the publicans will sell you poisons, green, blue, red, brown—absinthe with vitriol and wine without grapes.

Like all animals, you have felt your heart beat and yet feel lively. Happier, the dog when he can make love with the female of his choice. But with you, it is different: you are only allowed to desire a wretched woman of our own class, poor, ignorant like yourself, in fact more so, whom your foreman or boss will dispute for with you if she works in your factory. So unite misery and poverty and try and get children.

But it is difficult, for the poor fellows, who have only the pleasures of the bed, look after themselves badly. There you are, a father, obliged to pinch yourself more than ever to nourish the young brood: your partner, worn out by toil and misery has withered long since. As for you, with your bent back, your yellow complexion, your coarse black hands, you are not seductive.

In your turn, bring up little bits of misery, to make fortunes for masters. Work till death if you will: you will have a chance, when your body refuses more work, of going into a workhouse.

Have you never said to yourself that these riches which are enjoyed only by men who do not work, are the result of the labor of unfortunate devils like yourself: gold by itself having never made a blade of corn grow.

Have you thought, you who can repeat coins of morality of respect of property, that the thieves are those who live well, in luxury, whilst making their fellow being sweat, and that these latter, if they accept the situation without revolting, are idiots?

Have you not thought, that the workers of the towns and country, taking into common possession the factory and the field, would produce quite as much for themselves as they now do for a parasite?

Have you not thought that a common seizure of accumulated wealth and of the means of production would bring it well being, independance, health, joy, love, and physical, moral and intellectual development?

Have you not thought that the land, on which we are all born, ought to belong to us all, the fruits of labour to those who work for them, and that now, when the producers of all wealth are badly dressed, badly shod, badly fed, statistics show that three times more industrial products and two and a half times more agricultural products are produced than are required to keep all the population in well-being.

Have you not thought, finally, that government, the state, whatever may be its form, republic, empire or kingdom, has only one object, that of defending the sweating of the poor by the rich, the monopoly of wealth by a few parasites, in a word, the old social system?

If, knowing all that, you have quietly resigned yourself to your slavery, you are a cur: if you did not know it, learn it, open your eyes, reflect, and then, it is for you to draw your own conclusions.

LE POT A COLLE.

MANTLE CUTTERS AND PRESSERS MOVING INTO LINE.

On Monday October 26th a very successful Meeting was held at the Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square, City. The meeting was called for the purpose of hearing a report from the provisional committee, which had been appointed at a previous meeting. After some preliminary business had been gone through, the chairman announced that several well known Labor agitators were present by request, and he hoped the meeting would pay every attention to them. Comrades Mowbray, Burrows, Turner, and Nicoll then addressed the meeting, after which over 61 joined the ranks of the newly formed union, and we are pleased to say that the spirit of Anarchism is present in the union in the persons of comrades Morgan and Curle, who, we may say, are the founders, our hope is that their example will be a terror to despotic officialism, if ever it should creep in.

NOTES.

Poor Bedford.

What price his chances now of misrepresenting the workmen of Norwich, we hear some very funny rumours going about. Mc Donald seems very sorry he wrote that letter to Bedford, and says he did so in ignorance. Well we have enlightened him now and his future action will show his repentance for his hasty, and, to us, decidedly foolish action, to say the least of it. Other tailors have an opinion as well as Mc Donald.

A very snug and quiet meeting was held in the library of Kay Street, Radical Club, on Saturday night the 24th Oct. present Messrs. Votier, Dorrel, Harris, and most wonderful "Mahatma" J. Mason of Norwich, and a friend were present. Funny business, eh! Mr. Mason. Eyes opened, eh! Jimmy not so cock sure now, eh! Bedford's a queer stick isn't he! Ah well only tell you pal Harvey and it will be all right. He'll go for him like an "honest" man.

It seems that after all Mr. Bedford is "not a fit and proper person" to represent Norwich workmen, "and who is we wonder," at least Mr. Mason gave his opinion as such after seeing the minute books of Kay Street Club and hearing the statements of Messrs. Freak, Harris, Dorrel, Votier, and others.

Mowbray, Dorrel, Votier and Harris have pledged themselves to visit Norwich on November 22nd and trust Mr. Bedford will be present. Every effort will be made to get Mr. Freak to attend also: it only remains for Norwich workmen to raise funds sufficient to cover expenses.

The No Rent Campaign.

Our two friends, Miles and Saunders, have had to beat a retreat at last from Jubilee Dwellings, but they have left triumphantly, carrying off all their belongings with them. Although only weekly tenants Miles and Saunders owed the landlord three months and two months rent respectively. Miles rent was 4s. a week and Saunders 7s., so between them they have prevented at least £6. from going into the

pockets of the landlord. Who says Anarchists are not practical people? Now their advantage was this. Jubilee Dwellings were in an unsanitary condition, and the landlord knew very well if he took the case into Court, the tenants, would bring this forward, especially the ugly fact of the death of Miles child through diphtheria. This would get into the papers, and Sharp would be held up to public opprobrium as a bad landlord, besides even the local sanitary inspector might be forced by public opinion to move in the matter, and Jubilee Dwellings be condemned. Thus he feared to press the tenants too hard in case of a row, especially as he knew, they had people behind them, only too ready and willing to "show him up." Now if tenants who are living in unsanitary dwellings who have lost children through diseases—like diphtheria and typhoid, caused by shocking sanitary conditions of these dens: or even those who have had children ill from the same cause, would refuse to pay rent, the landlord can do little to make them. If he puts the brokers in, chuck them out. You can only be summoned to the police court, and there will be your opportunity. You can let the public know, what the den is like, in which you are forced to live. Those who are summoned for chucking brokers should write to the *Commonweal*, 7, Lambs Conduit Street, W.C., and then we will do our best to help them in conducting their case.

The West End Slums.

We have had some interesting revelations recently in the *Star* concerning the Slums of Drury Lane, and Soho. There was a fiercely contested election in the Strand last week, and the only chance for the Liberal Candidate to get in, was to get the votes of the slum dwellers in these neighbourhoods. So we have had some startling exposures of slum life in the *Star*. In one case the *Star* man found a woman paying 6s. 6d. a week for a single front room. In the same house the back room on the same floor fetches 3s. 6d. a week. Two rooms on the second floor pay 8s. 6d.; and on the third floor two rooms are let to two separate families for 8s. The ground floor and basements are let as workshops, the smoke from the furnaces of which fills the house. For these five families and two places of work there is only one tap to supply water, and this tap is just in front of the one closet, and from the same pipe which conveys the water to it. The stench in the front of the water tap was frightful.

In another case the windows of a number of rooms let at rent varying from 5s. to 3s. 6d. look out for light and air upon a "foul and evil smelling place" when people cast "offensive matter," which parish officials often leave there to rot and stink "for over a fortnight." In a house in Granby Place for a miserable cramped up little room, the landlord charges 3s. 6d. The rain comes through the roof, and the yard is not more than 9 ft. square and in this stands the closet, from the boards of which, when they are trodden on oozes up filth. Here stands the tap. And these are the "homes" of the poor in rich and Christian England.

What's to be done?

Sends Dr. Gutterbridge go to Parliament, says the *Star*. He will get you a tax upon ground rents, better dwellings, and all the rest of it. But with Home Rule blocking the way these things "will take time," and when they are got, it remains to be proved, that they will be a sufficient remedy. The *Star* has proved, what we Anarchists have always said, that the pulling down of the slums and the erection of model dwellings, has only increased the rents in the slums that still remain. The model dwellings are not tenanted by slum dwellers but by the numbered unsolicitous, postmen, commissionaires, and better off workpeople, and will not this be the case with any dwellings erected by the County Council with taxes from ground landlords. What guarantee have we, that they will not be, and that the poor will not be driven in a thicker and thicker swarm to send up the rents in other slums. This will most likely be the case. Therefore we Anarchist say do not trust to Parliament and government to help you. Help yourselves. Make slum owning an unprofitable occupation by paying No Rent to the slum landlord for his rotten dens, and you will do more to help yourselves in a month, than Parliament or County Council will do in a life time.

The Guards Mutiny.

The outbreak in the 4th battalion of Guards at Windsor, when the men flung the stinking carrion out of window, which is considered good enough by the swell officers for "common soldiers" is an encouraging sign. The officers may even have a sharper lesson before long, as even the *Star* hints, for if the soldiers find that throwing meat out of the window is not enough, they may send the rotten carcasses of these scoundrels after it. But how long the faces of the officials at the Horse Guards must be growing as they hear of these continual revolts. And the worst of it is that all attempts to hush them up have dismally failed. The murder will out, and the people may all know, how untrustworthy is the weapon, which their masters have to coerce them, should they revolt. These are bad times for the rich.

Harrow Road Shop Assistants Demonstrate.

The Harrow Road Shop Assistants had a grand time out last Sunday in company with Trade Societies connected with the Paddington, Willesden, and Kensington Labour Council. A splendid demonstration was held at Kensal Green. The workmen of the district turned out in force, and stirring speeches were delivered by comrades Tochatti, Atterbury, Fox, Nicoll, and Hunter Watts. Nicoll's suggestion, that they should utilize the Fifth of November, to carry two guys of Haile and his manager, around the neighbourhood, seems to have "caught on".

After the speeches were finished, and a resolution passed, calling up on the workers to boycott Haile; a long procession was formed, and marched through the streets of the neighbourhood to collect funds, to carry on the struggle. Everywhere the demonstrators were greeted with enthusiasm, especially in the wretched districts where the workers live. The people literally swarmed to the windows, showering down coppers into bags and collection boxes.

The Dead March.

Outside Haile's shop, an immense crowd had gathered "to see the fun" and they were not disappointed. The house was silent as death; the Venetian blinds were closely drawn, and there were no signs of the skinny manager or his blacklegs. It has been noted lately, that he has grown more lean and hungry-looking than ever, as he saw the profits dwindling day by day, thanks to the vigorous boycotting of the Union.

And some unkind people suggested that he might have really departed this life, through sheer savageness and vexation. But be it as it may there were no signs of him when the band struck up "The Dead March in Saul" and the processionists reverently uncovered, and the gay banners of the procession, were lowered in memory of the lost £20 a week, which has gone from Haile, never to return. At this sad spectacle, the populace indulged in a burst of merriment, followed by a storm of hoots and groans for Haile and his manager. Once the shop was passed, the band broke into "Hi tiddy hi ti" and the demonstrators literally danced away from the solemn scene. Unfeeling people.

The Shop Assistants are delighted with last Sunday's demonstration, and are going to extend the boycott to Haile's South London shops, in a few days time. Haile's manager is losing his temper, he punched a little boy's head last week, for advising the public to "Boycott the sweater". Isn't he a brave man.

Serve him Right.

Good news comes from New York. Huppe a German artizan was employed by Edison and Co. in New York, but was thrown out of work through no fault of his own. He fell back in his rent, but before he left New York to seek work in Boston, he obtained a promise from his landlord, that he would not evict his wife and family soon after he had gone the landlord an inhuman brute named Kritschmar—in the absence of his wife turned the little children into the street in the pouring rain. Huppe heard the news, came back and shot the scoundrel dead. Would that all these inhuman scoundrels could be served in the same way.

ANARCHISTS AND THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

An important conference was held at 7, Lambs Conduit Street, on Sunday October 25th when about 60 comrades were present to discuss our attitude to Trades Unions. Comrade Wess opened the discussion as follows:—

The Anarchist movement in England is not new, but one thing has been overlooked, our attitude to trade unionism. If we look into the history of Trade Unions, their tactics have been revolutionary, and only since 1871 Government began to introduce legislation to tame down Trade Unionism, and make it only a compromise. But a new Trade Unionism has sprung up, and our Social Democratic friends are trying to use it for political purposes. The principle of trade unionism is self reliance, and the Social Democrats are ignoring this by getting the unions to get others to do things for them.

Whatever the work that may be done by trade unions, whether it be electing a member to the County Council, or a delegate to some conference, we should take part in it as workmen to propagate our ideas among workmen. Therefore we should not ignore the Trades Unions.

Thompson was of opinion:—That Anarchists who are members of trade unions should certainly do their utmost to spread Anarchist ideas among their fellow unionists, but was not hopeful of the older unions, they being very conservative and fond of compromise.

Comrade Carlo explained, concerning the recent Brussels congress, that if 12 delegates had been sent there, representing Anarchist views, they would not have had to withdraw.

Merlino said:—The only reason we were not admitted, was because we had no position in the Labour party. It is said that the labour movement is dwindling. But if the workers are badly organised, it is our duty to help to organise them better. It is not a question of, are we to work with the workmen, but, how are we to do so.

Malatesta said that Spain was a good example, in confirmation of Merlino's remarks. The Anarchists in Spain, take a very prominent part in the labour movement, except in Madrid and the Basque Provinces. The fact may be seen from the recent Congress there, when the Spanish workers were chiefly represented by Anarchists.

Turner had long been of opinion, that Anarchists should take part in all the workmen's organisations and trade unions. He also thought that as the Social Democrats were becoming more middle-class, so the Anarchists are bound to form a sort of inner circle of the great labour federation. The Anarchists should be the very first to take part in everything done by trade unions, and if possible, the first and foremost part. This must be the position taken up by the Anarchists in their trade unions. They must be foremost in the work and in the danger; they must also show that they have a complete grasp of the economic question, the trade union being only a unit of the labor movement.

Kropotkin thought there were two kinds of trade unions. There is the trade union of the aristocrats of labor, and the trade union more properly so called. The idea of the trade unionists originally, was the making of a general conflagration throughout Europe. All this was altered by the Marxist party who directed the movement into the 8 hours channel. Hence the greater necessity for working in the trade unions. In this work he would not direct his attention to the old trade unions.

Mowbray had felt lately, as if he could tear up his union card and throw it in the faces of the union officials, but after hearing what the comrades had said, he agreed that we must work among them. We want a manifesto explaining the fallacy of the 8 hours movement, at the same time setting forth the altered position of the workers. He thought we might do something by taking hold of the unorganised workers; there was little to hope for from the aristocrats of labour, but some comrades had got the mantle-cutters to organise, and were now trying to re-organise the East End tailors, much good work could be done in the formation of new unions.

Nicoll said that many of our provincial comrades have taken part in the work of trade unions. There is no doubt we should take part in the trade unions, but whether we should seek to hold office in any of the unions, new or old, is doubtful. A great many of the officials to-day, are neglecting the business of the unions, to promote parliamentary candidatures. The new unions should have as few paid officials as possible. We must have a policy, and that must be, working for General Strikes in groups of trades.

Wess agreed that we should not accept office under the new unions, and we should try to do away with the Presidents and Vice Presidents, and even with an Executive. Good work might be done in the unions, by getting one night a week devoted to the discussion of labour questions.

Gundersen suggested that the best propaganda can be done at the time of a strike, by getting out leaflets referring to the particular industry on strike.

Mowbray thought, that while keeping up our own propaganda as usual, we should have some scheme to meet special demands like this, by a special fund.

It was finally agreed to issue a manifesto on the labour question, eight hours, and parliamentary action, from the Anarchist Communist standpoint, and comrades Turner, Nicoll, Mowbray, and Merlino, were deputed to draw up the manifesto.

The following items of the agenda were agreed to, (1) The necessity of working more in the Labour movement. (2) We ought to join our trade union when there is opportunity for Anarchist propaganda. (3) Try to induce the unions to dispense as far as possible with committees and officials, but when there is no chance of making propaganda, start new unions on Anarchist lines.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.

Bread or Lead was the question put by Rutzerveld to his master who had sacked him for being an Anarchist. This happened in Sclessin in a mining district a few weeks ago. His master even refused to pay him for the work he had done and told him to go to the law courts. Rutzerveld went not to the law courts but to a gunsmith, took a revolver and went back to meet his tyrant and fired three shots in succession, one shot hitting the boss in the head. He is not quite dead yet, if he recovers it will not be our comrade's fault, for he said when arrested, I am only sorry I did not finish him! A.C.

FRANCE.

Paul Lafargue a parliamentary Socialist, headed the poll in Lille on last Sunday. He is now undergoing 12 months prison for being in the Fourmies Riots and will now go to the aquarium as a Labour M. P. Whilst this traitor sits comfortably in St. Pelagie and sends manifestoes to the silly voters, Culine who was in the same affair and got two years, but not a leader, is forgotten in a central prison and the parliamentary Labour Committee never thought of him, oh! dear no, Culine only can lead himself, Lafargue can lead the people to believe that he will do something for the workers once in the aquarium. A.C.

ITALY.

In consequence of the rioting at St. Michel on Sunday last between Socialists and a labour party, 21 arrests have been made 10 of the wounded are in the hospital.

As the ordinary tribunal in Rome was not large enough to judge the 62 prisoners arrested on the 1st of May, the government had to make use of a large chapel. The prisoners are kept in iron cages like wild animals. The speeches of the defendants are all of a revolutionary character, many declare themselves Anarchists and are applauded by their fellow prisoners in spite of the ruling of the chair. Judgement will be given in a few days. A.C.

ON SATURDAY Nov. 14th. Under the auspices of the Gasworkers and General Laborers Union of Dartford a Lecture will be delivered in the Town Hall, Dartford at 8 p. m. by Comrade C. W. Mowbray. Subject: Where will Trades Unionism lead us?

GLASGOW.—The Celebration of the Murder of the Chicago Anarchists will be held in the Albion Halls, Glasgow, on Wednesday November 11th, at 7.30. Tickets 3d. each.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. The Speeches of the men and the report of their trial will be published on Nov. 7th. Price 4d.

All orders should be sent to Comrade Barber, Club Autonomie, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, in consequence of loss on previous issues cash must accompany all orders. Comrades and Groups who had these books from our late comrade Reuter and have not settled for them are asked to send the cash to Barber at above address.

MONOPOLY: or, How Labour is Robbed. By William Morris. 10th Thousand, Price One Penny.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lambs Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.
Forwards Club.—Charles Square, Hoxton. "The Commonweal Group" meets every Wednesday at 8 sharp, for business and discussion all comrades are asked to turn up. D. J. Nicoll, Secretary.
Mantle Cutters and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p. m. H. Green, Secretary; D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p. m. Lectures and Discussions.—French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fees (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p. m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at 1, West Street, Harrow Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p. m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p. m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p. m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p. m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a. m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p. m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a. m. and 3 p. m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a. m.; Great Market, at 7 p. m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

THE LEAFLET "AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY" recently published in the Commonweal is now ready. Price 2s. 6d. a thousand. Terms cash.

Comrades and Sympathisers can each do something to help the Cause, and those unable to help otherwise can subscribe to our Fund for the propagation of Anarchist Communism in the Army and Navy. Subscriptions addressed to the Secretary will be duly acknowledged in the *Commonweal*.

SUBSCRIBERS who find that the Retail Agents are unable to obtain the *Commonweal* from their Wholesale Agents, are reminded that R. Forster, 28, Stonecutter Street, London; W. Reeves, 186, Fleet Street, London; Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London; and Appleyard and Co., of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., are Agents for the *Commonweal*.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMANCIPATOR GROUPS in Scotland and England, THE "EMANCIPATOR" (the new holy BIBLE) will shortly be published.

USEFUL WORK v. USELESS TOIL. By William Morris. Price One Penny. To be obtained of all Anarchist Groups.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE MEANING OF THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

THE tragedy at Chicago absorbs all our attention this week. Anarchists can think of little else, but of the five men who died on the Calvary of capitalism to free suffering humanity.

Some years ago a prominent Socialist, who is not an Anarchist, said to me, that he thought it was a mistake to have too many festival days in the Socialist calendar. Was not it not enough to celebrate the Commune. Why should we celebrate the martyrdom of our comrades? Well, but since then we have had another festival day added to the list—May Day.

All these days have their own significance. The 11th of November is the Good Friday of Socialism. On that day we should remember all our martyrs, all who have suffered and bled in the cause of the poor.

The 18th of March is our Christmas, it stands for the birth of hope, the first step towards that new world of work, happiness, and wealth for all, that has yet to be. And what is May Day, but the Socialist Pentecost when borne on the wings of the wind comes a message of hope to all nations, spoken by tongues of flame in every language, of battle, war, and of victory.

Yes in every upheaval of the masses even in their blindest revolt against the intolerable conditions that surround them in their uprisings against the dark doom of misery wretchedness and hunger to which the people has suffered so long and quietly we see but the beginning of the end. You must be patience, says the moderate man. Patience we are tired of the word. Is not the patience with which the poor endure starvation and misery, but an other word for cowardice, if the people could only feel as we feel would this rotten system last another day. It is nothing but the "patience" i. e. the apathy and cowardice of the masses that allows it to last a day longer. But there are already signs that the end is not far off. Within the last few days, we hear of financial crisis in Berlin impending revolutions in Brazil, famine in Russia with bread riots that even the knout will not quell. Everywhere is uneasiness and fear among the rich. On the Stock Exchange the thieves are very nervous, they have been bitten so severely in South American securities, and none of them know, which of the wealthy usurers is not on the verge of ruin. The policy of bolstering up the Barings has not been a success either financially or otherwise, and now ruin seems to impend over all. Even the old lady of Threadneedle Street is not safe.

But with the financial crisis, there comes an industrial one. The Board of Trade returns show, that there is falling in in imports of as compared with the correspondenz week of last year. The returns for this year show a total in imports of £872,407 and in exports £2,506,977 as compared with last year. This is cheerful for the properted classes, if the workers are discontented, now what will they be, when they are thrown on streets by thousands to starve. What will do, when they find that their labour representatives, they have elected to House of Commons cannot do nothing for them against the might of both political parties of landlords and capitalists. Will they not take the advice of the Anarchists, and help themselves. They will do so. And the lesson of our noble comrades heroic life and death will not be lost upon them. The names of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Lingg and Engel will be remembered when with classes and the masses stand face to face in the last great struggle. Let the rich dread that day. For it is the day of victory and vengeance for the people. When an old impure world reeking with rotteness shall be burnt up, and a new world shall rise from the ashes, fair and sweet again. In that world all men shall live in happiness and peace for they shall live without rulers or masters. To realize this new society our comrades lived and died, for this will be true freedom; this will be Anarchy.

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHY.

(Continued from page 140.)

"A Universal Strike that is a large order? Cannot you suggest something on a smaller scale?" Well suppose we begin by General Strikes of trades or groups of industries related more or less to each other. Workmen would do well to note, that whenever a strike has occurred upon a large scale like for example the Dock Strikes at London, Liverpool and Bristol, the men have been almost invariably successful, especially when they have shown, that they were prepared to use every means within their power in order to win. In it is only in case like these of the South Metropolitan Gas Strike, the Strike of the Carpenters or Joiners, or the recent Wharf Strike, where the leaders have insisted or merely calling out a small number of the men instead of doing what the common sense of the workers dictated all calling out all the men in the trade in London, that these Strikes have failed.

But then the leaders want to be respectable. They want to get into Parliament. They want to curry favour with the governing classes and be appointed on Royal Commissions and therefore they play the game of your masters, by stifling strikes or else by calling out the men in such small numbers, that they are certain of defeat. It is worth noting, that capitalists dread the great strike, but they often by to face on small ones, so they may crush the men piecemeal. It is possible to fill the places of a few hundred or a few thousand men by blacklegs, but it is not so easy to replace 50,000 or 100,000 men. Besides it is not safe to introduce blacklegs under these circumstances, or we might have serious riots like those at Leeds and Southampton. The present labour leaders, therefore who wish to be governors in their turn, have done their best to smother the spirit of revolt. That is why they are always preaching against strikes, that is why they so earnestly recommend Parliamentary action. But do you think the men who have betrayed you in the past, the men whom you say have sold you, will be any better, when they get into Parliament? Whose interests will they defend, the interests of the workers or of the capitalist robbers, who can offer not only bribes but fat government places, if they will only preach "moderation" or "conciliation" to the people.

But who is going to send them to Parliament? The thousands of starving men, whose places have been taken by blacklegs, and who have been discharged wholesale by the capitalists, through these leaders cowardly treason and mismanagement. Ask them for their opinion, hear the bitter curses they heap upon the men, who have exploited the cause of the workers, who have climbed on the backs of starving men to attain place and power for themselves.

But enough of these men, the very subject is disgusting and sickens one. It is enough to tell the workers not to trust them, but if you want an Eight Hours Day or any other improvement get it for yourselves by a succession of Great Strikes which will wring what you claim from the fears of your craven masters. If all the carpenters and joiners not only in London but throughout the country had come out together for Eight Hours Day, they would have won what they demanded in a few hours. Instead of that, the leaders indulged in succession of petty strikes. They have wasted over fifty thousand pounds, broken up the homes of hundreds of men, and what have they gained: absolutely nothing. A movement which might have been grand, glorious and certain of success, has ended in miserable failure. Therefore take the advice of the Anarchists and when you strike, strike altogether and then you will win.

We have spoken of the thousands, who are out of work and who are literally dying of hunger from want of food. What have the Anarchists to offer them? Relief works, Municipal Workshops? No we know well the governing classes will never grant them. Unless they turn them into sweating dens. Why if they paid fair wages and treated the men decently. Their own factories and workshops would be deserted by thousands, who would no longer toil and starve for a boss if it was possible to get work for fair wages and short hours in a government establishment. We are not

going to advocate impossibilities, and we are not going to recommend the establishment of government sweating dens.

Besides, what is the use of dragging weary and heart sick men from the Vestry to Local Government Board and from the Local Government back to the Vestry. If the unemployed want help; they must help themselves. And it is time they did. Last year 30 unemployed men and women died of hunger in the sight of boundless wealth, which they had helped to create. Why did they perish like this? What barrier stood between them and the food they needed? A glass window that was all. A glass window and the fear of what the law might do to them.

Away with such coward fears, is not prison better than the workhouse? Is not prison better, than dying of hunger in streets? Take the food, the clothing that you need. Help yourselves and when they drag you before their magistrates. Tell them that you do not mean to starve in the midst of the plenty, you have produced by your labour. And if they send you to jail well you will be fed and clothed in jail and even that is better than perishing of cold and hunger in the streets. Therefore help yourselves; set a noble example to the rest of the workers by taking the wealth of which you have been robbed of for want of which you are dying. And remember this, the only salvation of the unemployed, lies in overturning the present system. When the people determine to take possession of the land, capital, and all the means of production, and to make the existence of an idle robber class impossible in the future, then there will be no unemployed, then there will be work and wealth for all.

But there is another way in which the workers can help themselves. A way that is also immediate and practical, and that is by starting a No Rent Campaign in the slums of London. Every one has heard of the horrible fever dens in which masses of the people are forced to live. How diphtheria and typhoral fever carry off the children of the poor in thousands yearly. They die as Dr. Drysdale tells us at rate of 30 in a hundred in the first year of their lives, while only 8 per cent of the children of the rich die in the same period. Thanks to these frightful dens and a life of semie starvation the average age of the working people is only 29 years, while the rich live to 55. Thus through the combined efforts of slum landlord and capitalist the people are cheald out of half their lives.

But surely no humane person let alone an Anarchist or a Revolutionist would say that, these people should starve in order to pay rent to landlords of these fever dens. Surely no one ought to pay rent for places at all. No one should be forced to live in such pest holes. Not even a dog; let alone a human being. Will you join then with Anarchists in war against the house farmer, in a No Rent Campaign which beginning in the most miserable slums, shall spread through the length and breadth of working class London. A No Rent Campaign that with the Universal Strike shall end in striking down Capitalism and Government. We Anarchists have done something in this direction already, and we will do more, if you will help us. And we ask your help. If like us you see, that half measures are of no use, but that the people can only save themselves, by taking possession of all wealth produced by them, and of all means of producing and distributing it. Will you help us then, in preaching the Universal Strike among your mates in the trade union. Will you help us, when we tell the unemployed to take the wealth, which they have produced and for lack of which they starve. Will you help us, when we stand shoulder to shoulder with the wretched inhabitants of the slums in their war against house farmer. If you think we are speaking truth if you are convinced that we are right join with us in this glorious warfare.

(To be concluded.)

A. R. PARSONS' APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

I appeal to the American people in their love of justice and fair play. I submit that the record does not show my guilt of the crime of murder, but, on the contrary, it proves my innocence.

Against me in this trial all the rules of law and evidence have been reversed in that I have been held as guilty until I proved my innocence.

I have been tried ostensibly for murder, but in reality for anarchism. I have been proven guilty of being an Anarchist, and condemned to die for that reason. The state's attorney said in his statement before court and jury in the beginning of the trial: "These defendants were picked out and indicted by the grand jury, they are no more guilty than the thousands who follow them. They are picked out because they are leaders. Convict them, and our society is safe." And in their last appeal to the jury the prosecution said: "Anarchy is on trial. Hang these eight men and save our institutions. These are the leaders. Make examples of them." This is a matter of record.

So far as I have had time to examine the record I find the same fabrications and perversion of testimony against all my comrades as exists against myself. I therefore again appeal to the American people to avert the crime of judicial murder, and this appeal I have faith will not be in vain.

My ancestors partook of all the hardships incident to the establishment of this republic. They fought, bled, and some of them died, that the Declaration of Independence might live and the American flag might wave in triumph over those who claim the "divine right of kings to rule." Shall that flag now, after a century's triumph, trail in the mire of oppression, and protect the perpetration of outrages and oppressions that put the older despotism of Europe to shame?

Knowing myself innocent of crime I came forward and gave myself up for trial. I felt that it was my duty to take my chances with the rest of our comrades. I sought a fair and impartial trial before a jury of my peers, and knew that before any fair-minded jury I could with little difficulty be cleared. I preferred to be tried and take the chances of an acquittal with my friends to being hunted as a felon. Have I had a fair trial?

The lovers of justice and fair play are assiduously engaged in an effort to thwart the consummation of judicial murder by the commutation of sentence by prison. I speak for myself alone when I say that for this I thank them and appreciate their efforts, but I am an innocent man. I have violated no law; I have committed no offense against anyone's rights. I am simply the victim of the malice of those whose anger has been aroused by the power, strength and independence of the labor organizations of America. I am a sacrifice to those who say: "These men may be innocent. No matter. They are Anarchists. We must hang them anyway."

My counsel informs me that every effort will be made to take this case before the highest tribunal in the land and that there is a strong hope of a hearing there. But I am also reliably informed that from three to five years will elapse before the supreme court of the United States can hear and adjudge the case. Since surrendering myself to the authorities I have been locked up in close confinement twenty-one hours of every twenty-four hours for six days, and from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning (thirty eight hours) each week in a noisome cell, without a ray of sunshine or a breath of pure air. To be compelled to bear this for five, or even three years, would be to suffer a lingering death, and it is only a matter of serious consideration with me, whether I ought to accept the verdict as it stands, rather than die by inches under such conditions. I am prepared to die. I am ready, if need be, to lay down my life for my rights and the rights of my fellow-men. But I object to being killed on false and unproven accusations. Therefore I cannot countenance or accept the effort of those who would endeavor to procure a commutation of my sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary. Neither do I approve of any further appeals to the courts of law. I believe them to be all alike—the agency of the privileged class to perpetuate their power, to oppress and plunder the toiling masses. As between capital and its legal rights and labor and its natural rights, the courts of law must side with the capitalist class. To appeal to them is vain. It is the appeal of the wage slave to his capitalistic master for liberty. The answer is curses, blows, imprisonment, and death.

If I had never been an Anarchist before, my experience with courts and laws of the governing classes would make an Anarchist of me now. What is Anarchism? It is a state of society without any central or governing power. Upon this subject the court in its affirmation of the death sentence defines the object of the International Working Peoples' Association as follows:—

"It is designed to bring about a Social Revolution. Social Revolution meant the destruction of the right of private ownership of property, or the right of the individual to own property. It meant the bringing about of a state of society in which all property should be held in common."

If this definition is right then it is very similar to that advocated by Jesus Christ, for proof of which refer to the fourth and fifth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles; also Matthew xxi., 10 to 14; and Mark xi., 15 to 19.

No, I am not guilty; I have not been proven guilty. I leave it to you to decide from the record itself as to my guilt or innocence. I can not, therefore, accept a commutation to imprisonment. I appeal not for mercy, but for justice. As for me, the utterance of Patrick Henry is so apropos that I cannot do better than let him speak:

"Is life so dear and peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death."

A. R. PARSONS.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 21, 1887. [Prison cell No. 29.]

NOTES.

Boot and Shoe Trade Lock-out.

Most of our readers have seen in the capitalist press, accounts more or less correct, of the lock-out in the Boot Trade. But they have not seen a really fair account of the case of the men, who struck not only against the capitalists, but against their "leaders". This we propose to furnish. The facts are briefly these; since the strike in the Boot Trade in the earlier part of last year, an Arbitration Board has been formed, consisting of representatives of masters and men. Like all these bodies, this affair has been a miserable swindle. There have been a succession of petty disputes, owing to the masters endeavouring to force reductions, and the Arbitration Board has taken as long to come to a decision, as the High Court of Chancery does to settle a law suit.

For instance six months ago, there was a strike in the workshop of a master named Furzey, but the men went back on the advice of their leaders. This was six months ago, and the Board has come to no decision yet. A reduction was attempted by another capitalist, Greenwood; the men struck, and in a few days gained a complete victory. Meanwhile five months ago, a reduction was attempted by another capitalist Green; the men went to their leaders and were recommended to work "under protest". For five months, they have worked under protest, but still no decision. Four weeks ago the men could stand it no longer they struck and their action was upheld by three enthusiastic and crowded meetings of shoe makers, at the Kay Street Radical Club.

Shameful Threat of the Leaders.

Green then tried to get his work done at other shops, but everywhere the men refused to blackleg. Then the bosses on their side, declared that if Green's men would not go back to work, they would lock out all the men; which they did last Saturday. The rest is known, the excited meeting at the Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road, the question submitted to the men, as to whether those in the trade would support the leaders in upholding "general law". Whatever that may mean, one would have thought that the "general law" of a Trade Union, would be against men working at scab prices. But it appears that these Trade Union "leaders" are of a different opinion. We suppose that they know best. However, so anxious were they that Green's shop should be done, that they declared that if a majority of the men decided in favour of the leaders, and Green's men then refused to work, the leaders would call upon other men in the trade to do the work, and if they refused to blackleg, the "leaders" would go and do the blacklegging themselves. That is they would go into Green's shop and act as blacklegs. Three cheers for Trade Unionism. We must say, that we have never heard of a more disgraceful proposition. However the "leaders" were spared this disgrace, for when the ballot went against them, Green's men consented to go back to work on condition that the leaders would promise at once to look into their case. We hope we shall hear no more of Trade Union "leaders" offering to blackleg. It is almost as bad as Sweater Bedford running as "labour candidate".

Guying Haile.

The Shop Assistants Union have had a lively time. We mentioned last week that a suggestion by Nicoll, that a "Guy" of Haile should be carried round the neighbourhood, was received with enthusiasm. Well on Thursday, the populace acted upon this suggestion, and a very ugly guy with a double face, and a placard on its breast with this inscription "Haile the blackleg" was carried round the district, exciting universal merriment. In the evening an immense crowd of people gathered around Haile's shop, expecting that the "guy" would be borne by in solemn procession. Outside the shop, which was the only one open, and which threw a bright glare of light across the dark street, the shop assistants were busy parading up and down, and calling upon the public to "Boycott the Sweater". While in the crowd, which swayed up and down tumultuously, red lights were burned, and there was occasionally loud explosions of crackers, which made the skinny manager jump. The glaring shop, the excited crowd, with the sudden blaze of red lights, and exploding fireworks, formed a strange and picturesque spectacle.

Arrest of Shop Assistants.

But if the Shop Assistants were busy, so were the police. These invaluable officers were in a very agitated state, especially as the evening wore on, the crowd increased and the excitement grew in intensity. The members of the Union were "warned" but they paid no attention to the "warning". Then the police determined upon and made a furious rush upon the boycotters, and Mussett, the secretary of the union, and five others were hauled off to the station. But the people showed some inclination to resist, they rushed upon the police howling and hooting, and it needed all the exertions of the men, mounted or otherwise, to get them to the station. Next day they were brought before old Cook, and three assistants were bound over to keep the peace, while the others were remanded.

Two Men Sent to Prison.

While the police were arresting the assistants in the Harrow Road, a similar scene occurred at Walworth. Here another shop of Haile's was picketted by unionists. A crowd collected, and two assistants were arrested and marched off in custody. They had to appear before Biron next day at Lambeth. This gentleman was described by one of the assistants as emphatically the "worst magistrate" he had ever come across.

Both of our friends, after an exhibition of ill temper on the part of this gentleman, were bound over to keep the peace. They had to enter into their own recognizances in £25 and another surety for a like amount. But a surety was not found at once, and these assistants were soon in the "Black Maria" jogging off to Wandsworth Jail. Here after being subjected to the usual indignities, they were dressed in prison clothes and consigned to a cell. They were just preparing for the plank bed when a surety was found at last, and they were free. Both these gentlemen are rather conservative in their opinions. We expect that their recent experience will open their eyes considerably.

Sunday's Demonstration.

Two fine meetings were held at Kensal Green and Hyde Park on Sunday, at which strong resolutions, condemning Haile and the police and declaring that the assistants intended to carry on the struggle, were carried with enthusiasm. Comrade Tochatti gave it to the police. He said that, compared with these gentlemen, Judas Iscariot was respect-

able, for he did have the good sense after he had betrayed his master to go and hang himself. The police did not like these remarks, and the police reporter, who was busy taking notes on the outside of the meeting, also beat a hasty retreat, on Nicoll offering him a "Commonweal" with the remark that it was a paper advocating the extermination of policemen. Meanwhile the assistants are determined to carry on the struggle in spite of police intimidation; as Sweater Haile, Blackleg Matthews, and the police, will find out.

How the Poor Starve.

Just on the eve of the Annual Guildhall Guzzling of the Lord Mayor and other rich thieves we see in the capitalist press accounts of two cases of starvation, now becoming so common, among the East End poor. One was the case of William Rogers, fifty six, an army pensioner who had served his Queen and Country in the 2nd Dragoons and had been rewarded by his "Queen and Country" with a magnificent pension of 6d. a day, supplemented by working 15 hours a day for 2s. 6d. a week. In attempting to live upon his pension and wages the poor old man died of starvation. What a glorious thing to serve your Queen and Country, and how well you are rewarded for it in your old age. In the other case a poor wretch, Joseph Aitkins, living at Poplar has committed suicide because he could not bear to see his wife and children starving. He would have done better if he had helped himself to the food which he needed. But this would be a "crime." He ought to have applied to Guardians, and have gone to the workhouse where he would have been separated from his wife and family and treated worse than a dog. Remember this starving men, you are treated better in jail, than in the workhouse! So take boldly the wealth the rich thieves have robbed you of.

POVERTY IS A CRIME.

THE following incident in the winter of 1889, which was so very cruel for the poor, has just appeared in the Capitalist press.

Around Fontainebleau the family Bourgoin was—like many others—suffering from hunger and cold. The eldest daughter, Amelia, forced by the misery of the family, went into the forest of Fontainebleau and took a little faggot of wood. But a keeper saw her, and she was arrested. The mother, who would reclaim her child, was refused by the brutal ruffians who guard the privileges of the robber class, and the court of Injustice sentenced our poor Amelia,—only 10 years of age,—to 11 years "correction."

In what time do we live? asks the "Père Peinard."

Because the family was poor, Amelia has taken the faggot. That meant: because Amelia is poor, she must go to prison!

What is the cause of poverty? But the continual robbery of the workers by the rich thieves. And because we let them rob us, they, the robbers, send us to jail.

It is cruel, says the "Père Peinard," to take the litter of a dog. And is a woman less than a dog?

What would a dog do, when you would take its little one?

The dog would spring in the face of the robber and kill him.

Is the time not coming that we must use every means to destroy this Robber System, these privileged Brigands? C. F.

HOW TO HELP THE COMMONWEAL.

WE have managed through many difficulties to keep the paper going through the summer, but the winter is now upon us. And with the cold weather our outdoor sale, decreases as rain frost and snow stops outdoor meetings and thus decreases our sale. Despite this however, we believe we can keep the 'Weal going as a weekly through the winter if our friends will support us in the struggle. Of course they will not forget the Guarantee Fund, and above all they must remember that we could do much more propaganda, which could make the "Commonweal" go if not crippled from want of money. Our Secretary will be glad to receive any amount however small for this purpose. Subscriptions should be sent to him at 7 Lambs Conduit St. We propose to start a No Rent Campaign, in one of the crowded slum districts of London directly, we can get enough money to pay the necessary printing expenses, but we feel we cannot take it from the scanty resources of our paper. With regard to 'Weal there are many ways of helping it. Any friends might buy to or three copies of the paper, and circulate among friends and acquaintances. If this not possible give them away to workmen in the street. Get your newsagent to obtain the paper for you or supply him with a few copies and persuade him to exhibit a bill. If he refuses tell him you will bring your other papers, when they are more obliging. If every friend would only get one newsagent to take the paper and exhibit a bill, its circulation would soon extend. Anyone, who persuades a newsagent to take the paper, should send his name and address to, and we will publish it in a list we are preparing for the Commonweal. We feel confident that if our friends will support us with help and money, we shall weather through the winter. Don't leave all the propaganda for a few speakers. But let every comrade work himself in spreading our ideas among his friends, both at home and in workshop, by doing this you will not only make more readers of the "Commonweal," but more workers for Anarchy. Remember we have no rich men at our back, but that the paper depends for its life upon help of working men alone.

SHOE TRADE REVOLT.

DURING the last week we have had an example of Officialism fighting the rank and file of the Trade Union. It seems that a few men working at Green's, "Sweating Den," Hackney Road, have repeatedly complained to the Union Officials of attempts being made (and in some cases successfully) to lower prices. And the Board of arbitrating "Mahatmas," have been too slow in adjusting these grievances. "The officials when appealed to, to hurry up, have shown a want of courtesy to the men, which we can only attribute to fact that they are paid officials and fancy themselves above criticism." This is a great pity for unionism of the old type, for if continued it can only end in the break up of officialism which to our mind will be the best thing that could happen. At the meetings which have been held at various places during the last few days, the officials came in for a very warm reception and not a little abuse and plain speaking, being very often reminded they are servants of the union and not Masters a point they seem somewhat to have forgotten. Resolutions have been submitted to the meetings and the result has been a vote against the officials, who not satisfied at that result adopted the scheme of a ballot vote, which resulted in a majority of over 1000 for the officials and over 600 voting against, only 3090 voting out of a possible 8000 or more. This shows a rotten state of affairs and one which looks bad for the union unless a change is made, it is not impossible that the 600 with very little encouragement may feel inclined to kick over the traces of the old grandmotherly trades unions, and form one on different lines, where at least they will not be compelled to "scab" it at the order of the officials and where they will have a chance of being able to strike when they feel inclined. They must remember that there is one strike, i. e. the General Strike, which they will and must work for before they rid themselves of the accursed trickery and oppression of capitalism. There are some Anarchists among the Shoe Trade surely they can take the matter up and take Mr. Inskip at his word, when in the Assembly Hall he said, that they "the unions" could do very well without this handful of men. Six hundred is a very good handful to make a start with and that 600 will soon be greater in power than the older red taped unions, because they can begin by reorganising their new union on the basis of No Paid Officialism and no locked up Central Fund, which cannot be touched, except at the discretion of the officials. We shall be glad at this office to give a further sketch of how it can be done if there are any who care to start in the matter.

C. W. MOWBRAY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

"Le Petit Rouennais," a radical paper published at Rouen, writes on its front page: The time has come for us to take a larger share in the Social Problem and every Monday one column will be reserved to that effect.

The extreme misery of the people of that locality, their bold attitude and revolt causes the bourgeois press to look upon the labour movement with awe.

Albert Cadinot and Henry Gaudet were two out of the large number of unemployed who couldn't stand it any longer "ventre affamé n'a pas d'oreilles" and they resolved to break the laws and the windows too and they said: Rather go to prison and eat a little than to starve in liberty(?). We all know that France has a republican constitution based on one man one vote that's why people are starving there as they are in old England. A. C.

HUNGARY.

A Judge and a Policeman in the south of Hungary have been sentenced, the first to two years and the latter to six months hard labour for having beaten a poor tramp to death. He was a ticket of leave man. The body has disappeared as judges have always more means at their disposal to hide their crimes than other mortals, however, this time, the devil was watching him. (God(?) always detects the deeds of the poor.) This is taken from "Le Petit Rouennais" of the 3rd of November.

After the attempt to blow up the Emperor of Austria, as the police could not lay hands on our comrades, the law'n order men have ransacked an Anarchist club in the locality and arrested all its members. Brutal force is what the tyrants teach us. Let us not forget it! A. C.

ITALY.

Our comrades on trial in Rome were doing too good work in their public defence. They will henceforth be judged by the handful of capitalists as they themselves are no longer admitted in court. The 56 Barristers who defended them have withdrawn from the proceedings.

Two of them will be prosecuted for having shown too much independence. A. C.

SPAIN.

A comrade now in Barcelona writes as follow: We are preparing a manifestation on a huge scale on the anniversary of the Chicago Martyrs. We may reckon on 20,000 trades unionists imbued with Anarchist ideas, and if the police interferes with this mass of men the shock will be terrific I can tell you. The largest Halls in the town and districts have been taken by the different Anarchist groups here. A. C.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lam's Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.
Forwards Club.—Charles Square, Hoxton. "The Commonweal Group" meets every Wednesday at 8 sharp, for business and discussion all comrades are asked to turn up. D. J. Nicoll, Secretary.
Mantle Cutters and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p.m. H. Green, Secretary; D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p.m. Lectures and Discussions.—French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fees (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at Gouldings, 2 St. Georges Villas, Montague Road, every Sunday at 8 p.m. Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 254 Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

THE LEAFLET "AN ADDRESS TO THE ARMY" recently published in the Commonweal is now ready. Price 2s. 6d. a thousand. Terms cash.

A GRAND CONCERT and distribution of prizes for the Benefit of the Commonweal will take place at the Autonomie Club, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W, on Monday November 23rd at 8 p.m. The principal prize will be a valuable silver watch, an English lever, a jewellers certificate, that is worth £2 will be given with it.

Tickets of admission to the Concert, 6d. each, can be obtained of the Secretary, Commonweal Group, Forward Club, Charles Square, Hoxton, and all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS. The Speeches of the men and the report of their trial will be published on Nov. 7th. Price 4d.

All orders should be sent to Comrade Barber, Club Autonomie, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, in consequence of loss on previous issues cash must accompany all orders. Comrades and Groups who had these books from our late comrade Reuter and have not settled for them are asked to send the cash to Barber at above address.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Comrades are asked to send in monthly reports of work done. These should reach the office not later than the last Friday in each month. Reports of special work done such as Demonstrations and No Rent Campaigns, etc. are always welcome, but should reach the office not later than first post on Monday morning. All communications in future should be addressed to D. J. Nicoll, 145 City Road, E. C.

THE CHICAGO CELEBRATIONS.

THE meeting at South Place was in every way a complete success. The hall was crowded and the enthusiasm was tremendous. In accordance with our usual custom, there was no chairman, but that did not prevent the meeting going off splendidly.

Wess opened the proceedings by reading a letter from Comrade Marsh, who was prevented by illness from being present. Our Comrade wrote as follows:—Dear Comrade,—I hope it will be clear to all our friends to-night that we do not meet here only to commemorate an act of capitalistic barbarity however much our indignation may be aroused by that unspeakable crime of 1887. If our only aim was to be denounce the crimes of the present system we should meet here every day of our lives. The truth is that the present system is past denouncing, no honest man feels satisfied, with the state of things around him. We find people are turning in all directions to find some loophole of escape from the tortures of our present life. There is no peace to-day, for those who care anything for humanity. Let us then without fear examine the causes of misery, which surround us and decide for ourselves, what is best to be done. We ask you therefore who are not Anarchists to watch every day of your lives the evil workings of Government. To watch how its stupid laws stifle human development driving it into crime. To watch how it helps the strong and crushes the weak. To note how those, who are "wrapped in a little brief authority" not only make the angels weep, but make poor humanity bleed. Then you will see that freedom, a life without Government and law must be our aim, because man lives best where he is freest.

After reading telegrams of sympathy from the Anarchists of Walsall, Newcastle, Sheffield, Hull, Dublin and Manchester, Wess said, that each celebration of the murder of our comrades was more and more Anarchist in character. The first celebrations had been held by people, more with a feeling of generosity than of conviction of the truth of Anarchist ideals. At the earlier meetings, the mere mention of the fact that our comrades were suppressed Anarchists, and anyone purchasing their speeches, would be convinced, if he was honest, of their truth of their opinions. Anarchism is the idea, which declares that men must act for themselves without trusting their interests to any one else. Whenever they have entrusted their interests to a representative he has looked after his own interest better than that of the men who elected him. The part played by our comrades in the labour movement in Chicago, was not like that of the old and new Trade Unionists in England. Our comrades did not seek place and power, but fought like heroes' side by side with the workers in the fray, and it was because of their fearless honesty, that they were marked men, and at the first opportunity were seized by the capitalist classes and brutally murdered.

S. Merlino pointed out, that the Chicago Anarchists were murdered that Anarchy should not triumph but Anarchy would triumph. As to the throwing of the bomb he thought the capitalists had crimes enough upon their shoulders without crediting them with that. It might be that our comrades did throw the bomb. They might have killed some police ruffians who were advancing to attack a peaceable meeting but, was not that killing justified. For his part he should venerate and love these men none the less if instead of one bomb they had thrown a hundred.

Touzeau Parris said: We have met here to-night to commemorate the dead—No not the dead but the living. These men still live. They live in their ideas in our memory and our love. It was not by speaking but by acting that the flame was to be lit around the world. The men who murdered our comrades lived for property, we live for men. People said that, it was grand and glorious to be a poet or an artist, but there was something grander and greater and that was to lift up the poor and downtrodden. The workers of the world must learn, that their freedom must be taken and not given. The weak, the poor and downtrodden must be lifted up, and it is for us to do it, not by our words but our deeds.

Kropotkin thought that we had arrived at a crisis in the history of Socialism. We had recently seen at the Brussels Congress, a repetition of the events, which had destroyed the International Workmen's Association at the Congress of Hague in 1873. The present labour movement like that of the International was a purely economic one. The original idea of the new movement was to bring about a series of Great Strikes to end in a General Strike of all European workmen and the Social Revolution. But now their Social Democratic leaders had decided that the movement should in future be political, but in the meantime, what had become of Socialism. The workmen's party in Germany were advising the workmen to shoot down the poor Russian peasants of whom twenty millions were starving at the bidding of the young Imperial despot. These leaders were as much at service of the German Emperor as the English working class leaders were at the disposal of the Liberal and Tory parties. What could be done, when the best men were brought thus to abandon their flag and betray their cause. They knew that their only hope was the formation of an International Revolutionary party. It was not necessary in this party, that every one should obey and march like a soldier. A revolutionary ideal is the negation of every part of the present system. For the coming revolution, we must accustom, every man to act on his own initiative, and take all the responsibility of his own acts.

After Kropotkin's speech a collection was made and then Mrs. Tochetti sung "Annie Marie" amid loud applause.

Miss Henry then spoke as follows: We have heard for eighteen hundred years, that mankind should be as brothers, but this sublime doctrine as interpreted by the capitalist class seems to be letting your brother starve while you have plenty. We are told that Government exists for the benefit of the people. But Government does not exist for the benefit of the people, but to rob them in the interests of propertied classes. Government was not only the cause of misery but the cause of crime. If people could be brought to believe that a beautiful society was possible where want crime and misery would be unknown, then they would rebel and there would be an end of capitalism and government.

D. J. Nicoll said, that our comrades at Chicago were murdered because they were honest and sincere. Because they did not seek places on the Labour Commissions or seats in Parliament, nor did they preach the latest gospel according to Fabian Society, that salvation of labour is to be achieved by running sweaters as Labour Candidates, but told the people boldly to help themselves, by taking possession of the wealth and the means of production. The capitalist classes had not crushed the movement by murdering these brave and devoted men, any more than they had crushed the Socialist movement in England by driving away a crowd of starving men by bludgeons and bayonets from Trafalgar Square. Some people condemned the throwing of the bomb at Chicago, for his part he thought it, would have been well in London, if a man had been so frank and courageous enough to hurl death and destruction among the ruffians who had attacked a peaceful meeting and brutally murdered four workmen. The police had to wait for their lesson here and if they were not careful it might not be long in coming. The Social Democratic leaders not only in Germany, but throughout Europe had betrayed the labor movement. [Cries of dissent from Social Democrats.] These men had everywhere endeavoured to crush the spirit of revolt among the workers to curry favour with propertied classes to get in Parliament. (More dissent from Social Democrats.) Surely Social

Democrats would admit that this was true in England of the leaders of the present labour movement. Our comrades at Chicago were not like these men, they did their best to spread the spirit of revolt among the people, instead of dragging them back and for this reason, they were brutally murdered.

Louise Michel said: The martyrs who fall on the scaffold are much smaller in number than those who die every day of starvation. After all to die for a great cause is a noble death. There is a great monster capitalism, who must be destroyed by seizing on his riches. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few has destroyed all education and culture and has degraded and embroiled mankind. Let us remember to-day all our martyrs. The noble Russians who have perished in endeavour to overturn the despotism of the Czar. Reinsdorf who fell beneath the murderous axe, and when we heard the news in prison we felt that we could have stood beside this noble man and died with him. Since the day when our comrades fell at Chicago their blood has spread over all the world, which will rise in hosts of armed men, and will crush their murderers of our comrades. Anarchy is all to us. Anarchy is humanity itself. Everyone must fight in the battle that is close upon us, the women as well as the men. We all have our work to do in the great Revolution.

Yanowsky then addressed the meeting in Yiddish. We regret that we are unable to give a translation of his address, which drew frequent laughter and applause from our Jewish and German comrades.

C. W. Mowbray said: We had heard much of the doctrine of brotherhood and love to-night, but the doctrine of hate and vengeance was just as necessary and right. The soldier is thought to hate the enemies of his country, let us teach to our children our enemies, the rich men and rulers. Look here the Anarchist movement had spread in England since the death of comrades. Three years ago, no message came from Sheffield now the movement was spreading and growing there, as it did everywhere where our comrades were bold and spoke plainly. This evening some Social Democrats had been offended because Social Democratic leaders had been denounced from the platform, but they should remember that we did not attack Social Democrats of the rank and file but the leaders; the gentry with the high hats, frock coats and stiff collars, who not only deceive you but thousands of other workers. To prevent these "leaders" betraying the Labour movement, we must teach the people not to allow their own work to be done by others but to do it themselves. If they left all the work to a few propagandists, they were not Anarchists, but the enemies of Anarchism for they had failed to learn the lesson taught by the deaths of our heroic comrades.

Cyril Bell declared that we must become more and more daring in our action. Not only must we go in for the No Rent Campaign, but we must tell the people to help themselves in the shops. Not only must we preach dynamite, but we must learn how to make it, and use it.

Tochatti objected to the wild language. We must not indulge in wild talk about dynamite and pillage. [Cries of dissent.] As to dynamite, he was as ready to use it as any man, when the time came but any talk of its present use was madness. [Oh!] If we wanted to learn how to preach Anarchy let us study the speeches of our Chicago Comrades, and learn to explain our noble principles in same clear and plain fashion.

Leggatt said that people might object in to physical force, but he had been to Trafalgar Square and had suffered from the brutal blows of police, who afterwards dragged him to prison. For his part, if force was used against him, he would use force in return.

Fröhlich then said a few words in German, and a most successful meeting concluded with cheers for Anarchy.

HULL.

On Sunday evening last (Nov. 8th) we had the most successful indoor meeting ever held by our party in Hull. Speeches in vindication of the lives and principles of the Chicago Martyres were delivered before an audience of 1800 people by comrades C. Reynolds, G. Smith, G. Cores, A. Hall, G. E. C. Naewiger, A. Campion, Mrs. Saunderson and H. Orbell district sec. of the Dockers Union who accidentally came in during the meeting and—to his credit—supported us. The audience were most enthusiastic and a thoroughly working class one. Altogether we can congratulate ourselves on a grand culmination of our season's propaganda work. A resolution was unanimously adopted declaring the meeting's sympathy with the relatives and friends of our martyred comrades and protesting against the continued imprisonment of Neebe, Schwab and Fielden; slet while believing in the innocence of these men, so cruelly murdered in cold blood and imprisoned for daring to take the side of the workers against their enemies the Capitalists. Applauds all resistance, either individually or collectively, against physical force attack on the people's liberties. The meeting also pledged itself to vindicate the memory of these martyrs of labour by studying those principles and teachings for the propagation of which they were killed and imprisoned. This meeting is also of opinion that the poverty and enslavement of the working class is the consequence of the present unjust system of society whereby an idle landlord and capitalist class enriches itself at labour's expense. A reference to the Trafalgar Square victims was also included in the resolution. Two Revolutionary songs were sung. £2 2s. 8d. was collected, all in coppers.

On Sunday, Oct. 11th C. Reynolds lectured under our auspices in the same hall on "Revolutionary Socialism" to an audience of 1300 Comrades Georges Cores and Gustave Smith moved and the meeting adopted the following: "That this meeting of Hull workers is of opinion that nothing short of the entire abolition of the present system of Capitalistic Monopoly will benefit the toilers, pledge them-

selves to do all in their power to bring about the Social Revolution, there by destroying all forms of slavery, and thus give to all the enjoyment of the right to live, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Comrade G. E. C. Naewiger presided at this meeting which was most successful. £2 14s. 6d. was collected and subscribed on this occasion. These meetings have greatly encouraged the comrades although we lose several pounds on them. Meetings have been held on Drypool Green every Sunday by Reynolds, Cores, Campion, Naewiger and others, and a hall has been taken in the Hedon Road for the Sunday morning meetings during the winter. A Hall delivered the first lecture on Sunday morning last. Comrade Reynolds lectured before the Hull Sunday Association on October 11th, J Sketchley on November 1st, and Mrs. Saunderson on November 8th. Comrade Geo. Cores lectured to the Hull National Secular Society on November 1st. Gustav Smith has also lectured to the Alliance Cabinet Makers, and Reynolds to the Lightermen. We believe in working amongst the organized workers and have done great good already in this direction.

We are certain that the vigorous efforts we have recently made will be productive of the greatest good to our movement.

We send our best greetings to our comrades everywhere.

GUSTAV SMITH.

ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

THE present juncture is one of great moment for the working classe of this country. They have come to a turning point. The issue of the struggles in which they are engaged against Capitalism depends entirely on the path they may choose. They may either turn into the road of compromise: it will lead them to defeat. Or they may stick to their guns, give up not one inch of the ground they have conquered, listen to no advice tendered by their enemies: and the end, nearer perhaps than even the most sanguine dare to hope, will be the victory, the complete, final, conspicuous victory of justice over social iniquities, of Labour over Idleness and the vices of civilization,

As a section, and the most advanced section of the socialist party; as pioneers of a principle which is coming more and more to the front; a principle the, immense influence reserved to which in coming social changes is acknowledged by our very opponents, it behoves us to address

A FEW WORDS OF WARNING AND ADVICE

to our brothers and companions in suffering and strife And it is their duty, the duty of every honest and intelligent man, to listen to us in all earnestness, and with an unprejudiced mind.

We Anarchist-Communists are distinguished from other parties, political or social-democratic, in as much as we are not organized, nor intend to organize for political power. We have therefore

NO INTEREST IN CHEATING ANYBODY.

We don't court popularity, nor do we want to control and master the labour movement. We rely exclusively, in dealing with our fellow workmen, on their rightly appreciating their own interests, and on the truth of our Principles. Besides there is many

A LESSON OF THE PAST,

which ought to lead workers to pause, before engaging afresh in political or legal reforms.

In 1848 the genuinely socialistic element in the Chartist movement, was drowned, as it were, in politics. It was broken and turned aside by middle-class politicians who concocted the Charter. It disappeared in the Anti-Corn-Law agitation got up by middle-class politicians to divert the workers from their own more thorough-going demands. In 1832 the same thing occurred. The economic agitation of the workers, directed into an agitation for the Reform Bill, and the workers got nothing but the New Poor Law! Now-a-days, as the workers are again becoming restless, powerful attempts are being made

TO DODGE THEM INTO SUBJECTION

and perpetuate their slavery. Such attempts are made not only by their masters and rulers, who are

"ALL SOCIALISTS NOW"

as occasion serves, but even by weak friends, who play into the hands of their avowed enemies. The object is to divide the working community into a large, destitute, pitilessly sweated majority of casual workers and a small minority of regular, hereditary toilers, working a legal time at legal wages, in legally inspected factories, with a prospect of a legal pension after an active life, thus never spent; their children being reared in the meanwhile to serve after them. The very effect of any law protecting the upper ten thousand of the working classes, would be to drive the destitute majority into a more and more helpless situation whilst the privileged minority would be lulled into

A STATE OF GILDED SLAVERY

disciplined into an industrial army, with the inevitable appendix of coercion and punishments. Such is the latest scheme planned by cunning politicians and merciless slaveholders to thwart the efforts of the Proletariat for their own emancipation. Every so-called reform is meant as a step in that direction. Such

BENEVOLENT EMPLOYERS

as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, have offered their servants a nest egg after a certain number of years of "faithful service". Other employers have formed insurance schemes with a view to taking the workers out of their unions, thus isolating them, so that afterwards they may dictate their own terms. Political parties have their "nest eggs" also, to offer to the workers in order to snatch their votes at the elections, whilst sowing the seed of corruption, of ambition, and of discord in the ranks of the people. But the ideal is represented by the

German labour laws, which to certain people appear as almost an incredible inroad in the way of State Socialism.

Now to limit the hours of labour in factories to 18, whilst making a strike an offence, to coerce the workman to contribute week after week towards a starvation pension, which is promised to him when he is almost sure to be dead, this it must be avowed, betrays no superhuman generosity. But perhaps more is in store; the work thus started will be roofed in and completed when the state becomes the almost universal employer, the workman turned into a soldier of industry dressed and fed by the State in lieu of wages, the capitalist a Government official, the shareholder into a bondholder. Such a system of

STATE SOCIALISM,

(which is not unlike that put forward by the Fabian Society) would undoubtedly put an end to capitalism, but it would we are afraid, have all its evils with a vengeance, but none of its rare advantages.

However this may be, the way which leads to such reforms, has been paved with all sorts of stupendous promises to the workman. Conservatives, Liberals, and every sort of

POLITICAL MISSIONARIES

are being sent as messengers of peace to the working classes day by day, and show an unusual interest in their welfare, and the leaders of the people are being allured into the House of Commons and County Councils, cajoled by superior authorities, put on Commissions, converted; to law and order, and then sent out to preach it in the street.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

Saint Munro A1

Munro, the ex-chief of London police, has gone to India; where he intends opening a mission, as a "simple evangelical" in Bengal. What a pity he has not got Warren the bold "bloody" murderer, of Trafalgar Sq fame with him. There are some more policemen equally eligible instance Endacott, Bloys, Brown, not to mention others who have recently distinguished by perjury and brutality. With these he could then have founded a very typical christian mission, ex-bloodhounds make good christian preachers, they are adepts at the game of lying, which is one of the principal requirements of a gospel grinder.

Glorious Competition.

Board of Trade returns show that out of nine men who start in business one succeeds and eight become bankrupt. What a fine thing competition is even for the capitalist. But bad as it is for them; it is worse for the workers. We leave them to judge, when for every one who makes a fortune, there are 2000 paupers. Glorious system!

Police Outrage at Chicago.

The Chicago police are up to their old tricks. We have only the reports of the capitalist press, but it is quite evident that they burst into the anniversary meeting at Chicago with the express purpose of causing a massacre, and not succeeding, they attacked a private meeting of our friends on the following night, and dragged twenty five of them to prison. The only crime they can be charged with is that of carrying arms for self-defence against the brutality of the Chicago police. Surely a very necessary precaution. "Society" has been once more "saved"

But the day is coming when not even Bonfield's bloodhounds will be able to save the rich from the vengeance of the poor.

The Death of a Tramp.

Edward Haynes was a tramp. He had wandered up to London from Tunbridge Wells, in search of work, but found none; and after wandering up and down for six days, he sank down in the streets from sheer starvation and was taken on an ambulance to Stepney Workhouse where he died. He had previously sought refuge in the London Congregational Union's Free Shelter in the Burdett Road, where the starving unemployed have the inestimable privilege of sitting on a chair, or lying down on the hard boards to sleep. Yet so great was the rush for even this wretched accommodation, that ninety persons were turned away one night last week, to sleep in the recesses of the bridges, or on the cold stones of the streets. But poor Haynes was fortunate, that he was allowed to die of starvation. If he had only been brought before some kind-hearted magistrates, they would have saved him at least from this fate by giving him "three months hard" for being "without visible means of subsistence". But how wicked it is, to cause strong language against a state of society where these things are possible. Just think of it: While poor Haynes was dying of hunger, the Lord Mayor and other city thieves, were making themselves ill with over-gorging at the Guildhall. Who but madmen or criminals would desire to overturn such a beautiful society where the starved haggard tramp, and the fat over-fed capitalist, stand side by side as prevailing types of our sham civilization.

Serious Illness of Prince George of Wales.

Prince George of Wales is ill. "What is the matter?" we enquired. Too much gorging? or too much Gaiety girl? Is it excessive grief at the suicide of a certain young lady, to whom his royal highness was greatly attached, or what? We are informed that it is typhoid fever, the same complaint as the Prince of Wales suffered from some years ago. Dear me! in some families "typhoid fever" seems to be hereditary.

Sweater Bedford in the Chair.

Mr. Bedford took the chair at the Congress of the Railway Workers Union at Liverpool on Monday. We hear that John Burns was in attendance. Is Sweater Bedford going to be the Brunner of the new unionism? We hope that Mr. Burns has no intention of playing Broadhurst or he may make the same shipwreck of his reputation. We believe Mr. Burns is favourably inclined to legislation against what are called "foreign paupers." We have at present time a letter in our possession which proves that Bedford not only sweats wretched Russian Jews, but that in one instance at least a poor fellow, who could not speak English has had great difficulty in getting his wages, out of this immaculate "labour candidate." Mr. Bedford is very eloquent upon the Eight Hours Day. How long does he work his own employees? Fifteen! This is the time, the East End Tailors have worked since Bedford so kindly intervened in their behalf. Mr. Bedford has made a lot, of the support that he has received from Mr. Louis Lyons. Yet it is a notorious fact in London, that Lyons and his "union" have been "suspended" from the London Trade Council, because the said union is a "bogus Trade Union body" consisting principally of Mr. Lyons and one or two familiar friends. Meanwhile Mr. Lyons like Bedford dare not show his face at a meeting of East End Tailors. So furious are they at his "mismanagement" to use the mildest word of their strike last summer. Lyons support of Bedford is the best proof, that he is a sweater. The president of a "bogus union" and the sweater are usually found in the closest connection.

LATER. We hear that the Congress with one dissentient finds that the charges of "sweating against Bedford are unfounded." No wonder with Sweater Bedford in chair. Comrade Mowbray was not asked to attend to state his case. Of course not. The Executive Committee did not wish to see then darling proved a sweater. Why does not Bedford bring the case before the London Trades Council? Would that tribunal be TOO IMPARTIAL?

IN MEMORIAM

Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel;

Legally murdered at Chicago, 11th November 1887.

Murdered! That Greed may gather gold unchecked,

And Labour's lot be naught but hungry strife!

With every gaud of infamy bedecked,

Then slain—to show the sanctity of life!

O Law, at whose approach true Justice fled,

Must calumny increase thy victims' pain?

Say, is it not enough to leave them dead,

That thou wouldst brand them with the mark of Cain?

Murdered! The whispering leaves takes up the cry,

Trembling to think what oak and hemp have done;

The fitful breezes, as they venture nigh

The gallows, start, then shuddering hasten on

To bear the ghastly tale of outrage forth,

In tones that terrorism cannot still,

Till all the earth, east, west and south and north,

Learns the fell tidings of the deed of ill!

Murdered! Resentful thoughts our minds engage,

The murmur swells into an angry roar;

And strong men's tears, of mingled grief and rage,

Blend with re-echoing groans from shore to shore.

Weep on! Yet know that sorrow's scalding rain,

Though it should mount and whelm th'accursed land,

Will not avail to purge the crimson stain

From fierce Authority's bespattered hand!

MARTYRED! The light of Truth begins to break,

Grey sadness takes the tings of roseate hope;

Fair Freedom bids her every friend awake,

'Twas for her sake our comrades braved the rope!

Shall we then spurn a sacrifice so great,

Or shrink when Tyranny uprears its head?

No! Snap the chains we all have learned to hate!

And thus avenge our unforgotten dead!

H. S. C.

ANARCHISTS AND ANARCHY.

(Concluded from page 146.)

Now it must be evident to all, that when strikes against Landlordism or Capitalism, whether they take the form of No Rent Campaigns in the slums or General Strikes in industries or groups of industries, become common: they will show the people how a Universal Strike against Landlord and Capitalist might be possible, far better than any amount of talking. And in preaching these ideas we are not giving vent to any wild theories of our own: both the notion of the Universal Strike, and the No Rent Campaign, are born of the people. They first saw the light during the greatest labour struggle of modern times, the Great Dock Strike of 1889. When they saw how thousands of men threw down their work, not merely to gain a slight advantage for themselves, but to benefit their fellows then the possibility of a Universal Strike flashed

upon the popular mind, and even found utterance from the lips of their Social Democratic leaders.

Who was it too, who hung that memorable motto, in black letters on a strip of white calico, across a narrow street, "No Rent in the East End till the Docker gets his Tanner". It was neither Anarchists or Socialists, but the PEOPLE. The natural bent of the workers is towards Anarchy. All the cant of their leaders concerning Legal Eight Hours and all the rest of it notwithstanding.

But neither the No Rent Campaign nor the Universal Strike, would make the revolution alone. When the people universally cease to pay rent to robber landlords or to work for capitalist thieves, something more is necessary. They must take possession, not only of land, houses, and stored up wealth of all kinds, food, clothing, etc., but must seize upon factories, railways, and all the other means of production, distribution, and exchange.

But what if the rich resist? What if they send their police and soldiers to bludgeon you and shoot you down? What will happen then? Well so much the worse for the rich. Thanks to cheap chemistry classes, the workers may know quite as much about the "resources of civilization" as the capitalists, and there is a very great possibility, that the rich may be swiftly translated to paradise. Besides, already Anarchist and Socialist propaganda has had such an effect upon the soldiers, as shown by the smouldering fire of mutiny which is continually breaking into a flame, that in the case of a universal revolutionary movement on the part of the people, we don't think the army would prove a serious obstacle. In any case however a knowledge of chemistry is very useful, and all young men with a taste for chemistry should join a class at once. There is no need to proclaim the fact, that you are Anarchist, but study diligently and quietly, till you have mastered all the secrets of modern explosives, then if rich order their soldiers to shoot down the poor—when they revolt against their tyrants,—the rich may find, that their Lessons in Massacre will not be list upon the people. There will be very few of the rich left alive to witness the last act in the revolution.

The aims therefore of the Anarchist-Communists are the destruction of government and placing all wealth and all means of producing, land, capital, and machinery in the hands of the people. The No Rent Campaign and the Universal Strike to be followed by the expropriation of the rich by the direct revolutionary action of the people themselves. And we believe that the society of future will consist of free voluntary co-operative associations of workmen, owning land, factories, etc., who will manage their own affairs with rulers of masters. There, as all wealth will be produced, so it will be enjoyed, BY ALL. While therefore we say "Down with the State! Away with Government! Down with capitalist and landlord robbery. Land capital and wealth, for all. From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs. Hurrah for Anarchy and Communism."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

BELGIUM.

We have still in mind at the beginning of this year a large quantity of Dynamite, a full cartload, was seized in Seraing, by the police. The authorities did not seize all and that what was left in the hands of our comrades has been used at different times, and now, three of them have been sentenced, from 7 to 12 years hard labour. They have blown up a Police Station. This will show our friends how foolish it is to organize, and that it is better to do these things as Padlewsky has given us so successful an example.

A. C.

FRANCE.

Last week whilst the gendarmes of Fourmies were called away to bludgeon poor strikers in a neighbouring village, some "miscreant" gave them a scientific lesson by trying to blow up their barracks with dynamite; one room was totally wrecked. No one was surprised except the gendarmes themselves, and they thought it was very foolish to go to mind other people's business instead of minding their own.

Paul Lafargue the new deputy for Lille has been released from gaol to attend the comedy in the aquarium but he says he will do more work in the provinces by speaking in public than in the aquarium where he is afraid of being corrupted.

If members of parliament acknowledge they can do nothing for the worker inside the house, we Anarchists are right, and if this week's "La Justice" does not say much about Lafargue it is because his candid confession is a protest against those S. D. S. who want to sit on the cushions of the lower house, to be gazed at by the fair sex in the galleries and let the poor worker outside believe that THE Revolution can be accomplished otherwise than by expropriation.

A. C.

SPAIN.

The peasants have formed an Anarchist group in El Rubio; it is called "El desesperator del 91" (the awakening of 91). Their numerical and moral strength is shown by the fact that they will have a congress in Cordoba in the first week of December.

Here you have the Spanish Agriculturists stepping direct in Anarchist ideas without passing through the ordeal of Social Democracy.

Good luck to our Spanish farm labourers and may their example stimulate the downtrodden in every land.

The stonecutters of Madrid are on Strike, they have received 2000 francs from different parts of the country, up to the present.

The Hatters of Barcelona have now been several weeks on Strike. One incident is worth noting.

A municipal guard formerly a hatter by trade, is working as a black-leg during his short holidays; on a protest being lodged with the Alcaldé (Mayor) he told the strikers he would not interfere with the blackleg. Why should he? Is he not elected Mayor to protect the robber-class?

A. C.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lambs Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.
Forwards Club.—Charles Square, Hoxton. "The Commonwealth Group" meets every Wednesday at 8 sharp, for business and discussion all comrades are asked to turn up. D. J. Nicoll, Secretary.
Mantle Cutters and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p.m. H. Green, Secretary; D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dumfries.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reekie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p.m. Lectures and Discussions.—French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fee (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at Gouldings, 2 St. Georges Villas, Montague Road, every Sunday at 8 p.m.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A GRAND CONCERT and distribution of prizes for the Benefit of the Commonwealth will take place at the Autonomie Club, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W, on Monday November 23rd at 8 p.m. The principal prize will be a valuable silver watch, an English lever, a jewellers certificate, that is worth £2 will be given with it.

Tickets of admission to the Concert, 6d. each, can be obtained of the Secretary, Commonwealth Group, Forward Club, Charles Square, Hoxton, and all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

THE LONDON ANARCHIST GROUPS hold their monthly meeting at the Socialist Co-operative Federation, 7 Lambs Conduit Street, next Sunday, November 22nd, 3 p.m. The manifesto "Anarchists and the Labour Movement" is to be considered. All Comrades are asked to attend.

ATHENÆUM HALL, 73 Tottenham Court Road, Concert, Comedy and Dance will be take place at the above on Monday November 23rd, at 8 p.m. for the benefit of the No Rent Propaganda in France. The play will be the popular comedy "The Adventures of the Père Peinard." Dancing to the music of a grand orchestra. Admission by Programmes 6d. each.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

BRAVE TENNESSEE MINERS !

SHOW THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD, HOW TO DEAL
WITH CAPITALISTS AND BLACKLEGS.

A Syndicate of capitalists in Tennessee in America has been endeavouring to reduce the population to slavery. This syndicate got hold of the State Legislature, and passed severe laws against all offences against property. A third charge of theft or boycotting being punishable with penal servitude for life. The idea was to exasperate the bulk of the working people into offences against the "law", and finally to reduce them all into a state of convict slavery. The syndicate, which had bought over four-fifths of the members of the legislature, and thus was backed by all the power of the state, had a splendid conception of State Socialism. They wished to run the whole State as a limited liability company, with no expenses except the bare subsistence of the workers. Fabulous profits were expected from this pretty little scheme.

The workers however, were not sufficiently grateful for the kindness of their masters, and a large number of miners went on strike. The government at once, acting under the control of the capitalist syndicate handed over a few hundred convicts to the company as blacklegs, to work the mines. The miners union carried the matter into the law courts, which of course decided at once, that convict slave labour was perfectly "legal". The miners then, seeing legal redress was impossible, determined to help themselves; and the following extract from the Journal of the Knights of Labour shows us how they did it:—

"After the Courts had decided that the lease of the convicts was legal, and the State authorities announced that the law would be upheld at all hazards, the Miners Committee, which had represented the dissatisfied elements since the July outbreaks, and which had pledged their words that there would be no resort to violence, called a meeting of the miners, gave a full account of what had been done and disabined. They urged the miners to refrain from violence and accept the decree of the Courts, depending on their power at the polls to correct the evil (of course). This advice was taken apparently in good part, and it was the general opinion that there would be no further trouble. The companies sent more convicts to the region, and as far as surface indications went, everything was all right.

The first intimation that there was anything out of the common going on in the mining region came on Friday night, when, about 9 o'clock, it was discovered that the telegraph wires between Coal Creek and Offutts Station, and between Offutts and Clinton had been cut.

Shortly afterwards a series of signal fires were seen in various places among the mountains. Hardly had the signal fires been lighted when the miners began to gather at Briceville. They came in little parties from all the surrounding hamlets and settlements. Every man had his rifle, and many were armed with revolvers in addition. They were quiet, but evidently knew what the gathering meant and were determined to carry out their intentions at whatever hazard. Within an hour fully two thousand men had gathered in Briceville, and the advance was made on the convict stockade of the Tennessee Mining Company at that place. So unexpected was the attack that no preparations had been made for defence by the guards.

When the stockade was reached, the leaders of the miners called for the warden and informed him that they had come to release the convicts, and that if the guards resisted they would do so at their peril.

While the leaders were parleying with the warden, another party placed a heavy charge of dynamite under a portion of the stockade, and the conference at the gate was terminated by a loud explosion which blew a great hole in the outer wall of the stockade.

This was the signal for a volley of rifle shots, but they were all fired in the air and nobody was hurt. Hundreds of miners rushed into the breach and in a few minutes the stockade was in their hands. Convicts and guards were ordered out at the point of the rifle, and they came.

Then followed a scene almost indescribable. The convicts were wrought up to a state of intense excitement. As they came out of the breach in the walls of the stockade, they were halted and each man was ordered to remove the striped convict uniform. In its place he was given a suit of citizen's clothes, of which the miners had brought an immense quantity. As the convicts made the change of clothes, they were headed for the North Carolina and Kentucky borders and ordered to leave at once. The guards were not interfered with.

After the stockade had been cleared of all its inmates, the torch was applied in many places, and it was soon enveloped in flames. A guard was left to see

that no attempt was made to quench the flames, and the main body of the miners started for Coal Creek."

At Coal Creek the convicts were also released, and directly they were free they showed they were practical Anarchists, by helping themselves £200 worth in the stores. Bravo! Tennessee miners. You have shown, by taking the advice of our brave comrades of Chicago, that you are worthy descendants of the men who made Boston Harbour black with tea. You shall stand in history side by side with the heroes who fought and died with John Brown at Harper's Ferry. You have shown the workers of America, aye, and of the world, how to free themselves Not at the ballot-box, but with the rifle, the torch, and the dynamite bomb. Bravo! convicts too, for you have taught the people how to bring the power of the capitalist robbers to the ground, by seizing upon the wealth they have stolen from the people.

ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

This is how things stand now. The outlook is very gloomy for the working classes, if they don't immediately take

A RESOLUTE STEP

and sever all connection with political parties and reformers of any kind—in broad cloth or fustian.

All self-constituted leaders and advisers of the working class go through the same evolution: they start as thorough Socialists and Revolutionists, and interpreting the feeling of the multitude, they rise in popularity; then they come into the neighbourhood of power, they are attracted by it, and—lost.

Therefore folk should put

NO CONFIDENCE IN MEN, BUT IN PRINCIPLES.

They should test the men by the principles, not by the contrary. As to principles, we Anarchists take the same position which Socialists used to take some time ago and to which they even now revert in their cool-headed moments.

So long as the instruments of production are in private ownership, so long as the tribute of the workers to the drones continues in any form—either as rent or as interest, or as employer's profits, or as merchant's profit, or as taxation—so long will the toiler's reward inevitably be reduced to what is required to keep him alive, without slackening his anxiety to hire himself to a master.

NO PLAYING WITH LAWS,

no coquetting with political parties, no shortening of the hours of labour, no amount of Municipal Socialism, will ever secure to the workman a substantially better condition in society. Laws are effects, not cause of economical evolution: they will only be passed, or if passed as political dodgery, will only be put in execution in as much as they represent actual economical evolution, i.e. as the change they imply would have been equally effected without them.

The principal betterment in the condition of the English workers since 1878, is the nine hours day in many skilled trades. Did they get that by act of Parliament? Are not many of the enactments of the

FACTORY ACTS

a dead letter, evaded by the employers by every possible device? In 1878 the boom in English trade was over. Capital had been wrung out of the very life-blood of the workman, the domination of English manufacturers throughout the world-market had been established, and it now no longer needed extraordinary exertions, but could be left to rest on its laurels. All the capitalists wanted at that juncture was to be left in the possession of the wealth they had extorted from the working classes and secured against any claim which those classes might put forward on the ground of the reckless exploitation to which they had been subjected.

This object the Factory Laws achieved for the time; but now-a-days effort is needed to secure capitalism from the danger of revolt in the working class, and to insure it more efficient labour at the present rate. And that is what is meant by Labour Legislation in general especially

THE 8 HOURS DAY.

Let us not be misunderstood. Although we heartily wish for a shorter, a much shorter duration of the working day, both in the material and in the moral interest of the workers, we cannot undertake to lull them into the belief that they are likely either to get, or to benefit much by, a sweeping legislative measure for an 8 hours day.

The very argument by which the 8 hours campaign is carried on, is that it will increase the efficiency of labour so much that the employer will be able, through better method and arrangement, to get from the worker in the space of 8 hours, the same amount of work, if not more than he gets now in 9 hours or over.

This means that the worker must needs strain his vital energies to the utmost, and work with such continuity and intensity, that he will at the end of his 8 hours task feel much more exhausted than he does at the end of the present longer working day.

Is this then the great amelioration which is propagandized with such a big noise as the true remedy for all the evils of the working classes? Can we look at it otherwise than as a mere palliative?

Were it only harmless palliative! But, apart from the political aspect of the matter, the chief results of an 8 hours day must necessarily be:

- (1) increase of machinery;
- (2) more women and especially more boys and girls employed in the place of men;
- (3) spread of the sweating system; and
- (4) further increase of the number of the unemployed.

Such disadvantages, more than outweigh any benefit which may accrue by any legal provision in favour of the workmen.

Besides,

OTHER EVIL TENDENCIES

are at work in the present capitalistic system.

Suppose you may, by law and otherwise, make manufacture less productive than at present. Many an employer will turn trader, middleman, speculator, sweater, or gambler, in fact promoter of bogus companies, shareholder in the stock of robber governments, railways, rings and trusts, or he will invest his capital abroad where he can exploit with less hindrance, thereby throwing English workers out of employment. In England profits have decreased, gambling, speculation, sweating and shoddy companies to manufacture shoddy goods have increased; and all legislative checks upon profits will simply stimulate the evil, just as stringent usury laws have always enabled usurers to be more extortionate.

The answer of the old Lord Mayor to King James, who threatened to remove the Court to Oxford: "Provided your Majesty leave us the Thames," holds good still more between capitalist and worker, monopolist and consumer. Provided London capitalists only preserve the Thames, they can tax the working people as they please, extort from them whatever amount of work they want, and keep them steadily at starvation wages.

The tendency is already at work to sink industrial concerns into commercial enterprises, so as to give to capitalists the control of the market and to allow them to dictate their own terms. Trusts, amalgamations, corners, speculations are carried on at our expense: the power of the banking interest, increases as well as public funds, public expenditure and public robberies. Against such evil there is

PRACTICALLY NO HELP.

They are out of the reach of the legislator. You can stop paying rent: you can strike work; but you cannot strike buying and consuming. You cannot strike paying the additional prices which coal merchants charge at a pinch, nor similar charges made upon each and all articles of daily consumption; just as you cannot help paying the tax which the Bank of England in virtue of its monopoly levies on the means of exchange, our money.

Thus we may supplement the above stated principles, and say that: *So long as capital and wealth remain in the hands of an idle class, this class will not only successfully oppose any reform, but always be able to strip the workman, by other agencies, of any benefit which may accrue to them by any law passed in the House of Commons and by any influence the workers representatives may ever acquire in it.*

The beginning of wisdom for the workers then, is

NOT TO RELY ON PARTIAL REMEDIES

of any kind.

Philanthropic, as well as

CO-OPERATIVE

Schemes always slip into capitalistic enterprises, being forced down by the environment, by the external pressure of the capitalistic system.

THE MUNICIPALIZATION OF CERTAIN ENTERPRISES

is a no better device. The gasworkers employed by the Manchester Town Council fare no better than their fellow-workers in the employment of private companies: why else should they strike. The same is the case with State employees, English post office servants, and German miners working in State mines. It was been rightly said that we already live to a great extent under a system of

STATE-SOCIALISM.

Government, Municipalities, Corporate bodies, are big capitalists and employers of labour, certainly no better than private ones. In Government factories laws are disregarded as everywhere else: at Woolwich overtime was in full swing whilst the unemployed craved for work or bread in Trafalgar Square.

After all, this

GAS AND WATER SOCIALISM

is nothing else than a financial scheme which would convert the

shareholders of the companies into bondholders of the debt which the municipality would have to contract, and would entail a good "boom" for them. Very likely any such scheme would result in an aggravation of public expenditure: but should the contrary happen the saving on one item would suggest more lavishness on others. There is no hope that Public bodies will stop their race in expenditure. The more largely elective they are made, the more people there will be to squander the public resources for the benefit of individual members and their chief supporters. We shall hear more of such scandals as Admiralty contracts, Metropolitan Board of Works robberies, and City companies, in the future than in the past.

There again we and social democrats part company, we hope no better of

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM.

Just as we think that no tinkering with Factory laws can raise the condition of the workman, above that level at which he is kept by the pressure of Capital, so we hold that no political reform can enable the generality of working people to dictate their own terms to the Government. Whatever be the class or classes from which they are returned, whatever be their views and intentions at the time they are elected, whatever their good faith as individuals, the members of a Parliament or Council will always be as a body, conservative, stick to power, and by and by grow corrupt.

In fact, at the elections, people are called upon to sanction all the miserable work which has been carried on in their name and at their expense. They should refuse to do so,

REFUSE TO VOTE.

What is the use of sending so-called representatives to Parliaments, central and local?

OUTSIDE PRESSURE

is good enough to extract any concession even from conservative Governments. A minority of Labour Representatives in the House is practically powerless; and nobody can dream of a majority in the reign of Almighty Money. While workmen try to get more members into Parliament, the old ones get spoiled by contact with the ruling class and turn against their former friends. Electioneering throws

DISCORD AND CORRUPTION

in the ranks of the workers. Wealth will always influence elections, as it influences what is most wonderfully called the

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND

by which all the great and small interests of the people, from the management of the police force and the administration of the so-called justice, to the very alms bestowed upon the destitute lies in the hands of "substantial householders," "respectable ratepayers," cliques of shopkeepers, manufacturers and self-licensing publicans.

We cannot hope to alter this until we have taken from our masters the very weapon, with which they strike at us, WEALTH.

It would be superfluous to go more into details about the proposed political reforms. Let us only say that

THE PAYMENT OF MEMBERS

is the surest means to make Labour representatives entirely subservient to the Government, who will have but to threaten dissolution, in order to frighten needy M. Ps. into submission to their will. This has been just experienced in New South Wales.

(To be continued.)

NOTES.

The Arbitration Fraud.

The London Carpenters and Joiners, who made such a manly fight quite recently for an eight hours day, and would undoubtedly have won if the chicken-hearted advice of some self-appointed leaders, or rather *mis-leaders* of the workmen, had not been taken. These so-called leaders urged the men on strike to accept arbitration as a means of settlement, and of course a middle-class man, an architect by profession, was chosen as arbitrator. This man, true to the traditions of his class, has given his award in favour of the masters, of whom he himself is one.

It is the old game over again, i.e. going to law with the Devil, and the Court sitting in Hell. What other verdict could anyone, outside of a madhouse expect. The result of the award, is a reduction of wages to the extent of 4s. 3d. per week, and must of course compel the carpenters to again strike, not for the 8 hours but to get back the 4s. 3d. they have now lost. It will no doubt take them a year or two to recover their lost ground, but there is one good thing which must result from this award, that is, the workers will have no more arbitration if they are wise. Another result must also be, that these same workers will have to begin and learn how useless and foolish all this tinkering, and sham fighting, against Capitalism, really is, and that nothing short of the complete abolition of private property in the means of life, can ever put an end to the inevitable war which must go on as long as capitalism exists.

We are glad to note the spirit of discontent evinced by a very large section of the Society of Carpenters, against the award, and hope some active workers will spring to the front, from the ranks of the Carpenters and Joiners, determined to have no more chicken-hearted councils, but to fight to the bitter end; believing honourable defeat to be better than slavish, cowardly arbitration.

Some More Humbug.

The Bookbinders are now being urged to submit their claims to a Board of Arbitration, composed of masters and men. It seems as though the workers become timid and cowardly on the eve of victory.

The bookbinders would have won, and won easily, as the eagerness of the masters to discuss terms, shows; but the men are faltering again, and arbitration is the result. We very much fear that the bookbinders, who so recently won the 8 hours in many shops, will not only lose that but possibly much more. Ah well! it seems the lessons taught by the past, are lost upon workmen of this weak-kneed generation.

Expected Trouble in the Boot Trade.

The Boot makers are by no means satisfied with arbitration; there are many rumours afloat that in the spring an attempt will be made, despite officialism, to overthrow the Board of Arbitration. We trust this will be done, the more so as we find that not a single shop represented on the Board of Arbitration, pays to the statement since the formation of the Board: we do not wonder at this, when the employers can almost rely upon the officials and their personal following, sticking to the Board, and being ready to "scab" it if needs be, in order to coerce the discontented workers of the trade into doing as they are told.

West End Sweating Dens.

Discontent is also rife among West End Tailors, despite their supposed victory. And there are rumours of war in this trade also, in the spring. Arbitration has been chosen by the official clique and no wonder when winking "the other eye" at the sweating which goes on even in the West End. There are some very nice sweating dens in Beak St. Broad Street, Lexington Street, and many of the neighbouring streets and courts, all known to the officials of the A. S. T. and yet they dare not, or perhaps desire not, to attack them. Society men are allowed to take out work at union rates and then to employ both men and women at days wages, sweating them down to increase their own wages. Nice Trades' Unionism this! and something the London Trades' Council does not know of, or, if it does, it ought also to share the blame. I was under the impression that the tailors were an educated body of men, but I am afraid it is a very narrow-minded and prejudiced education which they can boast of. However, it is not too late to learn, and I believe they will learn that arbitration is a fraud and sweating a curse, and when they do, perhaps they will unite in determining to overthrow both evils, whether in the East or West-end of London.

Barlas, Bell, the Boy, and the Bishop.

It may not be known that a new group—the "British Nihilists,"—who lay more stress on individual initiative and chemical force, has been formed in the West-end. On Saturday this group held a good meeting in Hyde Park, at which Barlas spoke. On Sunday morning, at the same place, we held out to a fine crowd (thanks to other preachers being frightened of the mist which prevailed), for several hours, Barlas, Bell, and Chatterton speaking. In the afternoon, Barlas, Bell and a Boy of the International School went to Victoria Park and held a meeting; we got a crowd of about 100. Up comes a pious bishop—are bishops pious?—who had the impudence to shove a Tract in Bell's hand. Of course this was thrown away. The bishop and a small train of followers went for Bell. The boy went for the bishop and shaking his fist in his face, said said he would like to blow his brains out for telling lies. Barlas gave the finishing touch, by telling his grace (guess he is pretty often before a meal) that we would some day rise in our masses and blow up their bishops, kings, and capitalists.

The bishop had the cheek to go and get the park closed, 35 minutes before the usual time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Comrades of the 'Weal,

I am very glad to see that you had so successful a meeting on the 11th. We had a very good one at Sheffield too though the attendance was small, it was very heartily enthusiastic and our speakers were well received.

It will probably be news for you that I have left Sheffield for Liverpool, where I hope to be able to settle down. The fact is, our paper dragged on but badly, we could never pay more than about the half of the cost, and we determined to stop it at least for a time; and then other circumstances came to decide me to leave, to my great regret and that of the comrades there. But Anarchy is safe in Sheffield and perhaps I may be able to do something here in Liverpool, where there is a field almost unbroken. There is a Socialist Society but no Club or place of meeting as I am told by Comrade Chapman, who is himself an academic Anarchist but the only one that I can hear of. Blatchford (Nunquam) of the Workman's Times is coming to lecture here on Tuesday at the invitation of the Socialist Society. They want I suppose soft talk like some of those present at your commemoration meeting who objected to wild talk about pillage and dynamite etc. Now I know that there is often too much wild talk about such things, but for me the wildness consists in the talk because it only is talk too often; but I am firmly of opinion that the time has come to prepare to use such things as dynamite, as soon as a favourable opportunity offers; such as an extensive strike or lock-out, with circumstances which aggravate the feeling of the workers. Then explosives ought to be employed and no doubt in the course of the present winter there will be opportunities enough.

Comrade Tochatti's remarks as reported in the 'Weal amused me considerably. He forgot that he was there to commemorate the killing of Comrades who had done more for Anarchy than any others—not by their preaching but by their acting. And yet he says the lesson they left us was now to preach. "They did not throw the bomb," it may be said, but it was the throwing of it that gave effect to all that followed, and they got credit for it, and so the case is just the same for us as if they had thrown it, or one of their comrades with their consent.

We have innumerable shades and colours among us it seems to me—even among us Anarchists to say nothing of the stupid Social Democrats, who as Bernard Shaw says in the Fabian Essays think, they act the part of good Socialists by looking on at the awful misery and suffering around and doing nothing but waiting for the evolution of Capital itself to end them!! It is much the same thing when a man says: I am an Anarchist, but pillage and dynamite! oh no! Now the more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the only logical way for a Revolutionist to make a livelihood is by pillage of some kind—by living on the enemy, and I am utterly disgusted that I have not been able to devise a way of so doing. Up to the present I have however been able just to live without but I don't know how it will be in the future. I was not of quite so decided opinion about the matter a year ago nor six months ago, and thus some of us go on evolving!

I have a protest to make and that is against the protesters such as W. Morris and Edward Carpenter. The latter has lately published in the Workman's Times some very pretty verses most thoroughly Anarchist in sentiment and which directly incite the workers to the pillage of their robbers as well as contempt for all the nonsense of law and authority. And yet this same Carpenter in conversations disavows all connexion with Anarchists, belauds Fabians and Trades Unionists who he must know are doing harm if he be logical; and he has never except in a half-hearted way done anything to support our propaganda in Sheffield—a propaganda which must have had the sympathy and support of all good Anarchists.

For my part, I do not understand such people, and to the devil I pitch them be they ever so literary or artistic.

Give me Anarchists willing to die now if necessary for Anarchy, and if you can find me 15 or 20 to join me I promise you we will make an oppression on the enemy, and do more to make recruits to our cause than all the rest who only preach and write verses.

The idea is this. I have been discouraged with the regard to the No Rent and Robbery Propaganda not because they are not excellent but because they are very difficult to carry out. But the weakest point in the citadel of Property seems to me after much consideration and discussion to be the landlord's right over their Game. This is a right which is already greatly weakened even in the minds of the most ignorant and prejudiced, but the landlords still dare to assert it, and I believe that 15 or 20 of us with guns could make such a campaign against it as would destroy it for ever and show the way to upset all their other rights.

We might, it seems to me work all through the country living on the enemy in one way or another and remaining in each district only so long as it was not quite too hot for us. We would have to fight though and per chance kill an occasional keeper or policeman, and this is the risk which I for one am willing to take. I wish Comrades would take the matter up and discuss it.

J. CREAGHE.

EX-PRESIDENT BEDFORD & CO.

We learn that Bedford the *real working man* candidate for Norwich has been dethroned from the presidency of the G. R. W. U. and has been chosen as one of the Vice-presidents. No president has been elected, it seems every one was so excited and so heartily ashamed of themselves over their unblushing whitewashing of this fellow Bedford that they forgot to elect a president. We never heard of a union that ever had a vice-president and no president, but we need not wonder at this, for men who can stoop to such arrant cowardice and flunkysm are capable of any piece of inconsistency even like the above. Bye the bye, Bedford's whitewasher John Burns Esq. L. C. C. and Trustee of the G. R. W. U. has been granted 15£ per year wages, we presume for sticking to the executive and backing up Bedford. Burns really ought to visit Norwich in support of this MAN who does not believe in the 8 hours day nor in Land Nationalisation, nor in the abolition of competition, and who supports Emigration, severe application of the Poor Law, and hates Socialism like poison. It would only be doing what many of Burn's old friends have long expected he would ultimately do i. e. weaken his principles for the sake of power and popularity. Well so far as the movement is concerned it is a good job that such men expose their hands before they have time to do an irreparable injury to the cause. We hear that the Railway Workers who are strong in Battersea have pledged themselves to oppose Burns at the election for that district. If this is so it will be a repetition of the old saying i. e. going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick. Burns has done himself an irreparable injury in the eyes of a very large section of workers, hence the beslaving of "honest John" by the capitalists. However despite J. Burns' support, Bedford has not taken the oath for Norwich yet.

THE CHICAGO CELEBRATIONS.

SOME ANARCHIST GREETINGS.

THE following telegrams from groups in the provinces arrived during the meeting and were received with loud applause.

NEWCASTLE.

Greetings from Newcastle. The voice of Freedom strangled in Chicago shall yet thunder through the world. Vive l'Anarchie!

SHEFFIELD.

Sheffield comrades join in celebrating the despicable murder of our comrades in Chicago. The rope that strangled them is now strangling their murderers. Hurrah for Anarchy!

WALSALL.

Walsall Anarchists join in remembering murdered Chicago comrades and look hopefully for the speedy success of Social Revolution and triumph of Anarchy!

MANCHESTER.

Hail to the pioneers of liberty that led the way. The world will yet learn the lesson of their death.

HULL.

To Anarchists, South Place Institute Finsbury, London. Hurrah for Anarchy! Down with tyranny! Greetings from Anarchist of Hull.

PARIS.

10th Nov.

The English-speaking group of Anarchists in Paris send fraternal greetings to their comrades on the other side of the Channel who, like them, will celebrate to-morrow the event which took place four years ago on the other side of the Atlantic.

The meeting of the English-speaking group here will not, of course, be very large, but they will console themselves with the knowledge that so many larger ones are being held elsewhere, and the memory and the effect of the event they celebrate are growing stronger every year. Their meeting will not be the only meeting held in France. The ideas, for preaching which the Men of Chicago were martyred, are being rapidly spread and eagerly accepted not only in France but all over France.

Ere long, they hope, the workers all the world over will burst and throw aside their chains.

"Vive la Revolution Social!"

"Vive l'Anarchie!"

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

A German gendarme who was in pursuit of poachers, and was successful with other bloodhounds in capturing three men, was returning, jubilant, to the barracks with his prey, when on leaving the village of Seppois-le-Bas, on the French frontier, one of the poachers broke loose his chains, and rushed at the gendarme with a long knife and cut his throat, so that the gendarme died a few minutes afterwards.

The poacher then ran into the forest, but was recaptured the next day. We are very sorry that so brave a man will now be kept in the clutches of his enemies but his example will not be lost sight of by the starving poor of all countries.

A. C.

TURKEY.

What the capitalists call Brigands, and we call plucky men, have captured the brothers Popzoghi, big landlords in the village of Aliatrati.

Our comrades ask for a ransom of 500,000 francs.

May such deeds find imitators in England where so many landlords are in our way, it would be a capital way to get money for the propaganda. A. C.

FRANCE.

What is going on in the Pas-de-Calais at the present moment, convinces us once more, that workingmen M. Ps. betray their brethren once they get into the aquarium.

The miners there, are on Strike, and a general one too. When it came to the question whether they should strike, Basly the notorious traitor, told the men well to ponder over the consequences of a strike without funds at hand, but the strikers knew better; they know that funds are always an impediment to a good revolt against their masters. Could there be a better fund than the Shops full of Bread, Meat, Boots and what not? Deputy Basly did not think of that fund, but the miners did, and full of the spirit of expropriation they struck without minding the consequences, which must always be good if you dare and always dare; it always has two advantages in this world, and may be a third one in the next world (?) in the first place a daring man always get grub, in the second it shows the coward how to act, and as the policy of, To TAKE, is very contagious amongst men on strike. It is always crowned with good results. Our comrades in the Pas-de-Calais have not gone quite so far as yet, but they have had a free fight already, in spite of the Great Basly, who preaches moderation, but in vain, I am happy to say. Never was there such a display of troops and never was there such a determination on the part of the strikers to gain their ends.—

The "Père Peinard" is to be prosecuted again.

SPAIN.

The Group "Vagabonds Cosmopolites" inform us that they have a newspaper called "El Porvenir," published in three languages, Spanish, French and Italian. Subscriptions are free or pay what you like. The address is: P. Bernard, 280, calle de Corcega, 3° piso, 2° p. Gracia por Barcelona, Spain.

A. C.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lamb's Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.
Forwards Club.—Charles Square, Hoxton. "The Commonweal Group" meets every Wednesday at 8 sharp, for business and discussion all comrades are asked to turn up. D. J. Nicoll, Secretary.
Mantle Cutters and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p.m. H. Green, Secretary; D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p.m. Lectures and Discussions.—French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fee (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at Gouldings, 2 St. Georges Villas, Montague Road, every Sunday at 8 p.m.
Green. every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30
Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

A GRAND CONCERT and distribution of prizes for the Benefit of the Commonweal will take place at the Autonomie Club, 6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W, on Sunday November 29th at 8 p.m. The principal prize will be a valuable silver watch, an English lever, a jewellers certificate, that is worth £2 will be given with it.

Tickets of admission to the Concert, 6d. each, can be obtained of the Secretary, Commonweal Group, Forward Club, Charles Square, Hoxton, and all Anarchist Groups and Clubs.

OWING to the success of our last Distribution of Prizes we have decided to again give our Comrades and Friends an opportunity of getting valuable Books and Pamphlets the price of which keep many of them out of their hands. Therefore a Distribution will take place on Christmas Evening, of 30£ worth of Books at 8.30 at the Forwards Club, Charles Square, Hoxton. Among the Prizes will be found the following:

20 Elements of Social Science, neatly bound.—12 News from Nowhere, neatly bound.—12 News from Nowhere, paper.—12 Vols. Bound Commonweals.—100 Copies Essay on Love and Marriage, paper.—100 Labor Day, Engraving by W. Crane.—100 Engraving of Mrs. Parsons.—100 Engraving "Vive la Commune," by W. Crane.—100 Utopia by Petzler.—100 Sets of 6 Pamphlets, Socialist and Freethought.—And many others.—Compleat list in future numbers. Secretaries of Socialist and Anarchist groups please note and send.

THE COMMONWEAL

A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF

Anarchist Communism.

[Vol. 7.—No 292]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

SPECIAL APPEAL.

WE must ask our friends to make another effort on our behalf. We are very short of money and in these winter months, the sale of our paper outdoor is not very brisk. Will our friends therefore send in subscriptions, however small to Guarantee Fund at once. Help is urgently needed if the paper is to continue as a weekly. Stamps and postal orders should be sent to the Secretary, Commonwealth Group, City Road, 145.

TO ARMS! WORKINGMEN, TO ARMS!

THE release of the convicts by the miners of Tennessee marks a new phase in the labour movement. It is clear, that a large and important section of the workers of America are disatisfied both with the policy of petty strikes and at the same time have lost faith in reforms by constitutional methods. There then remains but one way, the might of armed men, the good old way, the simple plan, which the middle classes have used repeatedly against the aristocracy is about to be used against them.

This is even acknowledged by the American capitalist press. The present situation is admirably summed up by "The Twentieth Century." "Twice have a band of thousands of cool headed miners successfully resisted the power of the State. These are somewhat dangerous precedents. If working people everywhere should happen to take it into their heads to follow the example of the Briceville miners, what would the State do? What would the monopolists—the employers of labour do? What will the outcome be? It is pretty evident, what the outcome would be. The capitalist system which is based upon the oppression and robbery of the people, would be overturned and mankind would be free from oppression, degradation, and robbery.

But to do this, the working people must be armed. At present they are an unarmed crowd. A flock of sheep, who could be butchered without resistance by the hired murderers of the rich. It is time they lost this harmless character. Their "leaders" though apparently, do not think so. If all the working people had and knew how to use, weapons, where would be the necessity for "leaders." We should not want any "Social Democratic Labour Candidates" either for Battersea or Chelsea. It certainly is funny to see people, who once upon time used to breathe out threatenings and slaughters, repudiating, one of their own followers merely because he carried: "a loaded revolver," to defend himself against the attacks of police ruffians, who on a similar occasion had murdered four workmen. Surely precautions for self defence ought not to be offensive to the leaders of Social Democracy! But then taking a loaded revolver to a public meeting might alienate the votes of respectable shopkeeper, who, like parliamentary candidates and other adepts at lying and cheating has a wholesome horror of physical force. But despite the outcries of these respectable persons, we repeat that the working people must arm themselves. They must prepare for the struggle. But how. Money is required. True and if Trade Unions who have spent thousands in the last few years in petty strikes had only devoted the money to purchase rifles, revolvers, and dynamite, the capitalists would not have smashed, so many unions, and have driven so many poor fellows into the streets to starve.

But what is done cannot be helped. Let us only do better for the future. We are approaching troublous times. Times when arms will not be only useful, but an absolute necessity for the working classes. The example of the Tennessee miners is likely to be followed as extensively in America, as the example of Bryant and May's match girls was among the sweated workers in England. If the unions will not purchase arms with their funds, let workmen form groups among themselves and collect and save their pence for the purpose. Young men with a taste for chemistry should join classes at once and learn how to make the cheapest of modern explosives.

And then if the capitalists persist in smashing unions, if they bludgeon and shoot down the workers, the workers may finish this pretty little game, by "smashing" the capitalists,

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE III.

Marius and Zviriki coming out of the room where they were hidden.

Marius. We must fight her with her own weapons. Let us distribute between wind, fire and water all their stolen powers, all their piled up wealth.

Zviriki. The food stored up to sell at a higher price during the coming famine will do for general stores during the fighting period—after that, the land cultivated by free and intelligent men will produce a hundred fold.

The first act of the avengers must be the annihilation of the wealth of the firm of Eleazar—for us, war is declared—war without truce or quarter. But will the father stay with this monster if he wishes to follow us.

SCENE IV.

Marius, Zviriki, Esther, Eleazar.

Esther. Zviriki, Marius, I am happy to meet; help me to convince the father—I would not like to have to run away: but however I must.

Eleazar. My poor children! We were so happy before! Marius, Esther, pardon me, there are immutable fates.

(Songs outside.)

Ring! Ring! in the air! Ring!

Tocsin of the iron age! Ring!

Long live the strike!

Long live the strike!

Eleazar (clasping his children in his arms). What will become of us?

Esther. You must have courage, father. You must be brave.

Eleazar. What do you call 'being brave'?

(Song outside.)

Men and women! Comrades, come

All of you in thousands come!

The world is ours!

The world is ours!

Zviriki. This is what we call being brave:—Separate yourself from a murderess who in your name starves the workers and who forces your children to leave their roof.

Eleazar. You will not go! Esther have pity on me.

Esther. Dear father, when we have gone, there will be on the contrary no further pretext for the odious and ridiculous marriages. They will leave you in peace to bewail our absence, or else you will follow us delivered.

Eleazar. Marius, I pray you, talk to your sister. Surely you, you would not like her to go away.

Marius. Dear father, she must really! Fate has entered this house and she will follow us until Justice has been done.

Eleazar. Don't talk like that of the baroness.

Esther. What does it matter about this woman. Come with us, father; throw away your cursed riches before they are torn away from you. Oh! if you only knew how fine it would be—a night of the 10th of August which would hold the destinies of the world.

Eleazar (wiping his eyes). This little woman would like to drag me off with her!

SCENE V.

The same and Gertrude, who comes in at first holding her head high, but in perceiving Zmiriki she is troubled for an instant. Gertrude after this moment of confusion picks herself together and coldly salutes Zmiriki.

Gertrude (to Zmiriki). Without doubt, you are one of Marius' friends? (Aside.) Are they then not all buried yet?

Marius. Yes, Madam, a friend of mine.

Gertrude (to Eleazar). My dear Eleazar, you must make known your decisions to Marius and his sister. (Eleazar drops his head.)

(Voices outside.)

Rise, workmen, in the dead of night,
Their palaces we'll set alight
With freedom's torch!
With freedom's torch!

Eleazar. Listen.

Gertrude. It is one of those songs which have been sung since eternity; and which are even incapable of lifting the dead leaves.

Zmiriki. Do you think so, really, Madam?

Gertrude. So you are one of those fine fellows who look forward to a Universal Insurrection.

Zmiriki. At least to one bigger than that which took place some time ago at Warsaw. This time it will not be prevented by all the treason in the world, as that at Warsaw was smothered by a woman sixteen years ago.

Gertrude. I suppose they killed that woman?

Zmiriki. Not YET, Madam.

Gertrude. Do they know what became of her?

Zmiriki. She became the mistress of the Grand Duke, then she disappeared, but they have just found her again at the head of a large firm.

Gertrude. Ah! they have been telling you some impossible stories.

Zmiriki. I was at Warsaw sixteen years ago, Madam, and I have recognised her.

Gertrude. You are speaking to me of romantic circumstances.

Zmiriki. And above all, of terrible ones.

Marius (to Eleazar). Father, our departure negatives all the promises made for us in your name, let the fates do their decision.

Esther. Ah! we will recapture you (she embraces him).

Gertrude. So it is a declaration of war?

Marius. Yes! and a war without truce or quarter.

(Marius and Esther exeunt with Zmiriki.)

Gertrude (to Eleazar who seems to wish to follow them). Stop! Stop! What! Eleazar! You going to let the flight of your children be known? To make a great scandal which would dishonor your daughter above all?

Eleazar. What a horrible story of Warsaw they are whispering around me! It is not true, is it?

Gertrude. Are you mad, Eleazar? These ridiculous things cannot harm me. Have courage! Your children have nothing to fear. Some devoted men will follow them, and will warn me if there be need.

Eleazar. Fancy having them watched like criminals!

Gertrude. You reason as if you belonged to their gang. Perhaps you, too, have thoughts of liberty?

Eleazar. I had once. Who has not in their first youth? Even, since then, I have always recoiled from certain financial enterprises.

Gertrude. So then you have been deceiving me concerning your real views.

Eleazar. I loved you. I have never hesitated to obey you. I have never dreamt of disobeying you either in the past or in the future. Yes, I have loved you madly.

Gertrude. And now, for the first time, you are unjust to me.

(Song outside.)

Tocsin! ring the signal-peal
For the fight implacable.
Ring! Tocsin, ring!
Ring! Tocsin, ring!
Tocsin! ring the funeral knell
Let the old world in ruin reel.
Let it perish!
Let it perish!

Eleazar. The insurrection is howling.

Gertrude. But force will bring the insurgents to reason.

Eleazar. I suppose you know that my children are with them. (Gertrude shrugs her shoulders.)

SCENE VI.

The same. A servant brings in sealed despatch which Gertrude opens and reads.

Gertrude (to Eleazar after having read it). Calm your fears. I receive the news I was telling you of. Esther and Marius are at the bottom of the park with the groups of Anarchists, to whom they are doing the honors of your domains. Be proud of yourself! It is your Esther who is haranguing them. She will go far, this little woman with the fine air of "Diana of the Reds." She has just thrown her diamonds in the sea. After all Baron Ulysses is rich enough to buy her some more. The word of honor between us cannot be broken for such mad freaks. (Eleazar does not answer; he seems annihilated.) What a lot of paternal folly you have Eleazar! Here come the guests.

(To be continued.)

(This play commenced in No. 281, all back Nos. kept in stock.)

SWEATING AT BRAINTREE SILK MILLS.

ONE Wednesday November 21st the women and girls employed at Messrs. Courtauld and Co's silk mills at Braintree struck work owing to a reduction in the price paid. It appears that Mr. Carter the manager of this firm has posted up a notice, to the effect, that the weavers were to work two looms each and to be paid only 3s. 3d. per packet for their work. There are 74 yards and 78 yards of Crape to the packet and previously they were getting 6s. 9d. and 6s. 6. per packet. The women and girls at once stopped their looms, and refused to go on till they had seen the manager. He however said he would not see them till they agreed to go on with their work, but this they declined to do. He then saw a deputation of the women and girls, who told him that working the two looms was perfect slavery. He said this was "ridiculous." Other weavers were working two looms, and they would have to do the same or go home. They replied that they wanted to see Mr. Courtauld, but he said that he represented that gentleman, and that if they did not start their looms, he should strike them out. This did not frighten them, so at last he promised them an advance of 1s. till Christmas, but he told them that if they earned "too much" he should take it off again. The girls then went back to work. Mr. Courtauld saw the affair in the papers, came to the mill, saw some of his workers. He told them if he had been Mr. Carter, he should not have given them the advance. Since then, the manager has threatened them with vengeance. This is a very "benevolent" firm of slave drivers. They have a sick club for the "benefit" of their employees, but the girls never see a balance sheet. The firm has given a recreation ground and a drinking fountain to inhabitants of Braintree, but that does not prevent them from sweating their employees. Messrs. Courtauld and Company have accumulated large fortunes. They have a splendid mansion and grounds, a public road ran near this mansion, but these gentlemen did not wish the "vulgar public" to come "betwixt the wind and their nobility," so the road was blocked up, and a new one was made further away. And so the world goes on. Large fortunes are accumulated out of the labour of sweated women, that capitalists may have splendid mansions and grounds, and may present drinking fountains, and recreation grounds to a grateful public. Surely if these gentlemen have any superfluous benevolence to spare they might bestow some of it upon their workers. But this is quite out of the question. We are glad to hear the Women's Trade Union is going to organize these poor girls and women. There are 1600 women employed by this amiable sweater. May the social revolution soon come, which shall free them from their slavery. Messrs. Courtauld, Carter and Co. will then get notice to quit. They WILL HAVE TO GO, whether they like it or not.

ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Briefly, there is no remedy for the sufferings and injustices under which the working class groans, except

THE OVERTHROW OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM

political and economical, a complete change in the organisation of society, as has happened at certain specially important epochs.

Workmen, in their daily struggle must not lose sight of that prospect; must never be induced by some small ephemeral amelioration, to increase the difficulties which lie in the way of their complete emancipation

NO COMPROMISE

strictly conform your tactics to principles: don't be afraid of being called "unpractical." You will find out that what is called "practicality" is nothing better than short-sightedness and blundering.

HOLD ALOOF FROM POLITICS

and soon you will feel the relief of having done with crawling politicians: the whole swarm of vote-hunters will leave you alone. Then you will be able to get rid of the

CUMBERSOME AND COSTLY OFFICIALISM

in your unions. No more need of a Parliamentary Committee, nor of paid officials who, as in a recent case, meet to dispose of a sum of £26 to help a strike, only to find that they have spent the whole sum in their meeting itself.

Some unions are dead-alive bodies, wire-pulled and managed by a few officials, the mass of the members taking no part in union business beyond paying their subscription. This is a terrible mistake; such unionists deserve to be made slaves of. If unionism is to be made a living force, a powerful instrument in the emancipation of the working classes, every unionist must feel the business of his union his own. Workmen must take their own affairs, the affairs of their trade, into their own hands, and trust nobody to act and think for them. Even

IN STRIKES

there is a very dangerous tendency to put matters into the hands of some committee. Such committees have been the cause of many failures and much useless friction, and they always incline to compromise in order to shirk responsibility. What is needed is more of the

WARLIKE SPIRIT

which inspired the early unions and made them successful; also

A LARGER VIEW

of the social question, as implying the amelioration of the condition of all the working classes, from the very lowest upwards. Unionists should look with more brotherly eyes on unorganised workers, blacklegs, foreign paupers etc.; and realise the truth that only by helping such classes to rise, will they find themselves lifted up to a higher condition. In

fact whatever movement be it the unemployed agitation, be it the no-rent campaign amongst East End paupers and other people, or laborers strike,

WHATEVER MOVEMENT

may raise the very lowest ranks of society, should be not only supported but promoted by the unions. They should become the organisers and the agitators of the whole working community. They should fight their own battle on the unemployed and unskilled labour question.

Now such a feeling of revolutionary solidarity can only be entertained in the unions by extensive and continuous

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

This work must be considered as the very soul of the labour movement. To neglect educational work and to sink into into business agencies and benefit societies has been the greatest fault of the unions, and the cause of their losing grasp of the situation. The labour movement has shifted its centre more and more in the direction of Socialism. On the other hand State Socialism or Social Democracy has forsaken all its more revolutionary principles; which have been taken up by Anarchism. The same change has happened, very strangely, in regard to

THE MAY 1ST. AGITATION

Started in the United States by the labour unions with a view to enforce the 8 hours day; it acquired importance only by the Chicago Anarchists losing their lives in the struggle. In 1889 the suggestion was adopted by the Marxist congress in Paris, as a well sounding finish to its programme of palliatives. But even in its new and extremely mild form of a mere demonstration day, it proved too strong for German and other social democrats. Anarchists however, in those countries where they are sufficiently strong, have tried to make it the starting point for a general strike and possibility for insurrection. Indeed

THE ULTIMATE END

of the labour movement must be Social Revolution — No other issue is to be anticipated. All over the continent our brothers are earnestly preparing for such an event, which even to conservative statesmen appears near at hand and inevitable.

We English workers, only too often have foolishly identified our interests with those of our masters, when it was our interest and our duty to stretch both hands to our continental brothers "struggling to be free." The reward for our patriotic selfishness was the fearful and life destroying exploitation which we have experienced at the hands of the home capitalist, especially during the first half of this century.

(To be continued.)

THE FOLLY OF JINGOISM.

THE greatest error of all the jingoes exists in the belief that war is useful to the well-being of mankind. The highest ideal of human society ought to be to make life as agreeable as possible to all its members, and to guarantee the right of all to live.

War far from being necessary is inhuman, for it draws all the sacred rights of man and humanity into the mire. The happiest people are those who possess no warlike history, and the time is not far, when mankind will regard war as madness and barbarity, caused through avarice, the seat of all social ills. What good have the jingoes procured? The man who first thought to fasten two sticks to a wheel and so invented the wheelbarrow, has done a thousand times more for the people, than have all the generals that ever lived. We are taught that war is a necessary evil, that in order to live we must murder one another. But where is the common sense in that? The earth is large enough, to enable all to live, without the use of cannon. Nationalism and Militarism stand in direct opposition to civilization, and we cannot avail ourselves of either one or the other. Civilization will overcome barbarity. (We are not civilized yet.) The social war must take the place of the national one, for only by this can civilization be advanced. War against prejudice, superstition, authority, stupidity and demoralisation, and for the enlightenment and true education of the people. That is the war that we must preach. The victory of the latter means the decline of the former, but to arrive at victory we must act and think completely internationally. The exploitation and oppression of the masses, and the consequences following—misery and demoralisation are international, in attacking them we must also be international. The International of the Pariahs against the International of the Hangmen.—With pleasure we observe that every day we gain more adherence to these ideas, that individuals are no longer considered as members of this or that nation, but as members of humanity. The mass of the people are beginning to comprehend that this unnatural state of things cannot go on much longer, the happiness of millions of families must no longer be sacrificed to the pleasure of the royal gambling party or the princes drunken headache. Two great powers, science and socialism have already commenced the attack on the international butchery of men, the feeling of international solidarity is ever winning more space and will soon reach to its highest ideal, the brotherhood of men. The jingoes will soon sink back with all their bloody laurels into the morass, out of which it would have been better if they had never risen. That will be the setting of this unnaturally based world. Out of the fragments we will build a fresh one, a society without authority or force, the ideal of thoughtful Anarchy. This is the end of an endlessly long and painful song, full of tears and sighs, and instead springs up a fresh joyous melody, the song of Autonomy, independence, and equal rights for all men. War and force are the greatest stains on the progress of humanity, Anarchy its highest ideal.

PARIAH.

[From the Autonomie.]

THE "BEDFORD" PROTEST MEETING.

On Sunday the 29th ult. a very large and successful meeting was held in Norwich market place, to protest against the candidature of Mr. J. Bedford, who one day sails under Liberal colours, and another day attempts to sail under the flag of Labor. The Liberal 400 claim that their pet is running as a Liberal, whilst Mr. Bedford himself, claims that he is the Labor candidate. In order to set matters on a proper footing a few active trades unionists have broken away from the old "fossils," and have done what the Norwich Trades Council seemed afraid to do, i.e. made enquiries from London trades unionists and members of the London Trades Council. The result of their enquiries led them to organise the above meeting, and to invite C. Harris A.S.T. and delegate to the London Trades Council, W. Votier, National Union of Boot & Shoe Operatives Union, also delegate to the L.T.C.: C. W. Mowbray, S.L. and A.S.T.; Mr. C. Freak of the N.B. & S. operatives union was also invited, but did not attend. Space forbids us to publish the speeches of the above. Though we must say, if any evidence had before been wanting to condemn Bedford as a sweater, it was supplied by Messrs Harris and Votier. So strong were the points made by these speakers, that the hangers-on of the Liberal 400, otherwise known as Colman's Lambs, became furious and attempted to create disorder. However their courage failed them when they realised that they were a mere handful in that vast assembly; so they contented themselves by putting up Mr. Gibson of the Yarmouth Radical Club, pretty well known in connection with Brown of the "Three Fishes," who became notorious as the "Radical Agent" of Yarmouth for the supply of Blacklegs, during the shipping strike at Liverpool. This gentleman appeared utterly unable to grasp the situation, and floundered about with his subject in such a manner that even his friends were heartily ashamed of their specially cured Yarmouth champion. A resolution was submitted to the meeting, and was carried by a tremendous majority, condemning Bedford and calling on him to withdraw his candidature in the Labor interest

Poor old "Trousers" the game is nearly up, in spite of the various attempts you have made to blacken the characters of Messrs. Gardiner, Royal, Votier, Harris and others who are what you never have been, i.e. staunch Trades Unionists, and honest workers in the cause of Labour.

Where was Harvey late of Ipswich and editor of the Eastern Star and Sweater's Puff, bottle-washer in chief to the Mustard King, Colman who is "not" a sweater as he pays able-bodied men 12s. a week; a sum which ought to enable them all to become landlords on a small scale.

Where was Harvey? we repeat. Why the sneaking libeller of the dead labor leaders of Chicago hides himself at home, and sends his son to the meeting for fear that someone might pull his nose. This is what he richly deserves at the hands of the workmen of Norwich whom he has deceived. Like most cowards, he prefers to sling ink on the quiet, instead of facing opposition on a public platform.

Poor Jimmy Mason, the local secretary of the Boot Trade, was also unfortunately absent: this "gentleman" it was who wrote to C. Freak telling him that he ought not to allow himself to be pulled about by Anarchists. There has been no pulling about by anarchists, Jimmy. It was not anarchists who organised the meeting at Kay Street Radical Club, where Mr. Freak made a speech which has already appeared in these columns, and we shall take care to reprint if occasion demands it.

Is it true Jimmy that you have tated to many people, that you cannot "conscientiously vote for Bedford," if so why don't you be a man (if that is possible) and own up. I am afraid you are in as great a mess as poor "Trousers" or you would not have charged us with breaking up trade union meetings in Norwich, but his political insanity renders him oblivious of the part we played in Porkys strike, and others which took place during the time the anarchist and socialist movement was being carried on in Norwich, by Mowbray and others.

NOTES.

James Bedford, Sweater.

It will doubtless be news to John Burns, to hear that his friend and patron James Bedford is notorious in the sweating trade in the East End for the low wages he pays. We were told only last week by an East End Tailor, that Bedford takes the very worst and cheapest work in the trade. He sublets this work to a Jewish sweater, who employs Jewish girls to do the work. Their labour is almost as cheap as that of the newly imported "greener," the novice fresh from Russia. Thus Mr. Bedford is able to produce goods that are a marvel of cheapness; at the same time Dr. Adler tells us, that prostitution, once almost unknown among Jewish women, is increasing at an alarming rate. Whether the low wages paid by people like Bedford has anything to do with this, we leave Mr. Burns and his Fabian friends to determine. They are all students of political economy. Bye the bye, Bedford has obtained the benediction of George Howell! Brassey's flunkey, who is unanimously repudiated by the workmen of the Bethnal Green Division of Hackney. Who will doubt now, that Bedford is not a "bona fide labor candidate." People who believe in an "independent labor party" should be very suspicious of a man who can only get Liberal hacks to back him. Why does he get a testimonial from Sweater Brunner. We suppose it would not be possible to get another from John Burns' late comrade and companion H. H. Champion. We really think that the Labour Elector ought to be re-started again for the benefit of John Burns.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARPENTER REPLIES TO CREAGHE.

Certainly, Comrade Creaghe, I stick up for the Fabians and the Trade Unions just as I do for the Anarchist, I have never disavowed the Anarchists. What can be more obvious? We are all travelling along the same road. Why should we be snarling at one another's heels? I know that some of the Fabians look upon the Anarchists as bloody fools, and I tell them that I disagree with them; and I know that some of the Anarchists (so-called) would like to send all Trade Unionists and Fabians to the devil, and I tell them that I disagree with them. Hence much trouble and misunderstanding. After all there are ever so many sections among the Anarchists. There are the Anarchists who denounce the blackleg (I am the blackleg this time!) and the Anarchists who cherish and embrace the blackleg; then there are the Academic Anarchists (as Creaghe calls them), and the Tarnation Anarchists, and the Bloody Anarchists the real B. A.'s. of whom I suppose Creaghe is one. I take it we have all our work to do in our own time. For goodness sake let us do it without so much jaw!

ED. CARPENTER.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The group "Initiative individuelle" of Paris who are in regular correspondence with the same French group at the Autonomie here, after reading the objections of some speakers to physical force, on the 11th of November at South Place Institute, remark that it is time to prevent these milk and water orators speaking in the name of Anarchy if we do not wish to fall into a greater slumber than we are already.

The letter goes on to state that it must be left to the individual to judge whether the revolution is not upon him already, and all those who suffer know it. Knowing, or rather, feeling this, he will come to the conclusion that the existence of one Anarchist has more value than a thousand bourgeois and he will not hesitate in stopping trains and plundering the wealthy passengers of their money, to carry on propaganda by deed, as Comrades Pini, Duval and Reinsdorf understood it. Either society is right and we must submit to its laws, or it is wrong and in that case let us fight it, not with manifestoes and songs, but with anything, the individual may think best to strike terror in the brains and bodies of the usurpers of our freedom.

[Letter from Paris.]

A. C.

SPAIN.

This is worth reading.

In Arenys de Mar the hatters went on strike, one of the firms, Puig and Company known as a sweating den, would not even listen to the demands of the men, hearing this, the men went back into their den, but only to destroy machinery and materials belonging to their master after which most of them left the town.

Out of the 25 Comrades arrested in Cadiz for throwing a bomb on the 1st of May, nine have been sentenced to imprisonment varying from 3 months to 4 years. No voice speaks so loud as dynamite and we are glad to see that it is getting into use all over the place.

A. C.

Good news! We hear that not less than 35,000 soldiers have deserted the ranks of the German army last year. This is an official statement, and the figures speak for themselves, and if we consider that 20 years ago the number of deserters was under 10,000 we may say that the sacred respect for patriotism is going to the dogs.

Here you have thousands of workers that have understood that the army is a curse, a gang of murderers to shoot the workers in order that the parasites may live in idleness and debauchery. Our circulars to the army have made good work indeed.

A. C.

BULGARIA.

A political agent of M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian Premier, named Spiro Kostoff, was fired at three times in the streets of Belgrade on November 22. by a man who is supposed to be a Bulgarian refugee.

Details are given by the Bosnian papers of the strange career of a woman named Mila who has been sentenced to death by the district court of Poza-revac, in Servia. This woman has far ten years been the terror of North Eastern Servia. In 1881 a prize of two hundred ducats was offered for her capture; two years later five hundred was offered, and in 1890 the promised reward was increased to a thousand ducats. She had a band of devoted Haiducks with whom she committed her depredations. She never went about otherwise than in man's dress, with all her weapons in her belt and a rifle over her shoulder. Young, handsome, and a crack shot, she was the beau ideal of her band. She had a lover named Petrovitch, who fell ill some time ago, and whom she nursed with devotion in a cave on the Roumanian frontier. Her people told her in good time that she was watched and must fly for safety, but she refused to abandon her sick lover. After a battle with the gendarmes, two of whom she killed, she was captured. In the court she spoke for over an hour in her defence, and when sentence was pronounced listened to it with stolid indifference.

N. HOWARD.

AMERICA.

A meeting of the National Convention of Tailors, held in Boston, U. S. A. declared that the Hirsch Fund would be a certain cause of sweating in the Tailoring trade, because the directors of the fund were paying master workmen for instructing new-comers at the rate of twenty dollars for each arrival, thus flooding the market with workmen.

N. HOWARD.

SOUTH AMERICA.

South America for ever!—No sooner is there one revolution over, than another appears to the world. On Sunday night, the 10th of November a revolt broke out in Monte Video, but as usual it was nipped in the bud. But then it was a bourgeois revolution and therefore no one will be hanged.

Dictator Latorre had been kicked down some time ago and now the priests wanted to kick him up again, and gave their money freely, but without avail, their prayers to heaven were of no use and they will have to begin again. Now they say their God to hell may fly! Poor Good! he will soon be boycotted all over the place.

A. C.

REPORT.

MANCHESTER.

WE have held some excellent meetings during the past month. We have had quite a boom at our Chicago Celebrations. Though we were too poor to take a hall, we held three very successful meetings and made a record sale of "Chicago Speeches" selling 54 copies. Good sale of Commonweal and Freedom at our meetings.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lambs Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock

Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.

South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.

Forwards Club.—Charles Square, Hoxton. "The Commonweal Group" meets every Wednesday at 8 sharp, for business and discussion all comrades are asked to turn up. D. J. Nicoll, Secretary.

Mantle Cutters and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p. m. H. Green, Secretary; D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.

Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.

Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.

Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p. m. Lectures and Discussions. French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fee (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.

Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.

Leeds.—Socialist League Club, 1 Clarendon Buildings and Front Row, Victoria Road. Open every evening. Business meeting Fridays at 8.—International Educational Club, near St. James's Hall, York Street. Open every evening. Lectures every Saturday at 4. All kinds of Socialist literature for sale at both clubs.

Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p. m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.

Leytonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at Gouldings, 2 St. Georges Villas, Montague Road, every Sunday at 8 p. m. Green, every Sunday at 7.30.

Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.

Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p. m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.

Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.

Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p. m.

Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park and Tottenham at 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30. Walworth at 7.30 Saturday Hyde Park at 7.30

Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15

Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p. m.

Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.

Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p. m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a. m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p. m.

Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Nottingham.—Sunday: Sneinton Market, at 11 a. m.; Great Market, at 7 p. m.

Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimesthorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

OWING to the success of our last Distribution of Prizes we have decided to again give our Comrades and Friends an opportunity of getting valuable Books and Pamphlets the price of which keep many of them out of their hands. Therefore a Distribution will take place on Christmas Eve, of 30£ worth of Books at 8.30 at the Forwards Club, Charles Square, Hoxton. Among the Prizes will be found the following: 20 Elements of Social Science, neatly bound.—12 News from Nowhere, neatly bound.—12 News from Nowhere, paper.—12 Vols. Bound Commonweals.—100 Copies Essay on Love and Marriage, paper.—100 Labor Day, Engraving by W. Crane.—100 Engraving of Mrs. Parsons.—100 Engraving "Vive la Commune," by W. Crane.—100 Utopia by Petzler.—100 Sets of 6 Pamphlets, Socialist and Freethought.—And many others.—Compleat list in future numbers. Secretaries of Socialist and Anarchist groups please note and send.

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[WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.]

THE STRIKE

A DRAMA BY LOUISE MICHEL.

SCENE VII.

The great door opens. A servant announces the guests. Gertrude smiles. Eleazar does not recover from stupefaction.

Servant. Baron Ulysses (Sylvester under this name enters in a very rich costume.) Madam Proterpin of the Mothers' Club. (This is an old lady in full dress.) Madam Leuturlur of the Lady of rifles Club. Madam de Bleuze. Madam de Roseray. The Misses Margaret and Blanche de Roseray. (Mesdames Bleuze and Roseray very pompous; the two girls in short dresses, which are of white muslin, enter boisterously.)

(A group of sinister men is announced rapidly.)

Mr. Fidele of the Spanish perfumes' company. His excellency the Marquis of Saint-Ruffian. Count Moonpease. Mesdames de Saint-Paueraie and de Saint-Chloroform. (The men at first get into a group together. A group of little maskers is then announced, also rapidly.)

Servant (still announcing guests). The Duke of Saubespín. My lady his sister. The Marquis Sèzé and his sisters. Mr. Judas. (The little maskers are in Paris clothes and their sisters loaded with jewelry. Blanche and Margaret seem charming in their white dresses, with red roses at the breast. Madam Bleuze is very pale and can hardly hold up. Gertrude and the guests exchange forced salutes.)

Baron Ulysses (to Eleazar who has not changed his seat). You seem to suffer, Baron.

Eleazar. In fact, I do suffer much, Sir.

Gertrude. The poor baron has just had another bad attack of his colonial fever.

Sylvester (Baron Ulysses). It is above all regrettable on such a fine day. How grateful I am to you, Baron, for having bestowed on me your charming daughter Esther.

Eleazar (aside to Ulysses). I will not hide from you, Baron, that there are insurmountable difficulties. Esther absolutely refuses to marry.

Gertrude. The poor baron has some imaginary fears. His illness makes him feel sour altogether. (She leads Ulysses a little further off.)

Ulysses (aside to Gertrude). I would regret much, Madam, to have to publish, in case of refusal, that the woman of Warsaw is Baroness Eleazar.

Gertrude. My promises have always been faithfully carried out.

(Margaret and Blanche timidly approach Gertrude.)

Margaret. Madam, may we go and find Esther, we will return together.

Gertrude. Esther will be here in a few minutes, my dears.

Madam de Roseray (to Gertrude). They are adore Esther. You have a charming daughter-in-law, Madam.

Gertrude. Really charming. (To Madam de Bleuze who approaches them.) You are deliciously fresh to-night, my dear child.

Madam de Bleuze (leaning on the back of an arm-chair). I also think I am getting stronger.

Gertrude. I am quite certain of it. By-the-bye I expect you to-morrow at the regatta, I bet for you on the "Styx."

Madam de Bleuze. I thought there would be no regatta in this time of misery.

Gertrude. I have gone to the expense of this one in your honor, my dear; it will distract you.

Madam de Bleuze. How good you are!

(Mesdames Proterpin and Leuturlur approach Gertrude.)

Madam Proterpin. The card rooms are open, are not they, dear Madam?

Gertrude (showing the rooms). All is already. (Aside.) Yes, play, you others; amuse yourselves at "whist," I play for the world.

Madam Proterpin. I dreamt to-night of the 36 senators. I wager on the president of the council.

Madam Leuturlur. I on the recorder of the fourth commission.

Gertrude (aside). There are bets on the whole state. (They pass.)

Margaret (to Blanche, showing her an album.) Look, Blanche, at his ugly woman, standing up in the middle of a plain covered with snow. There is written below, "Souvenir of Warsaw" and it is signed "Nemo." A nice name, "Nemo," is not it?

(To be continued.)

(This play commenced in No. 281, all back Nos. kept in stock.)

THE SHADOW OF CLEVELAND STREET.

An eminent French historian has pointed out, in a history of the French Revolution, that in the years preceding that convulsion, the shadow of the *Parc aux Cerfs* brooded over the Court of Versailles. The *Parc aux Cerfs* literally "The Park of Deer" was a harem of young girls, collected for the sensual gratification of that monster of voluptuous vice Louis XV. Surely in these days, the shadow of Cleveland Street is on virtuous, respectable, and immaculate English "Society." What else could have moved a young wife, of an age which one would think was of girlish innocence, to accuse her husband and her husband's friend, of horrible vices which it is a shame to mention. Strange to say the accusation appears to have been suggested to her by some of her husbands relatives, who told her that he had left college suddenly, because he was accused of writing an "improper letter" to a man. It is a great pity that this college business was not thoroughly gone into, as it would have enabled Lord Russell to have left the court with a still more unblemished character.

The same may be said of the bedroom scene, where the lady was found by Nurse Vale "naked" standing by the bed speaking in a "pleading voice" to her husband; afterwards she threatened to throw herself out of the window if left alone with him. If both these points had been thoroughly cleared up, the voice of scandal would have been effectually silenced. But it has been proved to the satisfaction of the world, that the husband is not a monster of depravity.

What are we to say of the wife, if she really invented all the stories of brutal ill-usage. What a consummate liar she must be. What a charming result of the education given to girls of the middle and upper classes, who are taught to simulate a baby-like innocence, while they have at the same time, a knowledge of the world and its vices that might startle a roue of the time of that monarch of pious and immortal memory, Charles II. Charming result of an education which fits woman, not to be a companion to man, able to sympathise with his thoughts his tastes, and his business, but to be a mere toy, a plaything for brutal vices, with an unlimited capacity for lying, and running up jewellers and milliners bills. Lord Russell, with that fine sense of morality that distinguishes the young man who has been wild in his youth, and is anxious that his young wife should not copy his example, forbade her to visit houses where divorced women and kept mistresses resorted.

Charming! this, from a seducer of innocence, though it must be admitted, he paid well for the privilege. The earl forbids his wife to visit houses where women of doubtful reputation resort. But cannot the earl and society see, that his wife's education has only fitted her for the society of these women.

What kind of education was given to the girl victims of Louis XV. Just the same as that bestowed on Lady Russell. They were taught various showy accomplishments, to love fine dresses and jewellery. They were taught a smattering of piety and morality, and they were kept "innocent" till the day they were handed over as food to the hideous vices of the Royal Minotaur. To-day a fashionable procuress follows the same methods with the children she buys for her wealthy customers; and the fashionable mother, who brings up her daughters for the marriage market in the West End drawing-rooms, bestows just the same

training upon them. Are they not intended—under the legal cloak of marriage—as tempting morsels for the jaded appetites of worn out rouses.

The procuress and the fashionable mother stand side by side. They are the same, save that the procuress may have the excuse of poverty for her vile trade, which the West End mother often lacks.

No matter what the man may be. He may be accused of all the vices that flourished in the cities of the plain. He may distinguish himself during his career at college even among the wealthy students, by the frequency of his visits to the women of the town. He may be a friend of the Prince of Wales or of Albert Victor. He may be literally rotten with vice. What matters it, so long as he possesses wealth or a title, he is perfectly eligible. A husband, whom a young woman should be proud of. Knock her down. He is the highest bidder. This is how matters are arranged in the West End slave marts. And the end? Is it not written in the records of the Divorce Court.

No, we have no need to heap epithets either upon Lord or Lady Russell. It is society, the system, which has made them what they are. Society and its laws, which bind a woman to a man she so hates and detests, that she will use any weapon to get free. She has failed; an "upright judge" and a "wise law" has decided that these two people, mutually hating and loathing each other, shall remain bound together in holy matrimony, and Society applauds. The capitalist press declares that the result is "satisfactory." Undoubtedly! as satisfactory as a civilization can be, whose fashionable streets are thronged with prostitutes, or with wealthy reprobates, old and young, who tempt young men with golden bribes to the vices of Sodom. "Satisfactory" very! For with a crowd of other scandals, it rings the knell of a society that is not only dead, but rotting in corruption. There is no fire now, to fall from heaven on the modern Sodom, the West End of London. The heavens look blank, silent, and vacant, but a storm is brewing and gathering on earth that shall end it all. "Society" is doomed, and shall vanish in smoke and flame, with the hellish robbery and oppression of the poor, upon which it is founded. Rejoice ye people, for the day of revolution and vengeance is at hand.

ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Let us remember that lesson. Let us realise the absurd anachronism of our faded aristocracy. Let us look boldly at that supremely powerful, almost unique, aristocracy of Capital and Money which we have allowed to grow up in this country. Lastly, let us feel to the quick, the bitter irony of our much boasted "liberal institutions." Let us awake to the consciousness of our true situation, shake off our faith in electioneering and reforms, our servile national submission to law and order, our hereditary weakness for tinkering with laws, and make up our minds to Revolt!—yes, to fight as brave men do when they are convinced that Justice is on their side. Rise up and insist upon Social justice, as our ancestors have done over and over again in our past history; as did Wat Tyler and the merry men of Kent, and would have been successful too if they had not let themselves be humbugged by a rascally king; as did Hampden, and Cromwell, and the English middle class when the Stuart kings and their court aristocracy tried to crush out their liberties. The more united, the more determined our action, the less danger of bloodshed and outrage. You the producers, who supply all the needs of society, have the command of society in your hands

YOU CAN STOP THE SUPPLIES,

no police or army, no government can make you work if you don't choose and if you are men you will not work except under conditions you consider honorable and just.

If the unionists of England set themselves heart and soul to educate and organise their fellow-workmen, they could very quickly bring about

A GENERAL STRIKE,

which would place landlords and capitalists alike at their mercy, and enable the workers to make their own terms. Then they could repudiate entirely the monstrous claims of Landlord and Capitalist to monopolise, take into their own hands all the means of production, and while denying the right of anyone to own, could use in association, the same as funds of the Trades Unions are used to-day, and work for themselves and each other, like free men who are their own masters. Then they could lay the foundation of a society composed, not of rich and poor, masters and wage-slaves, drones and workers, but of voluntary associations of workmen freely federated to aid one another in the mutual supply of needs.

(Concluded.)

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

WHILE rumaging among some papers the other day in search of Chicago Freedom, I happened to get hold of a copy of the Commonwealth dated February 1891 which was left here by W. H. McNamara formerly secretary of the Australian Socialist League, he having been on a visit up here. As I used to be in the habit of reading the 'Weal when a member of the A. S. L. which I have lately left, as it ceased to be a Socialist Organisation, I could not help but be struck with the difference of positions now taken up by the respective parties, for whilst you have going on in the march of progress, the A. S. L. which as comrade J. A. Andrews says, should now be styled the "Alleged Socialist League" instead of Australian Socialist League, the initials being much more appropriate for the former than the latter denomination, has made a decidedly retrogressive move.

To bring the circumstances more plainly before you I will go back for some little time and relate to you the movements of that League as they have come under my notice, having been a member of it for the last two years or so.

The League not making much progress in regard to getting new members to join, some of the members having no doubt in their minds the apparent advance of the Socialist Party in Germany at the elections suggested the advisability of adopting a political platform. This in my opinion was the first blow given to the stability of that organisation.

The step thus taken, together with the defeat of the unions as the disastrous result of the great strike, upon which occasion the Socialist League issued a special manifesto, which no doubt you have seen, made the League better known to the public which would have been very well, had it not been for the political platform previously adopted, and which tended to bring in a number of political mountebanks who saw a chance of making use of the League as a political machine for their own purposes. The most windy customers were selected to form a so-called executive committee consisting for the most part of trades unionists who could not raise themselves above the ordinary routine of mere trades unionism, with the result that the League was made a mere appendix to the Trades and Labour Council. The practice of appointing deputations to go cap in hand to members of the government; also to ask for concessions from the Trades and Labour Council was adopted; an occasional snub being administered to said deputations.

The Queensland shearing trouble then eventuated, which struggle was watched by me with some interest, and as the Queensland government in my opinion exhibited gross partiality in favour of the squatters and against the toilers on strike, I with some others, then styling ourselves the Communist Anarchist Group of Central Cumberland forwarded the following resolution to the Colonial secretary of Queensland:—

To the Colonial Secretary.

SIR,—I herewith enclose a copy of a motion passed unanimously at a meeting of the Communist Anarchist Group of Central Cumberland, New South Wales.

"That this meeting condemns the action of the Queensland government (i. e. the cabinet) by converting the aforesaid cabinet into a committee of the Employers Union for the sole purpose of disorganising the workers and making them slaves under their fetish of Freedom of Contract, by despotic and unjust lawful methods and wishes to point out that the time is not far distant when the workers especially of Queensland will prefer death to injustice."

To the Colonial Secretary,
Queensland Government,
Brisbane,
Queensland.

Joseph Schellenberg,
Sec. Communist Anarchist Group
of Central Cumberland,
Smithfield, N. S. W.

This was done in the hope of raising the moral tone of the "Alleged Socialist League." The tenor of the resolution being altogether out of harmony with the style of address usually adopted by the former organisation. Since then I have come into communication with J. A. Andrews, Communist Anarchist, formerly of Melbourne who has now joined me in the work of propaganda and working hard for the cause, and we are hopeful of being able to bring out an Anarchist paper by the 11th November.

The A. S. L. about the end of April commenced an unemployed agitation, comrade M. Healy being appointed to conduct the campaign, after said agitation had been carried on for about 3 weeks Parkes, the head of the government here was said to have expressed his determination to put a stop to the unemployed movement by adopting drastic measures such as arresting the leaders, etc. Articles to this effect appeared in the daily press on the Saturday previous to a meeting called for the Sunday night following, and at which meeting the effigies of Parkes and different other trash was to be burned.

Comrade Andrews and myself happened to go to Sydney that morning and so came to hear of it (Smithfield being about 20 miles from the metropolis). We came to the conclusion to stop and see the fun, as it was expected that there would be some trouble as the authorities were expected to interfere. When however the time of meeting arrived it was evident that the members of the Socialist League who before were so loud in their advocacy of physical force began to funk over the matter as M. Healy did not turn up, no more did a committee which had been appointed to make arrangements (including one person named S. A. Rosa who came over from Melbourne about December last year having been secretary of a Socialist organisation there). These gentlemen calling themselves Socialist were with some difficulties got away to the scene of action, after having for over an hour discussed the advisability or otherwise of taking the red flag and deciding it prudent not to do so. The flag was after they had gone, quietly taken down by a Communist Anarchist.

When I arrived a few minutes after 8 o'clock the time announced for the meeting to take place, I found that there was no one present of the conveners of the meeting courageous enough to start proceedings, and the whole thing threatened to end in a fiasco. There being about 5000 persons assembled. Comrade Andrews and myself decided to set the ball rolling; unfurling the red banner, therefore, I called for three cheers for the red flag which was responded to by a great majority of those present. As no one else seemed inclined comrade Andrews mounted the stump and addressed the crowd from an

Anarchist standpoint, at the conclusion of his speech calling for three cheers for the Social Revolution, which were given with a surprising energy considering it was the first time any meeting in Sydney had ever been addressed by an Anarchist. The "Alleged Socialists" present, seeing that things went along smoothly, now came forward, evidently being afraid of losing their hold upon the people, the latter seemed to appreciate the Anarchist sentiments.

S. A. Rosa and J. D. Fitzgerald the one time delegate to England deeming it expedient to disavow any connection with the Anarchists, and the latter after declining just before to fill the breach, going so far as to deny the right of Anarchists to speak upon any Socialist platform, and even went so far as to tell the people that they must respect Law and Order. At this I thought it high time to lower the red flag while he was speaking, which until then I had held aloft; even a majority of those present expressed disapproval with his remarks. Two or three other speakers a little more advanced having spoken J. A. Andrews was asked to give the English version translated by himself of the Marseillaise. The crowd joining in the chorus with great enthusiasm. At the conclusion a majority of those present marched in procession through the principal streets led by the red banner and singing the Marseillaise and other revolutionary songs.

I give all these particulars as I think they give a clue to the subsequent action of Fitzgerald, Rosa and Co. namely:—

Three resolutions have lately put through by the Law and Order party of the A. S. L.

The first being: that the Socialist League discontinue the unemployed agitation.

The second being to the effect that all avowed Anarchists be excluded from the Socialist League; that no person be allowed to use revolutionary language on a Socialist platform.

And the third was that no person having a criminal record (no matter how obtained) be allowed to speak from the public platform of the S. L.

I think this is sufficient to give you an idea of the work at present being done by the "Alleged Socialist League."

NOTES.

Distress in England.

Serious distress prevails among the working classes in Cumberland; not a single rail mill is at work at any of the ironworks there; hundreds of workers are without food or fuel. Our advice to them is to take it and not wait for the master class to give it to them. That they will never do until they are forced. Again we say take whatever you want and act like men, not things.

The De-population of Villages.

We have received a bright little pamphlet by Scrivener C. Scrivener entitled "The Depopulation of Villages, an address to Trade Unionists on the influx of the Population to Towns, with a proposal for its abatement." The author is evidently an authority upon agricultural matters, and his proposal for the abatement of the influx of the agricultural population into the towns, is a suggestion that the Trade Unionists should spend £10,000 in acquiring 300 acres of land for a "free community" of sixty farm labourers, who could work the land co-operatively, and thus obtain a decent livelihood. This proposal, we fear, is not likely to be adopted by Trade Unionists. They are too cautious and conservative, to even buy land from the robbers, who have stolen it from the people. If the rich land thieves were wise, they would adopt our friend's suggestion, and some of them might do something to make up for plundering the poor for generations, by presenting sixty farm labourers with 300 acres to see what they could do with it. But of course they will do nothing of the kind. Thus the chances of peacefully introducing Anarchist Communism by such experiments in "free co-operation" are almost hopeless. Neither Trade Unionists nor rich men are likely to bestir themselves, till the revolution thunders at their doors, and then it will be too late, for the people will then take, and not buy the land from their oppressors. We recommend the pamphlet to all interested in the social question. It is well worth reading. Those who have read the author's book "Our Fields and Cities" need not be told that he has not derived his opinions concerning the solution of the land question from books, but from personal experience. We wish the same could be said of all writers and speakers upon the subject. "The Depopulation of Villages" 1d. and "Our Fields and Cities" 1s. can both be obtained from the Secretary Commonweal Group 145 City Road E.C.

Free Speech at Chelsea.

The fight which the rank and file of the S. D. F. have been waging for weeks for the right of "free speech" at the World's End Chelsea is now to be taken up by the Trades Unions, and last Sunday our friend Votier of the Boot and Shoe Riveters Union was arrested. Great credit is due to these members of the S.D.F. who have dared imprisonment for the cause, but it is a great pity, that their unselfish exertion should be utilized for promoting candidatures for Parliament or the School Board. But this is not the first time, that the self sacrifice and the courage of those, who are Revolutionists in heart, has been turned by intriguing politicians to their own advantage, and the only way to prevent this, is to imitate the Anarchists, by refusing to have anything to do with politicians at all.

The Prize Policeman.

The police seem resolved at Chelsea to have a field day of the old Trafalgar Square pattern before very long. The Star says they were less "brutal" last Sunday, that may be. But they were pretty ferocious

considering how very peaceable and quiet the crowd was. One sergeant 11 BR set an excellent example to his men by striking a lad, a heavy blow with his clenched fist in the face, when the police were rushing to arrest Votier. Another constable six feet high and so fat, that he obtained the nickname of the "Prize Policeman" made himself very "active" not only in moving people on, but in treading on their toes, and kicking them when they declined to move directly, they were "ordered." When a sufferer took the number of this monster, he grew very indignant and informed the rash man, that if he was not careful, he would have him "inside." To take a policeman's number is a serious offence now-a-days, it is outraging the majesty of the law. We repeat, that though matters are quiet at Chelsea at present, we should not be surprised, if there was not rough work before long. The police are a "picked" body of men "all very fine and large" and there are many of the brutal giants among them, who distinguished themselves by their savage ruffianism in Trafalgar Square.

East End Tailors.

A meeting of East End Tailors was held in the Working Lads Institute on Saturday the 28th ult. to condemn the action of Lewis Lyons, whose recent conduct has been so bad that the Tailors Machinists and Pressers Union has been broken up into what seem hopeless sections of dissatisfied and disgusted workmen. Incompetent officialism has again succeeded in throwing the work of organisation back for a long time. It is pity that the Jewish workmen of East London are trammelled so much by their religion, jealousy and suspicion as to render it almost an impossible task to organise themselves. John Burns has promised to organise them. We should suggest that Yanovsky, Wess, and other Yiddish speaking comrades, should not leave the work entirely in his hands, but attend and do their best to explain the seriousness of the position to these workers. Neither Lyons or anyone else ought to be allowed to stand in the way of a thorough intelligent organisation being built up.

Exit Lewis Lyons.

So the East End Tailors have at last decided to get rid of Mr. Lyons. Last Saturday, the following resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority at Kay Street Radical Club. John Burns being in the chair "That this mass meeting of all sections of workers of the Tailoring Trade in London, hereby condemns the action of Mr. Lewis Lyons, in connection with his management of the affairs of the International Tailors, Machinists and Pressers Union, which in our opinion has tended to do great harm to the Labour cause, and places no confidence in him as a leader." During the meeting Mr. Lyons was accused of dishonesty and of falsifying the Strike balance sheet. He said that "if the allegations against him were correct, he was one of the greatest scoundrels on the face of the earth" and was met by an answering shout of (Hear, Hear.) from the audience. And this is the gentleman, who is gave Bedford a "character." When are the Railway workers going to send their "vice-president" after Lyons.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROPAGANDA BY DEED.

FRIENDS,—I am pained at some of Creaghe's remarks of last week. It's very certain in spite of his cry for immediate action, that we've got to do a devil of a lot of propagandism first. Action at present would result in mere fiasco, and it is damned shame therefore, that Creaghe and dozens of others as enthusiastic and as capable can't be sent from one end of England to the other to stir things up. But we're not strong enough to pay them mere working expenses; more's the pity! I can't see what good's going to be done by pitching into one another though. I am a friend of Creaghe and a friend of Morris and Carpenter, but a greater friend of Socialism, than of any of them; and I say that Morris and Carpenter have as much right to look at Socialism THEIR way as Creaghe has HIS. Surely, as Socialists, we are all sincere. There was a time not long since when I was not an Anarchist, and if any one sent me to the devil, I should have been no nearer him or Anarchism. Even if Morris and Carpenter were enemies, we should have no right to attack them personally, unless we could impeach them of being so from selfish and tyrannical motives. Let Creaghe pitch into some dirty swine of a sweater, or humbugging tyrant of a politician who can be convicted of knowing that Socialism is right, but out of cupidity hates and misrepresents it. That's the man to be challenged and abused; not men who have done good work. I say again that more propagandism is necessary before we begin to act. Look at the Teetotal fad, the Co-operative fad, the Trades Union fad, the Neo-Malthusian fad, the Political fad—all these want arguing down. They have millions of advocates, and stand in the way. Then look at the multitudes of working men given up to sport and gambling as if the Social Problem were solved and there were nothing serious wanted doing! These fellows would only think Creaghe a sanguinary idiot if he got twelve years imprisonment for their sakes, I don't blame them, the poor ignorant slaves, nor anybody else unless I can bowl him out a hypocrite. We're all necessarily what we are—perhaps even the hypocrite, though I'm drawing the line at him. If Creaghe had attacked the "Refutation of Anarchism" of G. B. Shaw, or the inconsistencies of the Individualists, I shouldn't have been surprised; but I confess I am, when he falls foul of the authors of *Signs of Change* and *England's Ideal*. I fancy I hear the reproachful *Et tu Brute!* of both our comrades.

Fraternally

THOMAS BARCLAY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

A bomb exploded at the house of a blackleg who refused to join the strikers in the Calais district. The house was totally destroyed.

The Republic for the people and by the people, makes it very hot for the Anarchists who belong to the people.

In Lyon an Anarchist can no longer exist by honest work. They are shadowed and boycotted by the police who leave no stone unturned to have them sacked by their employers. Foreigners are warned not to go in Anarchist restaurants, on the black list of the prefet or county lieutenant. Those who frequent these places are sure to be expelled in a very short time. What will come out of all this? Surely the tyrants are helping us to hasten on the Social Revolution. A. C.

SPAIN.

England and Spain are the only countries in Europe where Anarchists are not expelled. Foreign Anarchists are allowed to starve in these countries, unless they have pluck enough to expropriate the big robbers. This is what most of our comrades do on stepping on Spanish soil. What would be impracticable in England, poaching collectively, in easily done there on account of the scattered population and the police being badly paid. Our comrades there, on the tramp, have always back numbers of "El Productor" and "La Anarquia" which they give freely in return for the food and clothing they take. A. C.

GERMANY.

The Anti-Socialist "Freisinnige Zeitung" of the 2nd inst. reproduces from the "Nester Zeitung" the words addressed by the Emperor to the recruits of the 1st regiment of foot guards quartered at Potsdam on the occasion of the administration of the oath of allegiance. The words were as follows: "Recruits, you have in the presence of the consecrated servants of God, (meaning the parsons) and before the altar, sworn fealty to me. You are still too young to understand the meaning of the words which you have just spoken, but be diligent in following the directions and the teaching you will receive. You have, my children, sworn fealty to me, which means that you have given yourselves to me body and soul. There exists for you only one enemy, and this is my enemy. With the present Social Democratic agitation it may possibly happen that I may have to order you, which God forbid, to shoot down you own relatives, your brothers, even your parents, but if I do so, you must obey without a murmur."

This needs no comment, for every soldier stands committed to this same same blind unreasoning obedience.

On the 2nd inst. the President of the Reichstag administered a severe rebuke to the Social Democratic deputy Heine for declaring that he and his party would always advance under the red flag as heretofore, and never under the black, white and red colours of the government.

Captain Müller, an officer of the Franco-German war, who was deprived of his rank and title by the late King of Wurtemberg, has published a pamphlet, exposing the cases of ill treatment of soldiers which came within his own knowledge and which he defies the authorities to prosecute him for, as he is willing to appear before any court and prove the truth of his statements. Some of the offences cannot be described in decent language, others have resulted in driving men mad. A Prussian general boxed the ears of a Wurtemberger and called him a "Swabian swine" because he did not make the requisite number of points at the targets. A man was scrubbed under the half frozen pump at Ulm. Another had buckets of ice cold water thrown over him, and had lost the power of speech. A man at Strasburg became a confirmed idiot from ill usage.

The supreme court of Leipzig has decided that considering that the Holy Coat of Treves is revered by a large number of Catholics, to publish statements stigmatising the exhibition of the relic as humbug is a punishable offence.

A musical society in Metz, called Cercle Choral des Amis, was officially suppressed on the 3rd inst. on the ground that the members were engaged in an anti-German agitation.

During a sham fight held by the 35th Fusilier Regiment in the neighbourhood of a village called Brielow two soldiers were struck by two bullets fired from the ranks of the 3rd battalion. The cartridges of the battalion have been seized and an inquiry opened to ascertain whether the incident was due to accident or design.

Several hundred women have been engaged for the royal rifle manufactory at Spandau. They will be employed in rolling the paper lining of cartridge cases. This work has till now been done only in prisons.

AMERICA.

Concerning the facts connected with the Chicago police on the occasion of the 11th November anniversary, we hope to be able to give a detailed account of the circumstances in the next issue of the 'Weal' as we have not yet obtained sufficient information to this effect. As regards the statements which appeared in the bourgeois press, they must be taken for what they are worth. We know too well that official telegraphic agencies and other representatives of "public opinion" are singularly skilled in the art of lying. How, indeed, could these scribes state the facts as they are without injuring their own interest?

In spite of the bad weather a procession of over 3000 men and women with red flags and bands marched on Sunday, Nov. 8th to Waldheim cemetery. At the grave of our five comrades, Emma Pokorny recited a poem in Bohemian, entitled "Our Martyrs." Comrade Mathias Schmidinger, the able conductor of the procession, briefly addressed the meeting whereupon Henry Weismann, Editor of the "Baekerzeitung," held a most powerful speech. Hundred and twenty men under the able management of the music master Qito W. Richter, then sang "For Truth and Right" and "On the Grave of our Friends," whereupon Moritz Schulze, Editor of the Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung made a very eloquent speech, exhorting his hearers to think like August Spies, to be eloquent like Albert Parsons, courageous like Fischer and Engel, and valiant like Louis Lingg; then the world will be theirs; and the work which our comrades had at heart will also be achieved.

NOTICES.

LONDON.

Socialist Co-operative Federation 7 Lamb's Conduit Street W.C. Lectures every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock.
Club Autonomie.—6, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Young Anarchists meet every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
International Club.—40, Berner Street, Commercial Road, E. Discussion Class every Tuesday evening at 8.30.
South London.—Socialist Society, 149, Manor Place, S.E. All communications should be addressed to F. A. Fox, Secretary.
Commonweal Group Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at City Road.
Mantle Cutlers and Pressers Union.—Falcon Hotel, Falcon Square. Business meetings every Monday at 8 p.m. H. Green, Secretary, D. Morgan, Treasurer. Members please make this known.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Revolutionary Socialist Federation. Meetings are held in Oddfellows Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Tuesday evenings at 8.
Dundee.—Anarchist-Communist Group. For information apply to Wm. Reckie, 15 Ann Street.
Edinburgh.—Scottish Socialist Federation. Club Rooms, 333 High Street, Edinburgh. J. Pearson, Secretary.
Glasgow.—The Socialist League meets in the Hall 20 Adelphi Street, S. S., every alternate Friday evening at 8 p.m. Lectures and Discussions. French Class every Wednesday evening at 8.30 in 105 London Street. Fee (voluntary) to be devoted to the Anarchist School.
Hull.—Club Liberty, 1 Beets Court, Blanket Row.
Leeds.—Anarchist Communist Group 33 Balloon Street, Jack Lane, Holbeck International Group. Barleycorn Inn, Hope Street, North Street. Every Friday at 8 p.m.
Leicester.—Room No. 7, Co-operative Hall, High Street. Members meet on Friday at 8 p.m. Lecture in the Spiritualist Hall, Silver Street, every Sunday at 6.30.
Leightonstone.—Anarchist-Communist Group meets at Gouldings, 2 St. Georges Villas, Montague Road, every Sunday at 8 p.m.
Green, every Sunday at 7.30.
Manchester.—International Club, 25, Bury New Road, Strangeways. Open every evening. Weekly meeting on Tuesdays at 8.
Newcastle.—Anarchist-Communist Group. Open-air meetings every Sunday morning on the Quay. Discussion every Monday at 8.30 p.m. in Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms, Bigg Market.
Nottingham.—Socialist Club, Woodland Place, Upper Parliament Street. Club contribution, 1d. per week; Dancing every Wednesday, 8 till 10.30—fee 3d.
Norwich.—Members' meeting held every Tuesday at 8.30, at 65, Pitt Street.
Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.
Sheffield.—Socialist Club, 47 Westbar Green. French Class, Tuesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Wednesday at 8.30.
Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.
Yarmouth.—Socialist League Club, 56 Row, Market Place. Open every evening. Business Meeting, Tuesday at 8. Singing Practice, Wednesday at 8.30. Discussion Class, Thursday at 8.30. Elocution Class, Friday at 8.30.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

London.—Sunday: Regent's Park 11.30; Hyde Park and Victoria Park at 3.30 Thursdays; Hoxton Church at 8.15
Aberdeen.—Sunday: Castle Street, at 6.45 p.m.
Edinburgh.—Sunday: Leith Links at 2; Meadows at 6.
Glasgow.—Sunday evening, Parkhead Cross and St. George's Cross at 5 p.m.
Leeds.—Sunday: Market Gates, Kirkgate, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Leicester.—Sunday: Russell Square, at 10.45 a.m., Market Place at 6.15, and Humberstone Gate at 8 p.m.
Liverpool.—Landing Stage, Sundays at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11.30; Stevenson Square, at 3.
Nottingham.—Sunday: Smeinton Market, at 11 a.m.; Great Market, at 7 p.m.
Norwich.—Saturday: Haymarket, at 8. Sunday: Market Place at 11, 3, and 7.30.
Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11.30; West Bar, at 11.30; Newhall Road, Attercliffe, at 11.30; Grimethorpe, at 11.30; Rotherham, at 3; Woodhouse, at 3; West Bar, at 8; Attercliffe Road, at 8.
Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Fish Wharf, at 3; Hall Quay, at 7.

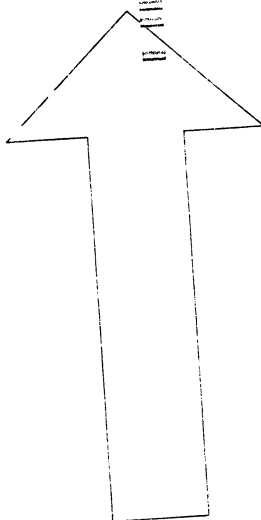
THE LONDON ANARCHIST GROUPS hold their monthly meeting at the Hall of the SOCIALIST CO-OPERATIVE FEDERATION, 7 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. at 3 p.m.

AGENDA.

- (1) Discussion of the Anarchist manifesto, and arrangements for issuing.
 - (2) The Anarchist Lecture List and appointment of Lecture Secretary.
 - (3) Consideration of letters and business from provincial groups. Proposals for a course of lectures in the provinces according to arrangements made by provincial comrades.
 - (4) The question of having a central hall for the London Anarchists for lectures, entertainments, etc.
- Comrades and groups should send at once, suggestions concerning the Manifesto and the Course of Lectures, stating also, how much they could contribute towards expenses. As this meeting is of considerable importance, all comrades are earnestly invited to attend. We shall be very pleased to see any provincial comrades who can be present.

Owing to the success of our last Distribution of Prizes we have decided to again give our Comrades and Friends an opportunity of getting valuable Books and Pamphlets the price of which keep many of them out of their hands. Therefore a Distribution will take place on Christmas Eve, of 30£ worth of Books at 8.30 at the Commonweal Group, 145, City Road. Among the Prizes will be found the following: 20 Elements of Social Science, neatly bound.—12 News from Nowhere, paper.—12 Vols. Bound Commonweals.—100 Copies Essay on Love and Marriage, paper.—100 Labor Day, Engraving by W. Crane.—100 Engraving of Mrs. Parsons.—100 Engraving "Vive la Commune," by W. Crane.—100 Utopia by Petzler.—100 Sets of 6 Pamphlets, Socialist and Freethought.—And many others.—Complete list in future numbers. Secretaries of Socialist and Anarchist groups please note and send.

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